THE VISITOR.

By SEVERAL HANDS.

Publiſhed by

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Chaplain in Ordinary to his MAJESTY.

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THE VISITOR.

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——— In religion
What damned Error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding its groſſneſs with fair ornament!

SHAKESPEARE.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

AS you appear to be a gentleman of humanity, as well as to have a regard for the honour of religion; I have not the leaſt doubt, but you will give a place to my melancholy tale, in your excellent paper; which, I hope, may prove of great ſervice to mankind. At leaſt it will tend to diſplay the pernicious tendency of ſome religious principles, which are daily propagated with the utmoſt zeal and aſſiduity; propa-

gated amongſt the lower claſs of the people, where they are certainly moſt dangerous and deſtructive; and where the more they prevail, the more muſt licentiouſneſs prevail; and every ſocial and moral duty be neglected. Sir, I ſpeak, by woeful experience. I ſpeak with an aching heart, a weeping eye, and a trembling hand. And I ſpeak truth, which is not to be controverted, and which I am ready at any time to atteſt in the moſt ſolemn manner. Not long ſince, ſtrong in health, and ſound in mind, I was able to fulfil the buſineſs of my ſtation, and to get my bread with chearfulneſs and peace: I had a wife, very dear to me; beloved children around me; a comfortable houſe to receive me, and content to ſoften my pillow. But now, alas! afflicted even beyond the affliction of *Job*.—I am deprived of each, of all theſe! My body is diſtracted with an intolerable nervous diſorder; and I have no reſt night or day: my mind is in torments infinitely more dreadful than thoſe I endure in body, though they are intenſe, and without intermiſſion; I am no longer able to get my bread, but languiſh in poverty and diſtreſs: I have no wife to comfort me, ſhe has abandoned me in my ſore calamity; and with her my children are gone: I have no where to hide my head; my goods have been ſeized by the cruelty of her, who ought to have been my comforter; and as I am not a native of this kingdom, (where the poor may remain unnoticed, in the moſt exquiſite ſufferings for ever,)—I have neither friend nor counſellor; nor any to alleviate; though I have many to aggravate my dreadful ſufferings. Sufferings of which *religion*—no, let me not wrong the name—of which *ſelf-righteous antinomianiſm*, have been the fatal cauſe.

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It is ſcarce to be conceived, and many perhaps who read this, will not believe that rational creatures ſhould by any means be brought to fancy themſelves in the higheſt degree of the divine favour, while they are neglecting, nay, trampling upon, the moſt ſacred of God's laws, that any ſhould apprehend, they are peculiarly intereſted in the bleſſed Redeemer's blood, while they live in that *ſin*, and contemn that *holineſs*; the former of which his blood was ſhed to expiate, the latter of which it was given to promote. But ſorry am I to ſay, there are numbers; ſorry I am to ſay, I have myſelf converſed with numbers,—but moſt ſorry am I to ſay, that their *miniſters* of *Satan*, have made my wife one of that number, and taught her to deſpiſe the duties of the wife, of the mother, of the friend, of the woman, for the ſuperlative happineſs, as they eſteem it of a ſpiritual union with that dear Jeſus, upon whom ſhe now *rolls* herſelf, and in whom ſhe now *wraps herſelf, as in a garment.* Pardon me, good Sir, for uſing theſe expreſſions; I almoſt ſhudder while I uſe them; but blaſphemy of them will be excuſed me when I declare that they are ſuch as are moſt familiar in the mouths of this deluded people.

One of theſe enthuſiaſts, with her religious prating, firſt enveigled my wife, to attend her to the *tabernacle*, and ſhe quickly caught the fatal and contagious fire. A change in my family affairs was ſoon diſcernible. When I uſed to return from my office to dinner, weary with writing, and expecting a little comfortable refreſhment at home, diſappointment generally chagrin'd me; my wife was abroad; my two poor little infants were dirty, ragged, neglected; no preparations were making for dinner; and I had nothing to feed upon, but diſcontent and uneaſineſs. If I remon-

ſtrated, as my poor wife was rather of a warm temper, the conſequences were always unpleaſing: ſhe would tell me, "that the care of the ſoul was the one thing needful: that this was more precious than all things beſide: that ſhe muſt and would go, where ſhe could hear about her ſweet Saviour; and that ſhe wiſhed, I was as mindful of this grand concern as ſhe." I would tell her in return, "that I had no leſs a regard for my ſoul than herſelf, and was as well convinced of its ſuperlative value: that I had an eſteem and love for the ever-adorable redeemer, equal to any thing ſhe could pretend to; and that ſhe was well convinced I had ever lived, as one that looked for a better world. That I conceived an attendance upon our pariſh church, where we had excellent miniſters, twice every Sunday, was ſufficient, eſpecially as we took care to have family devotion in our houſe twice a day, and frequently read approved books of piety. I hinted, that hearing *ſeven* or *eight* ſermons every day (which was very commonly her caſe) could not in my judgment, produce any good effect: it was overcharging the head. And I uſed to conclude, with telling her, that St. *Paul*, againſt whoſe advice ſhe could have no objection, enjoins it upon *wives* and *mothers*, to do the duties of thoſe relations."

But alas, Sir, all my remonſtrances were vain: For my wife had imbibed principles, which utterly ſuperſeded all theſe conſiderations. She had deſerted her firſt friends, at the *Tabernacle*, &c. as too *legal* for her—though, God knows, they had ſet her looſe enough to duty!—And was now admitted, as a member, into a congregation of *Antinomians*, the head of which is as ſubtle and ſophiſticated, as his doctrine is diabolical and peſtiferous. Their grand principle is, that Chriſt, being

being the repreſentative of mankind, or rather the aggregate of all mankind in his own perſon, took upon him all the ſins, and ſuffered for them, as well as performed all the obedience neceſſary for all men. Inſomuch that every *man* as much obeyed in him, as if he had himſelf perſonally done what Chriſt did. So that now no man has any thing more to do than to believe, that Chriſt, as his repreſentative, lived, obeyed and died; and, in conſequence of that, he is entitled to all he hath done. "What ſhould we pray for," ſay they? Chriſt prays for us, and he is always heard? What ſhould we obey for? Chriſt obeyed, and his obedience is complete. We are in him, our ſins are his, done away by him; they are no ſins in us: our life is hid with him in heaven. Here below we are incumbered with fleſh, it is true; but that fleſh is nothing to us. We believe, and are entered into reſt."

Theſe, Sir, are the precious tenets my wife imbibed; and to teach me theſe, ſhe brought to my houſe, and dragged me to the meetings of R—y and C—th: And theſe worthies applied all their jeſuitical arts to convert me. I remember one day, when I told R—y, "Sir, Chriſt as plainly delivers precepts, and enjoins duties, in his divine word, as the ſun ſhines in the heavens." "Yes, replied he, with a ſmile of contempt, he does ſo; but do you conſider to whom he delivers them, not to you or to me, but to HIMSELF! To his own glorious ſelf! He preached to himſelf, as our *repreſentative*, and as only capable to fulfil thoſe precepts for us, which we could never fulfil. This is a point univerſally miſtaken." "In truth, ſaid I, well it might, and it had been good for mankind, if they had

never been ſet right in it by ſuch gentlemen as you." Sir, I could fill twenty news-papers, with their horrid doctrines and vile perverſions of ſcripture. But I haſten to a concluſion, as a proof of the malignant tendency of their principles.

My diſorder, the conſequence, in ſome meaſure, of a ſedentary life, encreaſed upon me, which my domeſtic vexations, without controverſy, augmented. My wife ſaw me lying in the greateſt torments, unpitied; and when I wanted comfort, would only preach and tell me, that it was the puniſhment of my ſins, and eſpecially of my hardneſs of heart; that I deſerved it, and much more; and that I ſhould die in my iniquities, unconvinced, and more callous than the nether mill-ſtone. At length, by the advice of a phyſician, I went to a village near town, where I gained a little ſtrength; but gueſs at my horror and ſurprize, to find, at my return, my doors locked, my goods ſeized, and ſold; my wife removed, and gone I knew not whither, and my helpleſs children expoſed to diſtreſs! Few minds could ſupport this. I have been ever ſince in a ſtate of moſt unutterable anguiſh, both of body and mind: my corporal ſufferings have affected my ſoul, and the ſtrange religious diſputes I have heard, have ſo diſturbed my reaſon, that I am on the brink of the blackeſt deſpair. I have no comfort to alleviate my exceeding uneaſineſs; and though I have earneſtly requeſted my wife to return and aſſuage my bitter woe in this ſad hour, ſhe heareth not, nor regardeth! I am ready to forgive all the paſt—but, alas! though the injured are forward to pardon, thoſe who injure are always backward. It matters little what becomes of ſuch a wretched worm as I am; but if you think my ſad caſe may be ſerviceable to others, I ſhall

rejoice

rejoice in ſeeing it made public.—You ſee the effects of Antinomian principles; and ſurely it deſerves ſerious conſideration, whether the propagators of ſuch tenets, ſo palpably deſtructive of the intereſts of ſociety, ought to be ſuffered—ſuffered in the *halls* of this city—or, what is worſe, in the churches; for I am ſorry to ſay, there are *churches*, where theſe doctrines have been heard by

Your afflicted humble ſervant,

T.

NUMBER XLIV.

High gaming is an immorality, a ſordid vice, the child of avarice, and a direct breach of that commandment, which forbids us to covet what is our neighbour's RICHARDSON.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

IF you think the following Remarks on Gaming in any reſpect worthy the attention of the public, I may expect you will give them a place in your paper.

1ſt. Mr. Sale (who by the way is extremely favourable to Mahomed and his tenets) in his large preliminary diſcourſe prefixed to his tranſlation of the Koran, obſerves, p. 124. that 'gaming is there 'prohibited for the ſame reaſons, and in the ſame 'paſſages of the Koran, as wine.' The reaſons why wine is prohibited, are becauſe 'the ill qualities of 'that liquor ſurpaſs its good ones; the common 'effects thereof bring quarrels and diſturbances

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'in company; neglect of, or at leaſt, indecencies in the performance of religious worſhip.' Some good qualities of wine might perhaps without much difficulty be enumerated; but it may be hard to ſay, where any good qualities of gaming, properly ſo called, are to be found. And if Mahomedans forbid it becauſe it promotes quarrels and diſturbances; how much ſtronger obligation lies upon Chriſtians to forbid it, to abſtain wholly from it, whoſe religion is a religion of love, not of the ſword, and whoſe maſter hath ſaid, that, 'Whoever is angry with his brother, and calls 'him opprobrious names, Raca, fool, &c. is in 'danger of eternal death.' St. *Matt.* v. 22. And I would be glad to know where that gaming-table, and thoſe gameſters are found, who do not continually tranſgreſs theſe Precepts.

It is an abſurdity to ſuppoſe that a gameſter ſhould love God; and therefore why go to church?

It is ſtill more abſurd to ſuppoſe that a gameſter ſhould love his neighbour as himſelf; for every man that plays deſires to win, and ſo to diſtreſs his neighbour. Now on theſe two precepts depends all religion; therefore a gameſter can have no religion; and of conſequence no moral obligation; and can be hindered by nothing but penal laws; and often not by them, from committing the moſt flagrant enormities.

By the practice of gaming therefore we open a door for every iniquity, like ſo many wild beaſts to run out upon us and devour us. For where gaming reigns, the love of God and of man ceaſe, and religion ceaſes.

2d. But when we conſider the ſort of gaming which Mahomed forbad, for the reaſons above given, we ſhall ſee how much more cogent they are againſt the ſort of gaming uſed amongſt us.

The

The game moſt in uſe, and moſt pleaſing to the Arabs was ſomething of this kind, 'A young 'camel being bought and killed, and divided 'into ten or twenty eight parts, the perſons, who 'caſt lots for them, to the number of ſeven, met 'for that purpoſe, and eleven arrows were pro-- 'vided without heads or feathers; ſeven of which 'were marked, the firſt with one notch, the ſecond 'with two, and ſo on; and the other four had 'no mark at all: Theſe arrows were put promiſ- 'cuouſly into a bag, and then drawn by an in-- 'different perſon, who had another near him to 'receive them, and to ſee that he acted fairly: 'Thoſe to whom the marked arrows fell, won 'ſhares in proportion to their lot, and thoſe to 'whom the blanks fell, were entitled to no part 'of the camel at all, but were obliged to pay the 'full price of it. The winners however taſted 'not of the fleſh any more than the loſers; 'but the whole was diſtributed among the poor, 'and this they did out of pride and oſtentation, 'it being reckoned a ſhame for a man to ſtand 'out, and not venture his money on ſuch an oc- 'caſion, (as by the way it is now eſteemed 'amongſt our polite and faſhionable gentry, who 'cannot be ſo mean as to ſtand out and not play.) 'This cuſtom however, tho' it was of ſome uſe 'to the poor, and diverſion to the rich, was for- 'bidden by Mahomed, as the ſource of greater 'inconveniencies, by occaſioning quarrels and 'heart-burnings, which aroſe from the winner's 'inſulting thoſe who loſt.' So Mr. Sale.

Mahomed's words in the Koran (c. 5. p. 94. of Sale's tranſlation) are theſe, 'O true believers, 'ſurely wine, and lots, and images, and divining 'arrows are an abomination of the works of Sa- 'tan: Therefore avoid them, that ye may proſ-

'per:

'per: Satan ſeeketh to ſow diſſention and hatred 'among you by means of wine and lots, and to 'divert you from remembering God, and from 'prayer: Will ye not therefore abſtain?"

Oh, ſhame to chriſtians! ſhall a wicked, looſe, and impious impoſtor forbid his followers that which brought ſome good to the poor, and diverted the rich, merely becauſe it produced hatred and diſſention? and ſhall chriſtians indulge themſelves in that which brings ruin to themſelves and families; injures their ſervants, their tradeſmen, their dependants, and robs the poor of their due? At the ſame time that it ruins the mind, kindles all the iraſcible and odious paſſions, and renders man unfit for ſocial, far more unfit for religious duties!

It is commonly urged by thoſe who are fond of games of chance, as cards, dice, &c. and who play only for amuſement, as they call it, that this is an innocent practice ſo long as they hazard no great ſum, nor play for any thing that can affect their circumſtances. But, not to inſiſt on the argument which hath been ſo forcibly and frequently urged, concerning the impropriety of chriſtians engaging in games of chance, who hold the doctrine of a particular providence, which certainly can never interfere, and therefore the evil ſpirit muſt, in ſuch entertainments; for chance, and luck, and the like, are names only. Not, I ſay, to inſiſt upon this, Mahomed's reaſons for prohibiting the game of arrows, may, with ſufficient force, be urged in reply to theſe: few ſit down to play, for how ſmall a ſum ſoever, without the deſire to win; this is the very thing which conſtitutes the diverſion: without it the whole becomes a matter of ſuch inſipid indifference, that it loſes its name, and is no diverſion

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at all. Now this deſire naturally produces anxiety. Anxiety is always attended with pain: The deſire gratified fills the mind with inſulting pleaſure; the deſire diſappointed fills it with chagrin, moroſeneſs, peeviſhneſs, diſcontent and wrath. And what but quarrels and diſſenſions can ariſe from ſuch jarring elements: what but thunder and lightning from ſuch black, ſulphureous clouds? This we find to be the caſe in fact: no unconcerned obſerver need long ſtand, and *tent them to the quick*, in Shakeſpear's phraſe, and want conviction of it; let him attend only thoſe tables, where the moſt innocent gaming (as it is called) is practiſed: There the bickerings and tempers of the perſons engaged will too fully prove the truth of Mahomed's declaration, that 'lots and 'gaming are the great means which the devil 'uſes to ſow diſſenſion amongſt men: Therefore 'abſtain from them.'

But if this be caſe, where intereſt doth not deeply engage the mind, nor the ſtrong paſſion for gain take up the whole ſoul, deſire and thoughts; how much more is it ſo when gameſters with theſe intentions, eagerly ſhuffle the cards, and ſhake the money-loaden dice! The cards on which perhaps the half of a man's poſſeſſions depends; the dice, whoſe fortunate or unfortunate caſt may perhaps make the noble a beggar, and ſend him ſneaking to foot it ſilent home to his ſuperb manſion, while the lucky gameſter drives his dice-gain'd gilt chariot to his petty lodging and exulting ſtrumpet! Have you not noted the tempeſtuous paſſions and ſtormy fury which toſs ſuch ſouls amidſt their gaming? Have you not heard the dire oaths and horrid blaſphemies which pour forth red hot from their lips, oaths of diabolic joy when ſucceſs attends them:

blaſphemies

blaſphemies of curſed indignation, when their devil (as they are pleaſed to expreſs themſelves) forſakes them, and for which the great God of holineſs muſt be inſulted, reviled, and abuſed.

Should a loſer of this ſort happen to be a man entruſted with power; what horrid conſequences threaten his king and country? Every buſineſs—, but I forbear enlarging on this nice point.

Should he be a man of fortune; juſtice, honour, generoſity, and benevolence, are ſoon ſupplanted by meanneſs, rapine, falſhood, and Catiline's coveteouſneſs, *alieni appetens, ſui profuſus.* Duns, ruined tradeſmen, ſtarved ſervants, loſs of reputation, contempt, and an arrant gameſter conclude the ſcene. Should this dreadful diſeaſe ſeize on a tradeſman, adulteration of commodities, exorbitant prices, ſale bills, artificial credit, bankruptcy, total loſs of peace of mind, ſeparation from his family and friends, and laſtly a profeſſed gambler is the conſequence.

When artificers, journeymen, apprentices, ſervants, or labourers ſink into this vice (as their want of education generally diſqualifies them from making much progreſs by fraud) acts of violence ſeem to be their only reſource. The wife and children ſoon become a prey to poverty and diſtreſs, and the workhouſe their aſylum; while the abandoned huſband habituated to extravagance, debauched by drunkenneſs, diſuſed to labour, ſleeps all day in the infectious arms of of ſome direful ſtreet-walker, and rambles throughout the ſtreets all night, like a hungry lion ſeeking whom he can devour; robs, plunders, and deſtroys to furniſh himſelf and ſtrumpet with gin. Who can behold theſe ſcenes and not tremble at the ſight of a pack of cards, or a box and dice?

And

And ſhall I add once more, ſhould the gameſter be a female, who can tell, nay, who cannot tell the ſhameful fruits of ſuch a profeſſion? Farewel beauty, farewel modeſty, farewel honour! Of all the curſes that can befal a man, the very worſt that malice can wiſh to its greateſt enemy, is a wife addicted to gaming.

I could eaſily enlarge on theſe topics, but they are ſo ſelf-evident, that they do not require it. It would be eaſy alſo to ſhew, that perjury, drinking, whoring, murder, follow in natural order; and are the direct and direful fruits of this one ſingle vice of gaming: A vice big with every evil, and which teems forth from its fruitful womb every enormity; a crew of Hell-hounds, more fierce and fatal than thoſe deſcrib'd by Milton, and which were begot by the devil upon ſin,

——About whoſe middle round
A cry of hell-hounds, never-ceaſing, bark'd,
With wide cerberian mouths, full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet when they liſt, would creep,
If ought diſturb'd their noiſe, into her womb,
And kennel there; yet there ſtill bark'd and howl'd,
Within, unſeen. *Par. Loſt.* B. ii. 653.

A lively emblem of that deſtable, pernicious fatal vice of gaming.

3d. How can we wonder then that the Mahomedans, yea and many other wiſe people held this vice in ſuch abhorrence, that they would not even admit the teſtimony of thoſe who were guilty of it, in a court of juſtice, of thoſe who play'd at any game which was ſubject to hazard, or chance, as dice, cards, tables, &c.

How much rather may we wonder, that this is not the caſe, in every chriſtian country, but

more eſpecially in a Proteſtant realm, purged and enlightened as ours; where ſurely the teſtimony of a gameſter ought to be deem'd invalid much ſooner than among the diſciples of a Mahomed!

'Gaming, at leaſt to exceſs, obſerves Mr. 'Sale very well, has been forbidden in all well 'ordered ſtates. Gaming houſes were reckon-'ed ſcandalous places among the Greeks; and a 'gameſter is declared by Ariſtotle (in his Nico-'machics) to be no better than a thief; at leaſt 'one may ſay, that gameſters are the materials 'of which gamblers, cheats and thieves are 'made. The Roman ſenate made very ſevere 'laws againſt playing at games of hazard, ex-'cept only during the Saturnalia: The civil law 'forbad all pernicious playing; and tho' the 'Laity were in ſome caſes permitted to play for 'money, provided they kept within reaſonable 'bounds; yet the Clergy were forbidden to play 'at tables (which is a game of hazard) or even 'to look on while others play'd.'

I muſt here do juſtice to the Church of England, which hath abſolutely forbidden all her Clergy, gaming of every ſort; ſo that if there be ſuch a thing to be found as a card-playing, gaming Clergyman, (which I ſhould be glad it were poſſible to hope there is not) the church is not to be charged with him; his offence falls on his own head; let him and his ſuperiors ſee to that. The words of the canon are very remarkable, and much deſerve our notice. Canon 75. 'No Eccleſiaſtical perſon ſhall at any 'time, other than for their honeſt neceſſities, 'reſort to any taverns or alehouſes; neither ſhall 'they board or lodge in any ſuch places. Fur-'thermore, they ſhall not give themſelves to

'any

'any baſe or ſervile labour; or to drinking or 'riot; ſpending their time idly by day or by 'night; playing at cards, dice, or tables, or any 'other unlawful game. But [thus it is ſhewn 'not only what they ſhall not do, but what they 'ſhall do] at all Times convenient they ſhall hear 'or read ſomewhat of the holy Scriptures, or ſhall 'occupy themſelves with ſome other honeſt ſtudy, 'or exerciſe, always doing the things which ſhall 'appertain to honeſty: and endeavouring to pro-'fit the Church of God. Having always in mind 'that they ought to excel all others in purity of 'life, and ſhould be examples to the people, to 'live well and chriſtianly, under pain of eccleſi-'aſtical cenſures, to be inflicted with ſeverity, 'according to the qualities of their offence.'

Happy would it be, if every Clergyman would ſtrictly and exactly conform to the excellent rules laid down in this canon, more eſpecially in regard to gaming; which it is certainly their bounden duty to do, who are expected to lead the way in every reformation.

But if any ſuch Clergymen are found, as do really game, or ſpend their time idly at cards, dice, &c. frequenting aſſemblies, and other meetings of that kind, ill beſuiting their ſacred characters; how can they poſſibly from their pulpits declaim againſt the miſchiefs of a vice, which their own example recommends? truth it is, every reformation muſt begin at the houſe of God; and if the Clergy, in the preſent ſituation of things, will not beſtir themſelves, we can have but little hopes. Would to God they would ſeriouſly conſider this. Would to God they would all ſeriouſly conſider of how very ill tendency their example is, in the above reſpect particularly, and how much a tri-

fling, idle, uſeleſs life (to ſay the leaſt) diſcredits and diſhonours their holy function.

Mr. Sale goes on to obſerve, 'as to the Jews, 'Mahomed's chief guides, they alſo highly diſ-'approved gaming: Gameſters being ſeverely 'cenſured in the Talmud, and their teſtimony 'declared invalid. Alſo Maſcardus thought com-'mon gameſters were not to be admitted as wit-'neſſes, being infamous perſons.'

And, I think, enough hath been ſaid above to ſhew the wiſdom of ſuch a determination; ſince it may be laid down as an abſolute certainty, that the mind of a gameſter is open to every vice. And if this brand were once fixed upon all ſuch, of whatever rank or quality, amongſt us, it ſurely would tend to ſtop the increaſing progreſs of this dangerous evil, which like a gangrene will ſpeedily, unleſs prevented, over-run and corrupt the whole body politic.—And would every gameſter conſider in how infamous a rank he ſtands, according to the ſentence of all wiſe nations and men, ſo infamous, as not to be eſteemed, for his practice, a valid evidence in a court of juſtice,—the caſe only of the moſt abandoned, the vileſt of the vile—ſurely the reflection would cauſe him to alter and forſake a vice, which renders him deſtructive to his family, odious and pernicious to ſociety, and a deadly enemy to himſelf, his beſt ſelf, both in time and eternity.

PHILANTHROPOS.

NUMBER

NUMBER XLV.

——— How great
To mingle int'reſts, converſe, amities,
With all the ſons of reaſon, ſcatter'd wide,
Thro' habitable ſpace, wherever born,
Howe'er endow'd———

YOUNG.

UPON viſiting my friend, Mr. *Stephens*, the other morning, I found him deeply afflicted for the loſs of a near and valuable relation; "I was reflecting, ſays he, my dear friend, (after the uſual compliments had paſſed) upon a ſubject highly pleaſing, I wiſh I could add ſatisfactorily clear, to the afflicted minds of men. I know your high veneration for the revealed religion, and I have the comfort to ſay, that I am thankful and ſenſible of ſo ſuperlative a bleſſing vouchſafed to us by the benevolence of God: but ſo limited is the human underſtanding, that, even with this ſplendid light in our hands, we are wretchedly in darkneſs, reſpecting many points which our anxious reſearches much wiſh to diſcover. Perhaps it is wiſeſt—for I am convinced that every ordination of the ſupreme is wiſeſt and beſt,—that the human mind ſhould continue in its preſent ſtate with this dark veil before it. But would it not be pleaſing, would it not be conſolatory beyond expreſſion to be aſcertained of the certainty of our mutual knowledge in a future ſtate; would it not make death itſelf leſs dreadful; would it not render the loſs of our deareſt relatives, our tenderer ſelves leſs afflictive, were we aſſured by unerring veracity, that we ſhould not only meet, but know and par-

take of each other's felicities in thoſe bliſsful abodes, *where there ſhall be no more death?*" "There can be no doubt, replied I, but the comfort would be as great as the ſatisfaction, from ſo important and deſirable an information: and as *reaſon* ſeems ſtrongly to plead in behalf of this delightful truth; as *revelation* ſeems rather to countenance than controvert it; and as the *Pagan* notions ſeem to corroborate their evidence, one would be inclined by all means to eſpouſe the opinion, or at leaſt, not to uſe any arguments which might deprive mankind of ſo delectable an hope." "How far, ſaid my friend, and in what reſpect do you imagine the notion, ſupported by reaſon and revelation?" We rationally conclude, replied I, that the future ſtate of bliſs will be conſummate; there will not be any deficiency in it: but without mutual knowledge it will be very defective; and therefore we ſuppoſe that this addition to its perfection will not be wanting. But not to lay more weight upon this argument than it will bear, I obſerve that the point ſeems ſelf-evident: *conſciouſneſs* conſtitutes *identity*; now, as I, the ſame individual who live at preſent in this vale of trial, am hereafter to enjoy, (if by God's mercy I may enjoy) the bleſſings of futurity; it follows, that I muſt be conſcious of myſelf; which I cannot be without being conſcious of the ſeveral relations I bore upon earth; and therefore it is impoſſible to ſuppoſe, but that I muſt know ſeveral perſons and connections who ſhall make up the aſſembly of the ſaints, at leaſt ſuch of them as were *known* to me upon earth. I cannot loſe my *conſciouſneſs*, for if I loſe that, I loſe my *identity*.

The ſcriptures too conſtantly repreſent the future ſtate as a ſtate of mutual knowledge; for they tell us, that we ſhall converſe with, that

that we ſhall ſit down with, and in conſequence ſhall know *Abraham*, *Iſaac*, and *Jacob*, and the reſt of the patriarchs and apoſtles. Now, if we ſhall know theſe, is it not more than probable that we ſhall alſo know thoſe with whom we have been united in the deareſt bonds of friendſhip and concord upon earth? There is a very fine remark of *David*'s, which is univerſally admired, becauſe it is univerſally felt; which he made when he loſt the ſon of his guilt by *Bathſheba*, *I ſhall go to him, but he ſhall not return to me.* Cold and poor comfort is this, if the royal mourner meant only that he ſhould follow the child to the grave, and there intermingle his neglected aſhes with him. It certainly muſt have a ſublimer, a nobler import; the ſenſe of mankind is a comment upon it; every thinking man that hears or repeats it, receives it as a cordial to his ſoul, informing him that friends are not loſt, but ſeparated a while; and that we ſhall go to them, to ſee them, to know them, to enjoy their friendſhip improved by all the purity of heaven.

I grant it is a rule laid down by divines, to found no doctrines upon parabolic texts; but methinks they may be properly introduced, and tend very greatly to confirm opinions which have ſtrong reaſons and much probability to urge.

Dives, in miſery, is repreſented as perfectly knowing not *Lazarus* only, but *Abraham* alſo. And it has been concluded, from the ſcene of this parable, that it is likely not only that the happineſs of the bleſſed will be increaſed by their ſocial intercourſe with each other; but alſo, that the miſery of the condemned will be fearfully augmented, from their ſight and knowledge of thoſe happy realms and happy beings, from each of which they are eternally ſecluded.

And

And is not this, ſaid my friend, an invincible objection to the doctrine of mutual knowledge; can it be poſſible, oh, can it be poſſible, that you or I ſhould reſt in conſummate joy; while peradventure thoſe who were dearer to us than ourſelves, our moſt affectionate parents, our tenderly beloved wives, our deareſt children, our much valued friends are ſuffering unreſpited, unpitied, unrelieved in the dolorous regions of uttermoſt woe!" "There is, I grant you, ſaid I, a difficult knot to unlooſe in what you have objected; but I think the objection may be, in ſome meaſure, obviated, by remarking, in the firſt place, that it is an infallible truth, heaven will be a place of perfect and uninterrupted fruition; *all tears ſhall there be wiped away from all eyes for ever*, and of neceſſity there will not be found any thing there to damp the full enjoyment of our pleaſures. In the next place, as all corporeal paſſions, ſo all the ties and relations which are neceſſary not only to the well-being, but to the continuance of a *mortal* ſociety will ceaſe and be diſſolved. *We ſhall be as the angels of God*, our ſouls filled with the unutterable love of the ſupreme, and our higheſt affections engaged by the adorable perfections of the ever-bleſſed Three.—And ſo completely ſatisfied ſhall we be in the fruition of God's love, that we ſhall thankfully confeſs the juſtice of all his deciſions; and feel thoſe utterly unworthy our love, who are found unworthy of his." "You ſpoke ſomething of the *Pagans*, ſaid Mr. *Stephens*; had they any idea of this opinion?" It is certain, replied I, that whatever conceptions they had of a future ſtate, the belief of mutual knowledge ever make a part of it. This is too well known to be denied, read *Cicero's Treatiſe de ſenectute*, and you will find, that

that one of the ſtrongeſt conſolations, which the good old man derives to himſelf, is from the hope of ſhortly converſing again in the ſhades of *Elyſium*, with thoſe friends, whom he ſo much valued and eſteemed upon earth." "Well, ſaid Mr. *Stephens*, I think we may ſum up the matter in Dr. *Young*'s words,

"*Be good* —— and let heaven anſwer for the reſt."

One ſtep farther, my dear friend, ſaid I, this opinion ſhould certainly carry us. Is there a probability that we ſhall meet and know each other again in the future world, which certainly will improve our bliſs? Then, let it be our zealous endeavours to love that religion, and to practice that virtue, which will bring us to God, and unite us, inſeparably unite us, to thoſe happy and perfected ſouls; with whom we have been united in the tendereſt bonds of the beſt affection below.

NUMBER XLVI.

Quot homines, tot ſententiæ!

FEW men are ſatisfied with their deſtinations in life; they diſcern inconveniences and evils in their own ſtations and employments, to which they conceive no other is ſubject, and, in the diſquietude of their hearts, prefer every attachment to their own.

The ſoldier worn with toil, with grief oppreſt,
Laments his lot, and calls the merchant bleſt;

When

When billows roar, and ſtormy winds ariſe,
The ſoldier's life is bleſt, the merchant cries.
Wak'd by his client, ere the dawn appears,
A peaſant's life, the barriſter prefers.
Fully to prove how all mankind admire,
Lots differing from their own, would W— tire.

But how much ſoever this may be the caſe, with the occupations to which men are neceſſarily and often involuntarily bound, we find it very different with the diverſions and purſuits which they follow from choice. A ſound philoſophical reaſon, might poſſibly, with much eaſe be aſſigned for this; but as we are little diſpoſed ourſelves to philoſophize, after the entertainment we have received, ſo we fancy it will rather pleaſe the reader to relate our adventure, than to amuſe him with the dry diſquiſitions of ſober ſpeculation.

I frequently make it my choice to dine at a certain ordinary in this city, as I ſeldom fail to meet with characters, and to find matter for future lucubration. At the cloſe of the winter, I took my ſeat there one day, with about a dozen companions, ſeated at the ſame table. When the rage of hunger was tolerably ſubdued, we began to grow acquainted, and I quickly found, that almoſt every individual differed from the other, as well in inclination as in employment.

Tom Sweepſtakes opened very obſtreperouſly, with ſome ſage remarks on the miſchiefs of the militia, and the curſed croſs accident of a late Lord's trial; for by means of theſe, quoth he, our laſt meeting at New-Market was ſo plaguely thin, that a man might almoſt ſplit his windpipe with ſhouting, before he could make another hear on the heath. He then began to aſk

his

his next neighbour, what he thought of the match between *Babraham* and the *Godolphin Arabian*, and offered, with a tremendous oath, five to four on the former, which he ſwore, would beat the other all hollow off the turf. For *Babraham*, ſays he, had *Silver Shoulders* for his ſire, who was gotten out of the Duke's famous mare *Jenny Diver*, whoſe ſire was the *Ancaſter's Stirling*, whoſe dam, &c.

"Pox upon your *Babrahams* and *Jenny Divers*, on Dukes and Lords, and New-Markets; ſome folks had better be fighting than gambling away their money ſo fooliſhly amongſt a parcel of knaves and jockies," replied his next neighbour, Jonas Crop-cram'd, whoſe ſleek appearance indicated his near relationſhip to the common-council.

"For my part, continued he, I have always thought gaming a more deſtructive evil, prejudicial to the intereſts of a trading city, and deſtructive of its upright and antient polity; and of all gaming, your ſame horſe-racing I judge to be the moſt wicked and miſchievous. Can't a man divert himſelf in a more reaſonable manner now, as I do, for example, who love to walk a mile or two into the country, and amuſe myſelf with an innocent hour's paſtime at a ſkittle-ground or nine-pin alley, where one is always ſure to meet with ſome good company, and never fail to hear public matters diſcuſſed in a ſober and underſtanding way.—That was a noble ſtroke, Sir, ſaid he, turning from Sweep-ſtakes to his left-hand neighbour;—that knocking of the head that *there Thurot*; a peſtilent fellow, he, I can aſſure you: Well, nobody ſhall perſuade me, but that this ſame Elliot muſt be a *Pitt*'s man, do you ſee—Or—you underſtand me, Sir?"

"What

"What was you ſaying, Sir, ſaid *Harry Guittar*, careleſsly humming a tune, and playing with his fingers upon the table; you ſpoke to me, I believe, Sir, but in good truth you miſtook your man; I concern myſelf little about your Pitts or your Elliots, or any of this ſort of people; I have not the honour, and faith, Sir, I don't court it, of knowing any of them, and I have been very credibly informed, that your very famous Mr. Pitt has no kind of ear for muſic. Indeed, very few of our great people, as they are called, have the leaſt ſmack of the *bon gout*, the polite reliſh in that way. One cannot deny, that they will pretend to have taſte; they will ſit, it is true, to hear our beſt performers; but one may eaſily diſcover with what little attention they hear, from the idle chit-chat whiſpering amongſt them. Heavens! the ruſtling of the ſmalleſt leaf is intolerable on theſe occaſions. I muſt own it is ſome pleaſure to find that there are already ſeveral hundred ſubſcriptions of five guineas made to the moſt delicate and inimitable Miſs F——. But for the elegant touches of *Pinto*, for the ſweet, ſoft, and enrapturing ſtrains of *Mattei!* O frightful! they have no more ears than that abominable monſter, commonly called, an Aſs."

Pleaſed with what he had ſaid, *Harry*'s riſible faculties were ſtrongly moved; and ſelf-ſatisfied he hummed with triumph the laſt new Italian air. While with a deep and plaintive voice, old *Solomon Tomeſwell* cried out, lifting up his hands and ſhaking his peruke, which had long been unconſcious of a curl, "A hundred with their guineas to Miſs F——! Shame on them! Shame on them! I am grieved to death with the depravity of the age, ſo many guineas for mere tickling of the ear, for one dirty girl that has no merit to plead,

plead, but the fortunate accident of a tolerably good pipe. When now, mark me, if a man of genius and education goes to ſolicit a ſubſcription to a work of profound erudition, which, by the way, would reflect more honour than all their titles on the very nobleſt of them to ſupport and patronize;—One may beat one's heels in their halls long enough, God knows, before one can get a ſix-pence from them. You muſt know, gentlemen (and then he pulled a packet of papers out of his pocket, and mounted a pair of ſpectacles on the large bridge of his very prominent-noſe) you muſt know, I have juſt publiſhed propoſals for printing, in two volumes folio, the learned works of the laborious *Duns Scotus*, a moſt profound and elaborate divine, whoſe writings are mouldring on the duſty ſhelves of neglected libraries, and whoſe ſuperlative worth, believe me, is not known amongſt us, otherwiſe no man living would be without theſe volumes. Now as I propoſed to decorate the work with cuts, and to print it on a fine paper, and new letter, I offer it at the moderate price of ſix guineas; three on ſubſcribing, and three on receipt of the book. And would you believe it, gentlemen, *O tempora, O mores!* Not one of our biſhops, nay, ſcarce one clergyman, can I prevail upon to ſubſcribe! So that I fear, this moſt divine and exquiſite work will never ſee the light, to the unſpeakable loſs of the erudite part of mankind."

I muſt defer the anſwer of my friend *Equation*, as well as an account of my other companions, to ſome future paper.

NUMBER XLVII.

——And thou majeſtic main,
A ſecret world of wonders in thyſelf,
Sound His *ſtupenduous praiſe, whoſe greater voice*
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.

THOMPSON.

THE elegant poet, quoted above, calls the *Ocean*, with much propriety, *a ſecret world of wonder!* No man can contemplate this great and glorious object, unconvinced of the juſtneſs of his expreſſion: for ſurely, while we ſtand upon the ſhore, and behold the vaſt billows of the boundleſs main, with impetuous and ever reſtleſs tumult, proudly rolling along; while we ſtretch our wondering ſight over the immenſe world of waters; ſurvey the chalky and riſing cliffs, which ſurround the ſhore, or the firm and level ſand, which gives limits to this ſeemingly uncontrolable element: while we reflect upon the animal as well as vegetable productions of the ocean, infinite in number, endleſs in variety: and when we conſider the prodigious advantages ariſing from this *connector* of the univerſe—*advantages*, in which we of this nation are peculiarly intereſted;—we cannot fail to admire the *wiſdom* of him, who ſeparated the waters from the dry land; and who, ſuperlative in power, ruleth this roaring monſter with all the facility of command; ſaying, *Hitherto ſhalt thou come, but no farther, and here ſhall thy proud waves be ſtayed.*

And as the *ocean*, hath lately obtained an acceſſion of honour, and is become, if I may ſo ſay, the grand and univerſal *phyſician*; and on that account

count is not only *viſited* more generally, but more highly eſteemed,—for what ſo worthy our eſteem, as that which is the means of imparting *health*, the choiceſt of human bleſſings, and without which, no other can be a bleſſing?—I do not doubt but it will be agreeable to many of my readers, to trace with me the wonders of the great deep; which I propoſe to do in this, and ſome following papers; the great deep, of which *Euripides* hath ſaid long ago, "*That it is the purifier of all human ills.*"

Θαλασσα κλυζει παντα τ' ανθρωπων κακα.

A line which from the preſent practice, one would imagine almoſt prophetic: For what *diſeaſe* or *evil* is ſuppoſed unconquerable by this univerſal *medicine?* None, we hope, who have tried it this *Summer*, have found it inefficacious: we would indulge a beneficent wiſh, that it may have been the *ſecondary* cauſe, at leaſt, of kindling up the glow of roſeate beauty in many a pale and lovely cheek; of reſtoring many a lanquid nerve to its vigour; and of bleſſing many a family, by the return of the parent, the friend, in all the livelineſs of health, to the anxious and alarmed relatives.

The *ſaltneſs* of its waters is the firſt thing, which we may imagine, will ſtrike every obſerver of the *ocean.* This is ſo peculiar a circumſtance, that no man can paſs it over unheeded; curſory remarkers are apt, in the haſte of their thoughts, to conceive that this particular is an objection to the wiſdom of the creator, ſince a ſupply of freſh waters ſo near at hand would preſerve, they ſuppoſe, the lives of numbers who croſs the perilous main. But ſo far is this from the truth, that the poſſibility of ſailing would be removed were not

the waters ſalt: It is well known that no colds or illneſſes ariſe from a total immerſion in ſalt water, and a total neglect of yourſelf in conſequence. Hence the honeſt ſeaman ſo oft daſhed and covered with the briny waves, feels no inconveniencies, and receives no damage. Beſides ſo immenſe a body of waters, the common ſewers of nature, would putrify and corrupt, if they were not ſtrongly impregnated with *ſaline* particles; and at the ſame time in that *perpetual motion*, and reſtleſs agitation, which the waters of the ſea continually experience. They never are ſtill, never at reſt; and thus by their *ſaline* quality, they are ſecured from any *internal* principle of corruption; by their inceſſant perturbation they work themſelves clear from every *adventitious* defilement.

"A directory this, and a pattern for me, ſays a writer.—Thus may divine *Grace*, like the penetrating power of ſalt, cure the depravity of my heart, and rectify the diſorders of my temper! Seaſon my words, and make all my converſation ſavoury.—Thus may a continual courſe of *activity* in every vocation, prevent the pernicious effects of indolence; let me daily exerciſe, or be attempting to exerciſe the graces of Chriſtianity. Leſt faith become feeble: Leſt hope contract dimneſs; and charity wax cold."

When all other *waters* are freſh, but theſe of the ocean, all other *waters*, which owe their riſe to the ocean, and are conveyed from its boundleſs treaſury, through the bowels of the earth;—No reaſonable man can ſuppoſe, that thoſe of the ocean were, without deſign, impregnated with ſalts; and eſpecially, when he beholds the utility, the neceſſity of this proviſion, which various other particulars might prove, he will acknowledge that *this alſo hath God done!*

But

But ſee the waters come rolling in upon us! *Wave* daſhes over wave, curling its foamy ſkirt; billow riſes over billow, and rolls with regular and irreſiſtible impetuoſity to the ſhore. The *tide* is coming in, and the tide furniſhes us with a freſh ſource of admiration. Every day this immenſe collection of waters for the ſpace of five or ſix hours, flows towards the land: and, as it were unſatisfied with its ſtation, no ſooner reaches its deſtined height, but it *begins* again, almoſt inſtantly, to *retire* to its immoſt caverns: taking up nearly the ſame in its retreat as it required for its acceſs. We refer our readers to the *philoſophers*, for a ſolution of this extraordinary phenomenon, which they tell us is owing to the gravitation of the earth, and the attractive influence of the *moon*. So ſays the poet

'Tis thine bright Cynthia to diſpenſe,
Thoſe laws the floods obey;
The hoary deep (untract'd immenſe)
Obedient owns thy ſway!

We will rather obſerve, how "*great* is the power, and how excellent the wiſdom, which ſets the whole fluid world in motion! Which protrudes to the ſhores, ſuch an inconceivable weight of waters, without any concurrence from the winds, frequently in direct oppoſition to all their force. How gracious alſo is the providence which bids the mighty element perform its revolutions with the moſt exact punctuality! Was it ſuffered to advance with a lawleſs and unlimited ſwell; it might ſweep over kingdoms, and deluge whole continents. Was it irregular and uncertain in its approaches, navigation would be at a ſtand, and trade become precarious.—But being

conſtant at its *ſtated periods*, and never exceeding its *appointed bounds*, it creates no alarm to the country, and affords very conſiderable aids to *traffic*.

Many and great are the advantages derived from this regular flux and reflux of the ocean. For the preſent I only juſt obſerve; that at its *flow*, ruſhing up our rivers, it clears and deepens the paſſage; in many places ſpreads a copious flood, where a dry and empty waſte lay before.—Is the ſailor returned from his voyage, and waiting at the mouth of the channels? The *flux* is ready to convey his veſſel to the very doors of the owner; without any hazard of ſtriking on the rocks, or being faſtened in the ſands.—Has the merchant freighted his ſhip; would he have it tranſferred to the ocean? the *reflux* tenders its ſervice; and bears away the load, with the utmoſt expedition and with equal ſafety!—Behold, oh man, how greatly thou art beloved, how *highly favoured* by thy Maker! in what part of his works hath he forgotten, or overlooked thy welfare? ſhew me a creature; point out a ſpot, in the formation or diſpoſition of which he has not been mindful of thy intereſts! "He has made thee to have dominion over the works of his hands, and has put all things in ſubjection under thy feet:—All ſheep and oxen, the fowls of the air, and the fiſhes,—yea the *ſurges* of the ſea," are ſubſervient to thy benefit. Even theſe, wild and impetuous as they are, yield their willing backs to receive thy load, and like an indefatigable beaſt of burden, carry it to the place, which thou ſhalt nominate!—Indeed rich and precious are the treaſures borne on the back of the *ocean*, and wafted by the gales of *commerce*, which would be uſeleſs without this liquid conveyance, this encourager

of

of induſtry, and ſource of wealth!—But of this hereafter.—A proper *ſupplement* to my preſent paper, is ſupplied by a *Kentiſh* correſpondent, who in his packet of *Margate* verſes, ſends the following, written, as he informs me, by a promiſing young gentleman of our city.

MARI SACRUM.

THO' doctors long have try'd their ſkill in vain,
The languid patient's vigour to regain:
Tho' med'cines fail, and ineffectual prove,
Nor aught the latent evil can remove:
In nature's ſtore, a grand reſource we find,
To raiſe the body, and to cheer the mind.
The SEA a noſtrum in itſelf contains;
The patient tries it, and no more complains!
Let not in vain the *briny waters* flow;
You there deſcry the grave of human woe.
Drown'd in the waves *rheumatic tortures* ceaſe,
The ſpirits brighten, and the ſoul's at eaſe;
The nerves relax'd, and limbs ſo weak before,
With vigour brac'd, reſume their native pow'r!
The wan complexion, and the *jaundic'd eye*,
Their priſtine colour gain, and all's at liberty.
The penetrating ſalts refine the blood,
And undiſturb'd flows the rich crimſon flood!
The ſtubborn *palſey*'s ſelf its hold foregoes;
And warm life, tinkling, in the dead limbs *glows*.
The *weakned eye* receives its former ſight,
And ev'ry object views with freſh delight.
Emblem of paſſion, ſee the billows roar,
And loudly foaming, daſh from ſhore to ſhore!
Tho' thus the *ſcurvy* unoppos'd may rage,
The WAVES ſhall ſoon the tyrant diſengage:

At length the SEA the lurking foe ſubdues,
And (routed from his haunts) a calm enſues:
Nature reviv'd and chear'd in ev'ry part,
Proclaims the cure above the doctor's art!
No more deſpondency, with gloomy ſhade,
Dares or the ſpirits or the thoughts invade.
Freed from the gloom of *vapours* and of *ſpleen*:
The dull grow lively, and the ſad ſerene:
The thoughts no more a ſullen aſpect wear;
But fraught with mirth and chearfulneſs appear!
Be wiſe, nor nature's gen'rous gifts refuſe,
Uſe the kind offer,—but diſcreetly uſe.
And with returning *health*, your off'rings pay,
To *him*, whom ſtern *diſeaſe*, and the wild *waves* obey.

NUMBER XLVIII.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

MISS *Selima Seeker* ſends compliments to Mr. *Viſitor*, and acknowledges his civility: ſhe has the pleaſure to inform him, that the favour done her has gained him much approbation and many friends; and if he continues to be ſo obliging, ſhe aſſures him ſhe will more and more uſe her influence to introduce his paper into all the families in the *city*. Poo—hang that little word, it ſlips out of one's lips, whether one will or not—In the *town* I meant to ſay; and one would think I ſhould have been more accurate; for *entre nous*, good Mr. *Newsmaker*, I have been immenſely mortified. I am almoſt ready to burſt. So I will out with it. And be ſure you write about

about it; and do, dear creature, do find ſome way or other to avenge me: you have a ſcheming head, and I can help you.

You muſt know then, that tho' I am city-born and bred, yet I have many relations at t'other end of the town. The family of the *Seekers* is a very antient, noble, and large family: we can trace our pedigree much higher than William the Conqueror, and we have now in the family a multitude of great *Lords*, and a greater multitude of fine *Ladies*: I aſſure you our houſe makes no ſmall figure at court, and at moſt other places the name of *Seeker* is very well known.—Now I muſt acquaint you, that yeſterday I went to pay a viſit to a celebrated c——ſs of our family in * * * ſtreet; and as I rattled over the ſtones with my long-tail'd bays, my heart exulted within me to think what a figure I ſhould make at her ladyſhip's, by the ſignificant airs I deſigned to aſſume, and the importance I intended to claim to myſelf in our ſame *city-ball*.

Well, rap—rap—rap went my footman; round me throws I my long-tail'd negligee: up ſtairs I tript into my lady's dreſſing-room; and happily, as I thought, found it almoſt full of company, and ſeveral of my relations too were there. The converſation was very brilliant—But I, who was impatient to tell of the figure I made in our aſſembly, imagined every moment an hour till the ſubject was introduced. At length finding it not likely ſoon to come upon the tapis, I was obliged to yawn and rub my face. Lord *Billy Seeker*, who ſat next me, took the hint, and with a very ſignificant grin, "So, my dear, ſaid he, "I ſuppoſe you ſtaid late laſt night at *high life* "*below ſtairs!*"——A great horſe-laugh rung through the room, and I, who for my part, had

no

no conception what he meant, bluſhed to the ears, and replied very innocently, "*High Life* "*below Stairs*, my lord—indeed, not I, I was "better engaged!" — "Better engaged, Miſs, "ſaid he, why I conceived you thought no en- "gagement ſuperior to that." Still I was at a loſs, and the laugh continued at my perplexity; while his lordſhip affected a ſilly ſtupor, and my lady cried out to him, "For goodneſs ſake, my "lord, don't kill me: I profeſs, my lord, your "lordſhip will make me die with laughing. Poor "*Selima* don't underſtand you; he means, child, "your *city-ball*."—Then a louder peal of un- meaning laughter re-ecchoed, and to conceal my diſorder, I grin'd a ghaſtly ſmile; for ghaſtly, I am ſure it muſt be, as my features were diſtorted with anger, vexation and diſappointment.

To think, Mr. *Viſitor*, of calling ſuch a grand, ſuch a reſpectable, worthy, wealthy, every-thing aſſembly, "*High Life below Stairs!*"—Fie fie, upon him. But between ourſelves, lord *Billy* was never one of the wiſeſt!

He was not ſatisfied however with this triumph of his *Wit*, as he term'd it!—"And ſo, Miſs, he ſaid preſently, you're an honourable member of the *city-ball*."—"The *merchants aſſembly*, Sir, ſaid I (for I would not call him, *my Lord*) that's the name by which it is known." You are aſhamed then of the *city*, Miſs, I find, ſaid her ladyſhip, —And truly, we, at this end of the town, can't much wonder—your *cits* look like another ſpecies. La! how they throw on their fine cloaths—Mon- ſtrous, what appearances!" "Indeed, my lady, ſaid I, I believe your ladyſhip would change your opinion, if you were to be at the *merchants* aſſem- bly."—"*Merchants* aſſembly—good la! ſaid lord *Billy*, what nobleman, with high blood in his veins,

veins, can mix with your common tradeſmen.—The men are uſeful enough in their way: but when they would tread upon our heels in politeneſs—It makes one ſick, *Selima*, perfectly ſick! The *merchants* aſſembly!" An elderly maiden-lady, who ſat near my relation, the lady of the houſe, and who had teſtified her applauſe only by *frown-like* ſmiles; for her forehead was covered with wrinkles, and ſour malevolence lived in her eye-balls; "You ſee, couſin, ſaid ſhe (for ſhe was an ancient *Seeker*) that the name of your aſſembly gives high diſguſt to theſe noble perſonages: permit me to *chriſten* your *polite* meeting, and then, perhaps, there may be a coalition of parties; ſtile, it, child, *the Metropolitan-ball*; and give the nobles your good leave to attend it; and there will be more amity amongſt you, peradventure."—The *Metropolitan-ball* now was repeated by every tongue; and, though there was nothing to laugh at in my opinion, nothing but laughter, and *Metropolitan-ball* was heard at every interval. 'Till at laſt, "perdition ſeize my exiſtence, ſaid lord *Billy*, pulling out his watch, if I have not an aſſignation; and have overſtaid my time. Adieu, dear ladies: Miſs *Selima*, my reſpects to our friends, the *Metropolitans*." And I aſſure you, when delivered from his impertinence, the ladies heard me with much attention, and we had a very entertaining and inſtructive chat about the company, and the dreſſes at the laſt aſſembly.

But as I can't write you an account of that now, I ſend to deſire you will chaſtiſe theſe inſolent ones, who ſo affect to deſpiſe us. And tho' I am perſuaded lady *Anna Rugoſa Seeker*, threw out that name by way of ſneer, yet I think it a very valuable hint, and do by theſe preſents en-

join

join and direct, that in our meeting, the offenſive and diſguſting words (which I will never utter from my lips again) be wholly dropt and abſolutely forgotten: that it never more be ſtiled —The *C*— ball, or *M*——*ts* aſſembly: but throughout the whole world, be known and called, *the Metropolitan ball* ——A name highly approved by the members: and particularly pleaſing to

Yours eternally,

SELIMA SEEKER.

NUMBER XLIX.

Trahit ſua quemque voluptas.

VIRG.

MR. *TOMESWELL* had ſcarcely concluded that mournful lamentation, recorded in our paper of laſt Thurſday, (Nº 46) before Mr. *Equation*, who ſat oppoſite to him, reddening into warmth, rejoined, with a good deal of ardour; "Sir, I profeſs, the *Biſhops* and *Clergy* will henceforward be judged by me, men of more ſenſe and penetration than I ever imagined them before. The world, Sir, is ſick of divinity: folio's of divinity! Good Angels; when nobody thinks of giving themſelves the trouble of reading a ſix-penny ſermon! and folio's of caſuiſtical, controverſial, ſchool divinity; why you might as well ſuppoſe, that the voluminous, tireſome works of theſe old *Spin-texts*, the *Puritans*, would be encouraged, as what you offer to the public. Take my advice, good Sir; turn the

the courſe of your ſtudies another way, and you'll ſoon find it anſwer. There is a branch of ſcience, I don't pretend to ſay I am an *adept* in it,—but they who know me, will allow me the credit of ſome *little knowledge* in that way.—It is *algebra*, I mean, the moſt uſeful and excellent of all the ſciences: the key, the miſtreſs, the queen of the *mathematics*. Now if you would intenſely apply to this moſt neceſſary and delightful ſtudy, you might probably not only make many new diſcoveries, but gain great advantages to yourſelf. For as nothing is more wanted, ſo nothing would be more encouraged than a good algebraiſt: indeed, this charming ſcience is by my vexatious and multifarious buſineſs in life, permitted only to indulge my vacant hours: or, perhaps I ſhould have made no inconſiderable figure in it myſelf. Let me hint to you, Sir, that if you would undertake an *algebraical magazine* (as *magazines* are ſo much in faſhion) it might ſell in a very extraordinary manner, and would diffuſe the knowledge of this wonderful art, which to be ſure we owe to the ingenuity of the *Arabs*: for *algebra* is certainly derived from the Arabic words *al*, and *gabbera*—but this by the bye.—As to the *magazine*, pray think of it; and perhaps you may procure the aſſiſtance of the moſt induſtrious and worthy gentleman, ſuperior to all praiſe, who hath lately refreſhed our ſpirits with a charming book in *quarto*, on the *negative ſign* in *algebra*.—Now if he would aſſiſt your *magazine*."——

"Better aſſiſt the public in this time of extreme danger and peril, ſaid a gentleman with a remarkably long face, and a diſmal black wig, whoſe countenance I obſerved, betrayed ſtrong marks of diſcontent, while Mr. *Equation* was ha-

ranguing,—I am amazed and aſtoniſhed, he went on, that at ſuch an *important* period as the preſent, men's thoughts ſhould be employed upon ſuch trivial things, as *algebra* and *magazines*, contemptible and inſignificant! When the intereſt of all Europe is concerned; and the belligerant powers are uſing every effort to give ſucceſs to their ſchemes: no man who loves his country, ſhould think or talk of any thing but its *political* concerns; every private ſatisfaction ſhould be given up; and in the cauſe of liberty, of virtue, of proteſtantiſm, and the preſent glorious eſtabliſhment, we ſhould unite our utmoſt, our moſt ſagacious and thoughtful conſiderations. And if men will write, and will have *magazines*, ſurely a *political* one would be the only proper, and the only uſeful magazine in the preſent ſtate of things. In this might be delineated the true ſyſtem of *polity* in the general, the law of nature, of nations, and of diſtinct communities: great helps for which would be drawn from *Grotius* and *Puffendorf*, and from *Vatell* in particular, more excellent than either. Then the intereſt of Great-Britain, and the utility of continental connections, the neceſſity of ſupporting *Pruſſia*, the glory of the preſent war, and the like, might be ſet forth: And, what ſtrikes me moſt of all, and I believe will perſuade me to undertake a thing of this kind, thus might the lies of that arch-falſifier *Maubert*, that wretch of wretches, that diſgrace of politicians, be clearly developed and expoſed, to the unſpeakable utility of the world in general."

"You have got the right rope by the end, my boy, yare, yare, my lad, ſaid a rough gentleman, who ſate near the politician, and clapped him heartily on the back when he had finiſh-

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ed his ſpeech. Not accuſtomed to ſuch rude familiarity, he received the gratulations of Mr. *Loveſtorm* in a look of diſdain, and expreſſed his diſapprobation with a tone of anger. "Nay, and you be for brewing a ſtorm, d'ye ſee, quoth the ſailor, I can weather it out, I believe, as well as yourſelf. But I lik'd your lingo, and was going to ſtrike ſail with you, my maſter, and hove my cargo of opinions aboard the veſſel of your piloting. For, tho' I ſay it, no man loves his country better than I, and eſpecially the ſhipping: I don't uſe the ſea indeed only now and then, as it may be for my own pleaſure; but the glory of Old England is her *wooden walls*, and I am proud to be in the belly of a good tight veſſel. I'll venture a wager, my *Lively Peggy*, will ſail with any ſhip in the navy, I could go to ſleep on her top-maſt; but, as I ſaid, our wooden walls are, as a body may call them, the *anchor* and *cable* of Old England, we muſt ſtand by them. I am ſure that's good politics; or we ſhall preſently ride in a ſtorm, and it will be God's mercy, if we don't go to the bottom."

I obſerved, while this lover of the ocean was delivering his ſentiments, two gentlemen, who ſeemed to expreſs a ſovereign contempt for all that had been ſaid, were converſing; the one, with much energy, on the *beauties* of *painting*, the other on the ſuperlative excellence of *dramatic poetry*. The merits of the pieces preſented to the *Society for arts*, &c. were very nicely and critically examined by the former; and I perceived that he could not be brought to acknowledge any peculiar merit in modern productions. The art of painting, he aſſured us, was perfectly loſt (as indeed there was *no* encouragement for it in England) and nothing ſhort of

a *Rubens*, or a *Titian*, a *Raphael* or a *Rembrandt*, I found, could ſuit his ſublimated taſte.—The admirer of the drama ſeemed to eſtimate the painter at a very low rate, as a mechanic genius; no way comparable to the poet, *whoſe eye in a fine phrenzy rolling, doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven*, &c. He ſeemed very deſirous to diſcuſs the merits of the ancient and modern dramatic writers; and by a natural tranſition was led to characterize our actors; large were his commendations of the Britiſh *Roſcius*, to give which their weight, he was ſo obliging as to attempt to ſpeak two or three favourite paſſages in Mr. Garrick's manner; which he aſſured us he had ſtudied with ſome accuracy; but an unfortunate ſlip or two, and an unpleaſing provincial and monotonic accent, occaſioning a burſt of laughter, this lover of the theatre was obliged to take his hat and withdraw in ſome confuſion.

"What ſimple men are all theſe, ſaid a gentleman, who ſat at my elbow, and whiſpered into my ear—to proſecute ſuch idle amuſements! For my part, I am for real knowledge, and on that account have made *antiquity* my ſtudy, for many years: I ſhould be glad, Sir, to ſhow you my *medals*, they are very perfect and fine, I aſſure you; I have very nearly compleated my ſeries."—I thanked the gentleman very cordially, and my time being expired, was obliged to withdraw; which Mr. Floſculus doing at the ſame time, I was favoured with his company down the ſtreet, when he made preciſely the ſame remark, with my friend the Antiquarian; and proceeded to recommend in the ſtrongeſt terms, his own delightſome, healthful, rational amuſement, "The cultivation of flowers," "For I am, ſaid he, a perfect

perfect *Floriſt*; I dedicate all my leiſure time to this noble employment, and I believe my ſtage of Auriculas is inferior to few; I *chriſtened* two new flowers laſt ſeaſon, the *Prince Imperial* and the *Duke* of *Brunſwic*, and I have no doubt of equal honour and ſucceſs in the ſame way, next ſeaſon. I won the prize at the *Carnation Feaſt*,—and I would not exchange *tulips* with any *Burgo-Maſter* in Holland." I promiſed to avail myſelf of his friendſhip, and to decorate my garden, with the *outcaſts* of his flowery family.

Such were my aſſociates at Mrs. C——'s; I leave my readers to make their own reflections. Permit me only to remark, that as each man hath his favourite amuſement, he may, he ought to be allowed quitely to enjoy it, (we ſuppoſe it innocent). No man has a right to moleſt him, while he rides his *bobby-horſe*; but in return, let him not moleſt any man, but ſuffer him as quietly, *equitare in arundine longâ*. In ſhort, we may in perfect good-nature ſmile one at the other; but let us not by any means be angry, or diſpute, becauſe we do not approve the ſame entertainments; becauſe we have not all the ſame taſtes:—contentedly reſt in your own; leave me, with the ſame content, to relax my mind in ſuch a manner, as pleaſes me. You love *turtle*, I love a plain *leg of mutton*; eat your *turtle* in peace, and go to bed! why ſhould you eſteem me a man of folly, becauſe I prefer honeſt homely *mutton* to it?

NUMBER L.

Who ſings the ſource
Of wealth and force?
Vaſt field of commerce and big war!
Where wonders dwell;
Where terrors ſwell;
And Neptune thunders from his car!

YOUNG.

WHEN we behold the great deep, without track, and without limit, we may well ſtand amazed, at the courage of thoſe who firſt dared to commit themſelves to its unknown boſom, and to pierce into its pathleſs regions. Horace (who was not indeed a man of very great courage himſelf) is of opinion, that the firſt adventurers muſt have had hearts of *oak*, or rather of *triple braſs*; their attempts were judged no leſs preſumptuous than dangerous: ſince the ocean was eſteemed by the ancients as the inſuperable barrier, and grand ſeparater of different nations, formed by the Deity * on purpoſe to ſecure

* Thus runs the whole paſſage, which is in the 3d ode of Horace's firſt book, and begins *Illi robur*, &c.

Sure he who firſt the paſſage try'd,
In harden'd *oak* his heart did hide;
Or with firm *braſs* of triple fold,
His breaſt couragiouſly enroll'd!
His hardy breaſt, in hollow wood,
Who tempted firſt the briny flood;
Nor fear'd the winds contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the ſhore,

Nor

cure kingdoms from the attacks and inſults of each other. A notion ſo very far from the truth, that the *ſea* is the ſole *connector* of diſtant nations: and to it we owe, at once, all the advantages of commerce, much of the improvements of ſcience, nay, and the knowledge of the glorious Goſpel.

By means of this liquid vehicle, veſſels of the largeſt burden, are borne along with the utmoſt eaſe from clime to clime, from ſun to ſun; thus the rich produce of the Eaſt is poured into the ſtorehouſes of the North; and the inhabitants of every quarter of the globe, not only hold intelligence, but mutually exchange their commodities, and gain a ſupply of *more* than every want in life.—Hence, what abundance of wealth rewards the anxious and induſtrious merchant! what a happy proviſion is afforded for the thouſands and ten thouſands whom the demands of commerce continually employ! Thus our inferior brethren are engaged in uſeful labour; and become the ſtrength

Nor *Hyades* portending rain,
Nor all the tyrants of the main.
What form of death could him affright,
Who unconcern'd with ſtedfaſt ſight,
Could view the ſurges mounting ſteep,
And monſters rolling in the deep;
Could thro' the ranks of ruin go,
With ſtorms above, and rocks below,
In vain did nature's wiſe command
Divide the waters from the land,
If daring ſhips, and men prophane,
Invade th' inviolable main;
Th' eternal fences over leap,
And paſs at will the boundleſs deep.

DRYDEN.

ſtrength, the ſinews of the community; who, if relaxed from the honeſt engagements of induſtry, moſt propably would corrupt in indolence, and be either the perpetual annoyance, or the ſpeedy deſtruction of the public welfare and peace!—How graciouſly hath the wiſe Creator of all things provided for the well-being of his people:—And let me add, for his people of our favourite kingdom in particular. Where not only plenty crowns our peaceful plains, but the golden wings of commerce waft bleſſings on every gale! Happy, thrice happy Britain! May the tender mercies of him, who is omnipotent, ſtill preſerve thy invaluable privileges to thee! And while amidſt the horrid din of diſtant arms, and the melancholy cries of ravaging deſolation, thou heareſt only the pleaſing voice of firmeſt union, fulleſt glory and complete proſperity,—mayſt thou be wiſe, gratefully to acknowledge the bounty of the giver; and may thy ſons, by every worthy and laudable virtue, by the work of humanity, and the love of religion, engage to themſelves a continuance of thy protection!

When we viſit the Dock-yards, and ſurvey the wooden-towers, riſing there, beneath the artificers hands; their amazing bulk fills us with wonder to think, that they ſhall not only when freighted to the full, and immenſe in burden, be buoyed up, and float like the light cork, on the waves of the mighty main; but that they ſhall travel through its roaring ſurges, with a velocity perfectly incredible: And what is moſt amazing of all, be directed unerringly through a wild of waters, where there is neither path nor land-mark, to direct the bewildered traveller; directed with a facility that is inconceivable, and turned—unwieldy machines, turned as the directing hand of the maſter pleaſes. *Behold alſo the ſhips*, ſaith the apoſtle, *which though*

though they be ſo great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very ſmall helm, whitherſoever the governor liſteth.

To what we have ſaid concerning the *ſaltneſs* of the waters, in our laſt paper, we muſt add; that this ſaltneſs ſerves greatly to the uſe of navigation, in aſſiſting to buoy up the veſſels; for it is ſpecifically heavier than freſh; and it has been ſaid, that veſſels which have ſailed ſafely on the ſalt, have ſunk when they come up freſh water rivers. But not the ſaltneſs of the water; not the management of the helm; not the nice conduct of the bellying *ſails*; not the wondrous power of the *air*, which, though inviſible, fills them with ſuch force, and drives on the veſſel with ſuch impetuoſity through the daſhing flood; none of theſe, though admirable in themſelves, ſtrike us with ſuch pleaſing ſurprize, as the reflection on that *foſſil*, which, though mean and contemptible in appearance, is invaluable to the ſailor; for it unerringly directs him through the trackleſs regions of the boundleſs ocean. And when neither ſun nor ſtar; when neither land nor land-mark are to be ſeen; when all is ſea and all is ſky: Nay, when neither ſea nor ſky are to be diſcerned, when all is darkneſs and tempeſt; then this infallible guide holds out its kindly aſſiſtance, and the *loadſtone* informs the ſailor where to ſteer his courſe: The *loadſtone*, which has given to navigation its perfection, and enabled the undaunted ſailor to traverſe the globe.

From how ſmall and inconſiderable cauſes doth the omniſcient Creator produce the moſt important effects! Who would conceive that a mineral of this ſort ſhould tend to ſuch extenſive utility! But we may obſerve, that in nature, as well as in grace, the mighty maſter,—as it were to teach men humility, and to deride the vaſt efforts

forts of human power—thus conſtantly acteth; uſing the mean and apparently contemptible things of the earth, to confound, we are told, the ſtrong and the wiſe. Let not then the low and ſervile appearance, which his only begotten Son put on among us; let not the ſhameful and accurſed death he deigned to die: let not the obſcurity of his Apoſtles, the lowneſs of their births, the ſervility of their occupations, their ignorance of human learning, at all diſguſt or offend us: Nay, rather let it confirm our faith, and ſatisfy us, that this is moſt agreeable to the Sovereign Ruler's manner, and the ſtrongeſt proof of his intervening power, to whom *eaſy* and *arduous* are the ſame; who can work as effectually by the weak as by the ſtrong: And who from the meanneſs of the inſtrument more abundantly confutes the arrogancy of mortals, and eſtabliſhes his own unparallelled glory.

Great and many are the advantages derived from the ſea, conſidered as the grand vehicle of *commerce*, the ſource of national wealth and induſtry, but let us not omit to obſerve, that thus not only the riches of nations are communicated; thus alſo the riches of the goſpel of Chriſt may be, have been conveyed to us; are conveyed to diſtant climes, and they who ſat in darkneſs and the ſhadow of death, are revived with the light of his heaven-deſcended truth. *America* can witneſs this; whoſe realms ere while, were obſcured with a darkneſs, not leſs black, than that which inveſts the tawny inhabitants: but now the day-ſpring hath ariſen to enlighten—and would to God, we could add,—hath perfectly enlightened thoſe benighted climes!—

But alas! how ſlow is the progreſs, how imperfect the ſpread of the religion of Jeſus! how deſtructive,

deſtructive, how pernicious, in every view are the ravages of war! how fearful is the account which thoſe potentates will have to make hereafter, whoſe deſolating ſwords the fury of *ambition* hath drawn; whoſe inſtruments of war, the luſt of ſway, and the deſire of conqueſt, have brought into the enſanguined field! Religion, liberty, and every ſocial virtue demand their juſt vengeance! Wretched Princes, what can be more deplorable than your circumſtances!—But not by war only; the propagation of religion is prevented by other cauſes; as other men may propagate it no leſs than princes. Yet though the bleſſings of the chriſtian religion are everlaſting, and its rewards ineſtimable, we muſt obſerve with regret, that its profeſſors are not ſo ſolicitous, if in any degree ſolicitous, to diffuſe its comforts, as they are to amaſs the periſhing wealth of this world: which they will ſeek at the fearful peril of all things dear to them, ſeek in the frail bark, amidſt all the extremities of heat and cold, hunger and thirſt; though it will avail them nothing, when death demands his due, and the ſoul ſhall depart to an unbiaſſed tribunal!

How happy would it be, and how truly praiſeworthy; if the *veſſel* that traverſed the deep, in ſearch of temporal wealth, would permit a ſmall *freight* of the eternal truth to ſail with it; would not only by the diſperſion of uſeful books, but by the exemplary demeanor of its mariners, and the ſeaſonable hints of its commanders, endeavour to promote that *religion*, the knowledge of which is *life eternal!* How pleaſing a confidence in the midſt of dangers, would ſuch a conduct infuſe into the breaſts of all who filled ſo happy a veſſel; and ſurely, if any men, thoſe who are ſo conſtantly expoſed to imminent peril, ſhould labour

to

to procure that confidence: ſince it is terrible indeed, to hear the threatning tempeſts roar; to ſee the blue lightnings glare; to behold the mountainous ſurges beat uncontrouled; to view the ſhattered craſhing maſt, with horrible confuſion, torn away: to ſee death entering at the fatal leak; to ſink—irrecoverably ſink into the fathomleſs abyſs—emblem of that *eternity*, whence there is no return!—How dreadful thus to ſink, —without one reaſonable hope of acceptance with him, who is to determine our condition, irreverſibly in that eternal ſtate!—One moment's reflection certainly muſt be ſufficient to awaken in every man's mind an attention to this moſt intereſting of all concerns to human beings:—muſt be ſufficient ſurely to engage our naval commanders, and all thoſe *who go down to the ſea in ſhips, and ſee the wonders of the Lord in the great deep*, to act in ſo conſiſtent a manner that *chriſtianity* may derive ſome advantage from their voyages; or at leaſt not be *reproached* and *reviled* amongſt the *heathen*; to whom we ſincerely wiſh, no real cauſe had ever been given; to whom we earneſtly pray, that no future cauſe may ever be given, to ſay,——"Why ſhould we become *chriſtians?* are they better than we? they lie, they ſwear, they ſteal, they cheat, they indulge their luſt, they are drunken:—Tell us then, why ſhould *we* become *chriſtians?* wherein doth their *purity* or *morality* excel our own?"

NUMBER

NUMBER LI.

Fountains, and ye, that warble as ye flow
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praiſe.
——Ye miſts and exhalations, that now riſe
From hill or ſteeming lake; duſky or grey
'Till the ſun paint your fleecy ſkirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great author riſe,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd ſky,
Or wet the thirſty earth with falling ſhowers,
Riſing or falling ſtill advance his praiſe!

MILTON.

MANY and great are the advantages derived from the *Ocean*, as the vehicle of *commerce*. Some of theſe have been conſidered in our paper of laſt Saturday. But when we reflect, that it is the grand ſource of all the moiſture of the earth, and conſequently, of all its fertility: that it ſupplies our tables with ſuch elegance, and the tables of the poor with ſuch plenty, we ſhall confeſs that the advantages of commerce, are ſcarce comparable to theſe eminent bleſſings, which ſpring from the Ocean.—"How ſoon (ſays a writer * on this ſubject) would the earth be as inactive and barren as it was, before the divine benediction on the third day of creation, if it were not for the waters of the ſea? In vain would it call upon the heavens to diſtil a neceſſary humidity. Thoſe floating watering pots, the clouds, would ſoon be exhauſted if not ſupplied from this great reſervoir. It is true, it is God that *calleth for the waters of the ſea, and*

* Pearſall.

poureth them forth upon the face of the earth. Under the direction of his providence and according to the laws of nature, the ſun-beams attract, and the ocean readily yields from its ſtores: the watery exhalations are rarefied into innumerable fine bubbles, ſpecifically lighter than the air, and by this means they naturally aſcend with eaſe, leaving their ſalts behind them. The clouds are formed, wafted abroad, diſtilled gently in inſenſible dews, or poured forth in plentiful ſhowers. Thus alſo *fountains* are formed, break forth into ſtreams, and are ſwelled into rivers, till at length they fall into the ocean again, and make a grateful return of benefits received.—May this be an emblem of myſelf, and all around me! O thou uncreated ocean of all being and bleſſedneſs, it is from thy overflowing fulneſs, that I receive all my ſupplies! I am protected, cloathed, and fed from thy free and rich bounty: within thy all-circling arms I live and move: conſtantly art thou giving forth and I am receiving: may I learn from the ſtream of every brook I paſs by, to turn my thoughts, to direct my motions towards thee, and carry my tribute of homage thither, whence I derive *my all!* May I practiſe benevolence to all around me: let my waters refreſh the weary; ſupport the fainting; heal the wounded; and give a verdure and fruitfulneſs to the barren ſoul! let me, like the flowing brook, take a tranſient gentle ſalute of the flowry banks as I paſs; but never, oh never let this ſoul, which thou haſt created for thyſelf, O Father of Spirits, think itſelf at reſt, till it finds itſelf in thy boſom—

"Still preſſing to my wiſh'd abode,
Nor fix'd, till at my centre—God."

It

It is very remarkable, that this immenſe world of *ſalt* water, which is not only nauſeous beyond expreſſion to the human taſte, but void of the power of refreſhing our thirſt, ſhould be the grand ciſtern, and ſource of all the freſh and enlivening ſtreams, which flow through the earth. It is much to be queſtioned (after all the efforts of human art, and all the declarations which have been made) whether the united endeavours of mankind could produce a *cup of water*, perfectly ſweet from the ſalt ſtreams of the ocean. Yet what inexhauſtible quantities are daily drawn from thence, wholly ſweetened and perfectly refined from every diſagreeable and brackiſh taſte, by the action of the *ſolar* heat, and delivered to the ſafe conveyance of the clouds; which adminiſter them, in wiſe proportion to the ſupply of every want; which diſtil them in dews, or fertilizing rains; enriching the rills, and enlarging the overflowing ſtreams; giving life and verdure to the earth; and affording all thoſe innumerable commodities, which mankind enjoys from that liquid element: of which the famous *Pindar* ſaid ſo long ſince αριστον μεν υδωρ——"Nothing is comparable to *water*."

"How amiable is the goodneſs, and how amazing the power of the world's adorable *Maker!*——How *amiable his goodneſs* in diſtributing ſo largely, what is ſo abſolutely neceſſary, and ſo extenſively beneficial! That water, without which we can ſcarce perform any buſineſs, or enjoy any *comfort*, ſhould be every one's property; ſhould ſtream by our houſes; ſhould ſtart up from the ſoil; ſhould drop down from the clouds; ſhould take a journey from the ends of the earth, and the extremities of the ocean on purpoſe to ſerve us!—How *amazing his power*—That this

boundleſs maſs of fluid ſalt, ſo intolerably nauſeous to the human taſte, ſhould be the original ſpring, which deals out every palatable draught to mankind, and quenches the thirſt of every animal! which ſupplies the country with its fertility, and the parterre with its beauty! Doubtleſs the power, by whom *this* is effected, can extract comfort from our afflictions, advantage from our calamities, and *make all things work* together for our good."

But ſee from every clime, and from every land, the rivers are all haſtening in the ſame courſe, and with perpetual lapſe rolling their ſilver currents to the main. If from thence they receive, thither they return their waters: All flow into the ocean; and there is a reciprocation of favours: a ſpeculation, which indeed might be carried through nature, in which, properly ſpeaking, nothing periſhes, but by a conſtant rotation all things are circulating, and mutually ſupplying each other. A fine leſſon to us, elegantly and forcibly teaching us the pleaſing duties of mutual good will; as well as the neceſſity of all proper returns of gratitude and obedience to him, from whom, the great *ocean* of all bleſſings, all good things are derived, and to whom, as the Lord of *eternity*, all our ſtreams are tending, and muſt flow. But of the *ocean* as the emblem of *eternity*, we may ſpeak hereafter.

At preſent it may be neceſſary to obſerve, that the *ocean* hath been ſuppoſed to be the parent of *fountains*, and in conſequence of rivers, not only by means of the clouds, which convey the liquid element, in aburdance, to the tops of mountains, ever cloathed in fogs and miſts, but alſo, as directing its waters, percolated

lated through the earth, to the hills and rocks, whence the fountains ſpring; and thus ſupplying them with moiſture, ſweetened in its paſſage through the bowels of the earth, which they repay in rivers and ſtreams that flow upon and beautify the external ſurface of the earth. This latter opinion our moral and philoſophical poet *Thomſon*, has endeavoured to confute, as well as to eſtabliſh the more received notion — we ſhall give his excellent lines, which will preclude any further remarks of our own at preſent, as they will take up the room aſſigned us.

Some ſages ſay that where the numerous wave
For ever laſhes the reſounding ſhore,
Drill'd through the ſandy *ſtratum*, every way,
The waters with the ſandy *ſtratum* riſe:
Amidſt whoſe angles infinitely ſtrain'd,
They joyful leave their jaggy ſalts behind,
And clear and ſweeten as they ſoak along.
Nor ſtops the reſtleſs fluid, mounting ſtill,
Tho' oft amid th' irriguous vale it ſprings;
But to the mountain courted by the ſand
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent main, it boils again
Freſh into day; and all the glittering hill
Is bright with ſpouting rills.——But hence this vain
Amuſive dream! Why ſhould the waters love
To take ſo far a journey to the hills,
When the ſweet vallies offer to their toil
Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
Or, if by blind ambition led aſtray,
They muſt aſpire; why ſhould they ſudden ſtop
Among the broken mountains ruſhy dells,
And ere they gain its higheſt peak deſert
Th' attractive

Th' attractive ſand, that charm'd their courſe ſo long?
Beſides, the hard agglomerating ſalts
The ſpoil of ages wou'd impervious choak
Their ſecret channels; or by ſlow degrees,
High as the hills protrude the ſwelling vales:
Old ocean too, ſuck'd thro' the porous globe,
Had long ere now forſook his horrid bed,
And brought *Deucalion*'s watry times again.

The poet then proceeds to a more philoſophical account; and after a fine deſcription of the moſt remarkable mountains, whoſe inward ſtructure he wiſhes to ſurvey, he adds,

Amazing ſcene! Behold! The glooms diſcloſe;
I ſee the rivers in their infant beds!
Deep, deep, I hear them lab'ring to get free!
I ſee the leaning *Strata*, artful rang'd;
The gaping fiſſures, to receive the rains,
The melting ſnows, and ever dripping fogs!
Strow'd bibulous above I ſee the ſands,
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
Of mingled moulds; of more retentive earths,
The gutter'd rocks, and mazy-running clefts;
That while the ſtealing moiſture they tranſmit
Retard its motion, and forbid its waſte.
Beneath th' inceſſant weeping of theſe drains,
I ſee the rocky ſiphons ſtretch'd immenſe,
The mighty reſervoirs of harden'd chalk,
Or ſtiff compacted clay, capacious form'd.
O'er-flowing thence the congregated ſtores
The chryſtal treaſures of the liquid world,
Thro' the ſtirr'd ſands a bubbling paſſage burſt;
And welling out around the middle ſteep,
Or from the bottoms of the boſom'd hills,
In pure effuſion flow——United thus,
Th' exhaling

Th' exhaling ſun, the vapour-burden'd air,
The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
Theſe vapours in continual current draw,
And ſend them, o'er the fair divided earth,
In bounteous rivers to the deep again;
A ſocial commerce hold, and firm ſupport,
The full adjuſted *harmony* of things.

Seaſons, Autumn V. 751, &c.

An *harmony*, let us not fail to remark, which manifeſts in the faireſt light, the *wiſdom* and *goodneſs* of that *omnipotent maker*, all whoſe works praiſe him! for all his works declare

" His goodneſs beyond thought, and pow'r divine!"

NUMBER LII.

To the VISITOR.

He ſays; —— be calm; the ſea obeys his will;
The ſtorm is ſilent, and the waves are ſtill.

WHEATLAND's Pſalms.

SIR,

I HAVE been greatly pleaſed and inſtructed with your contemplations on the *Ocean*, and expect, with much ſatisfaction, a continuance of your remarks. Permit me to expreſs my approbation of this method of writing, which ſo happily blends inſtruction with entertainment; and ſuffer me to hope, that other parts of *nature* will hereafter furniſh you with the opportunities you deſire of elevating your readers hearts to a grateful acknowledgment

acknowledgment of the Creator's wiſdom and bounty. Indeed I muſt be allowed to ſpeak with particular pleaſure of your *Saturdays* papers in general: not only as they afford me delight, but as I find them univerſally well received, which is no bad proof, in my humble opinion, that our taſte is neither ſo depraved or vicious as ſome would repreſent it; which is no bad ſign, that true and ſerious religion hath yet its votaries amongſt us.—Go on and proſper.

Your reflections on the *Ocean*, occaſioned me to read over with attention, that inimitable deſcription of a ſtorm, which the royal poet of Iſrael gives us in his cviith *Pſalm*; than which I know nothing more great and more finiſhed in any compoſitions. Indeed the ſacred writings abound with the moſt ſtriking inſtances of the *ſublime*: and it would be a labour well worthy your pen, as it could not fail to give the greateſt delight to your readers, if you would occaſionally mark out ſome of theſe paſſages, and ſhew us their excellencies, from a compariſon with ſimilar paſſages in profane writers: this might ſerve not only to enhance the value of the divine oracles in their opinion, who prize them already, but alſo to draw the attention, and conciliate the favour of thoſe, who may be caught by a lofty ſentiment; tho' they deſpiſe a plain and humble truth; and who may thus be honeſtly enſnared to their own felicity. Pardon my freedom in propoſing this hint.—I return to the paſſage which gave birth to the thought.

"They who go down to the ſea in ſhips, and occupy their buſineſs in great waters; theſe men ſee the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For *at his word* the ſtormy wind *ariſeth*, which *lifteth* up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heavens; they go down again to the depths

depths: their ſoul is melted becauſe of trouble. They reel to and fro, and ſtagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their diſtreſs. He maketh the ſtorm a calm, ſo that the waves thereof are ſtill. Then are they glad, becauſe they are at reſt; ſo he bringeth them unto their deſired haven. O that, &c."

Nothing can be more grand and pictureſque than this deſcription. We ſee the moſt unruly elements ſubject to the immediate controul of the Almighty; and winds and waves, like duteous ſervants, ready to obey his voice. For *at his word*, the ſtormy wind *ariſeth*. He ſpeaks, and the *tempeſt* iſſues forth inſtantly to perform his commandment: the *ſtormy wind*, which hath force enough to *lift up*, even the rude and unwieldy waves of that moſt unruly element, the ocean! You ſee them *riſe*, ſoon as the tempeſt, "pleaſed the Almighty's order to perform," breathes with its irreſiſtible breath, and carries them now up to the clouds; now ſinks a fearful valley below, while the *veſſel* ſhoots down the horrid precipice, and expects, every moment expects to be ſwallowed up by the mountainous billows!—The omiſſion of the connecting particles, in the next verſes, *they mount up*; *they go down*, &c. finely expreſſes the haſte and terror. You ſee the diſtreſs of the ſailors, who are toſſed from one ſide to the other of the veſſel, amidſt this terrible commotion,—their fears, their anxiety, their hopeleſs diſtraction is beautifully repreſented! While prayer, the natural reſource of men in neceſſity, is introduced as glorioufly efficacious; and you are filled with an awful aſtoniſhment, while you contemplate that tremendous power, who hears, relieves, and in a moment

moment ſpeaks a *calm* to the lawleſs tempeſt, and the roaring wave. *He maketh the ſtorm a calm.* He ſpeaks, and the moſt unruly elements inſtantly obey him: not a murmur is heard, not a gale whiſpers: all is huſhed into the profoundeſt calm! — If *Longinus* commends ſo much the ſublime *brevity* of the deſcription in *Geneſis*, would he not be equally large in his applauſes here?— The concluſion too, I apprehend, would meet with no ſmall praiſe from that critic; wherein that "fervency of devotion ſo naturally glows, which ſuch grand occurrences are apt to kindle in the minds of the thoughtful —— *Oh that men would praiſe the Lord for his goodneſs, and declare the wonders that he doth for the children of men!*"

No man can deny that a deſcription of this kind, can be applicable only to the ſovereign ruler of heaven and earth, the Lord God omnipotent. What an irrefragable proof then have we of the true divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, from his real performance of *that*, which the pſalmiſt here ſo nobly deſcribes? When there was a great tempeſt in the ſea, inſomuch, that the ſhip was covered with waves, and in danger of ſinking; when his diſciples cried to him in their diſtreſs, and all ſeemed loſt and hopeleſs; *He made the ſtorm a calm.*—He aroſe and rebuked the winds and the ſea, and there *was a great calm!* who, leſs than Jehovah, could have done this? Well might the men remark, "what manner of perſon is this, that even the winds and the ſea obey him!" Matth. viii. 24 We know too when, upon another occaſion, he exerted his divine authority, and cauſed that element, as it were, to change its nature, and bear him, as a ready ſervant, upon its liquid ſurface, ſafe as on the ſolid marble! Could this be any other than God?

God? For my own part I confeſs, that theſe acts of omnipotence convince me, beyond any other argument, of that important truth, which ſome affect to deny, the true and proper divinity of our God and Saviour.—And may I be allowed to remark, Good Sir, though it is in ſome ſort aſſuming your province, and going out of my own way; that a ſerious reflection on this uncontroulable power of the Supreme, muſt diffuſe the moſt gladſome acquieſcence in his fatherly protection through every pious breaſt. For well may that man ſay, who confides in his God, and repoſes his ſteady hope in him; "ſhall I doubt *his* ability to accompliſh my welfare, ſhall I fear *his* ability to deliver me from danger, when I ſee, that the ſtorm trembles at his word, and the ocean's vaſt billows riſe or fall at his command! He is Almighty, and I will reſt my eternal concerns with perfect ſatisfaction in his hands; he is all good, and I commit the diſpoſal of all my preſent condition with chearfulneſs to his unerring love"

But as I intend rather a *critique* on the Pſalmiſt's deſcription, than any moral remarks, you muſt allow me to bring a paſſage or two, from the poets, which however ſublime, will ſerve to ſhew the ſuperiority of *David*. *Virgil*'s deſcription is not more famous than excellent; and I ſhould not heſitate to place it next to this, from the ſacred ſcriptures It is not I think to be doubted, that *Virgil* had read the ſacred books; and it is well known that he was like a *bee*, culling *ſweets* from every flower; his manifeſt and frequent imitations of *Theocritus*, *Homer*, &c. are undoubted proofs. Why then may we not ſuppoſe him to have improved his own deſcription from this of *David*'s; whoſe Pſalms he would

would certainly be led, even from curioſity to read?—And whoever will conſider the manner in which he introduces *Neptune*, ariſing and ſtilling the ſtorm, and commanding the *winds* to retreat, will obſerve a ſtrong imitation of the *intervention* of *Jehovah*, at the cries of the diſtreſſed ſailors. Such is *Virgil*'s deſcription, in Mr. *Dryden*'s tranſlation.

The raging winds ruſh through the hollow wound,
And dance aloft in air, and ſkim along the ground.
Then ſettling on the ſea, the ſurges ſweep;
Raiſe liquid mountains, and diſcloſe the deep;
South, Eaſt, and Weſt, with mix'd confuſion roar,
And roll the foaming billows to the ſhore.
The cables crack; the ſailors fearful cries
Aſcend; and ſable night involves the ſkies;
And heav'n itſelf is raviſhed from their eyes.
Loud peals of thunder from the poles enſue,
Then flaſhing fires the tranſient light renew;
The face of things a frightful image bears,
And preſent death in various forms appears.

I am the rather apt to believe, that *Virgil* had read *David*'s deſcription, ſince I do not recollect any paſſages in *Homer*, where theſe ideas are to be found; * and becauſe I remember that *Ovid*, (who

* This gentleman is, I believe, right upon the whole as to this point. There is no deſcription in Homer *parallel* to this. But there is a ſimile taken from a ſtorm, which *Longinus* greatly commends for the poet's judicious choice of circumſtances

(who had doubtleſs read the ſacred writings) has almoſt a tranſlation of our Pſalm, and frequent alluſions to it——Speaking of a *ſhip*, he ſays, in the 11th book of his Metam.

Et modo ſublimis veluti de vertice montis
Deſpicere in Valles, imumque Acheronta *videtur*.
Nunc ubi demiſſam curvum circumſtetit æquor;
Suſpicere inferno *ſummum de gurgite cælum, &c.*

As on a mountain's top ſhe rides on high,
And from the clouds beholds the *nether* ſky:
Then ſinking with the wave on which ſhe roſe
Down to the *bottom* of the *deep* ſhe goes.
Whence as from *hell*'s abyſs they lift their ſight,
And diſtant far ſee *heaven*'s ſuperior light.

DRYDEN.

He alſo ſpeaks of the ſailors diſtreſſes, ſo finely painted in the Pſalm —

Non tenet hic lachrymas; *ſtupet hic, &.*

One weeps and wails—deſpairing of relief,
One ſtupid ſtands, his fears congeal his grief;

——— He burſt upon them all,
Burſts as a wave, that from the cloud impends,
And ſwell'd with tempeſts on the ſhip deſcends;
White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the maſts, and ſing thro' every ſhroud;
Pale trembling, tir'd, the ſailors freeze with fears,
And inſtant death on every wave appears.

Pope's Iliad, B. xv. ver. 752.

This wretch with prayers and vows the Gods adores,
Uplifts his uſeleſs hands ——
And aid from heav'n, from heav'n unſeen implores,

DRYDEN.

I cannot be allowed to take up your time, and to produce any more paſſages; theſe are ſufficient to ſhew the ſuperiority of the divine poet, but I muſt not conclude without remarking, that the beſt poets, in our language, have borrowed from his deſcription. *Shakeſpear* evidently has it in view, when he makes *Othello* ſay,

—— O my ſoul's joy,
If after every tempeſt, come ſuch calms
May the winds blow, till they have weaken'd death;
And let the labouring bark climb hills of ſeas,
Olympus high: and duck again as low,
As *hell*'s from *heav'n*. ——————

And *Milton*, in Paradiſe Loſt, Book VII. ver. 210. draws from the ſame ſublime original:

Outrageous as a ſea, dark, waſteful, wild,
Up from the bottom torn by furious winds
And *ſurging* waves, as mountains, to aſſault
Heaven's height, and with the center mix the pole.

If theſe remarks ſhall be agreeable to you, and ſerve at all to recommend the ſacred writings, it will be a pleaſure to

SIR,

Your conſtant reader and admirer,

T. S.

NUMBER LIII.

History of a MAGDALEN.

In a Letter to the VISITOR.

If all her former woes were not enough,
Look on her now; behold her, where she wanders,
Hunted to death, distress'd on ev'ry side,
With no one hand to help: and tell me then,
If ever misery were known like hers! ——

ROWE.

Let my tears thank you, for I cannot speak; ——
And if I cou'd ——
Words were not made to vent such thoughts as mine.

DRYDEN.

SIR,

THOUGH an unhappy person, like myself, (who, by my wilful transgressions have forfeited all right to the regard and protection of society) can have no reason to expect the least favourable attention: yet, as I perceive, in some former papers, you have admitted the narratives of women involved in the same miserable guilt with myself; I am emboldened to write, though with a trembling hand, and to request you to make public what I write; not on my own account: no, alas, I am too worthless and inconsiderable to trouble the world with any concerns of mine; and indeed the world is nothing to me: for delivered as I am from its pollutions,

and ſafely landed in this happy harbour, my utmoſt wiſh, my moſt fervent deſire is never more to enter upon its dangerous billows, but to end my life in this bleſſed manſion, dedicated to God, and to the beſt duties I am able to perform. But, gratitude, Sir, and the moſt tender ſenſe of the ineſtimable bleſſings I enjoy, engage me to wiſh, that you will not paſs over this my weak eſſay. I earneſtly deſire to declare my obligations, greater indeed than tongue can tell, or heart can conceive; and to give the world ſome faint idea, from my particular caſe, of the excellence of the *Magdalen Charity*, and of the inexpreſſible, the more than fatherly beneficence of its humane and generous conductors.

I have been, Sir, by the goodneſs of a preſerving God, an happy member of this ſociety, an inhabitant of this houſe, almoſt from the day;—the day ever to be bleſſed, when the angels of mercy, by the hands of the worthy governors, firſt opened theſe doors to the daughters of penitence and diſtreſs! They had not been opened a month, before they received me; an object certainly of their proper compaſſion, if diſtreſs and anguiſh of body and mind have any claim to compaſſion: and greater diſtreſs, more afflictive anguiſh can ſcarce be imagined than mine: diſtreſs duly merited, the juſt reward of my crimes; anguiſh, though great, by no means equal to the extremity of my guilt, by no means anſwerable to the aggravated horror of my tranſgreſſions.

For I will freely confeſs, that I had not been a *proſtitute* only, but to enhance my offence, a *proſtitute adultreſs*! Oh Sir, while I write, the ſharp ſtings of upbraiding conſcience wound me to the quick, and the tears of ſhame fall from my eyes. For *adultery*—ſure it is the blackeſt crime,

crime, or at leaſt ſo it appears to me,—an offence againſt God, whoſe holy command forbids it,—an offence againſt the bleſſed Redeemer, who confirms that command—an offence againſt the divine ſpirit—againſt yourſelf—againſt your huſband—a double guilt, in which you partake of another's ſin—how complicated a crime, and juſtly held ſuch (as I am told) in all ages and nations!——Yet of this have I been guilty: and had it not been for the comfortable promiſes of the ineſtimable Goſpel, which offers pardon to the moſt heinous ſins, on our ſincere repentance,—promiſes applied to the alleviation of my ſorrow, with ſo much zeal and tenderneſs, by a worthy clergyman,—I am ſure my mind would have been utterly loſt in deſpair! But now, through the grace of him, who accepted to pardon the *denying Peter*, who diſmiſſed the *adultreſs wife* with a *go, and ſin no more*; I, who am not leſs guilty than either, have hopes, that the abundance of his goodneſs will be ſhewed alſo unto me a *ſinner!*

But, Sir, for this unſpeakable bleſſing, how am I bound to return thanks for the kind proviſion of this *houſe*, to which I owe, under God, my preſervation from immediate and inevitable deſtruction. For, ſurely, the hand of a good providence cannot be more viſible in any thing, than in my reſcue. May I never be ſo unwiſe as to forget; may I always think of it, with thankfulneſs and joy!

My parents left me early to the care of an aunt, and to the difficulties of the world: And very young was I introduced to an acquaintance with the greateſt difficulties, as well as the vileſt crimes, of this world. For old though I am in ſorrow and in ſin, I am but young in years: I

had but juſt ſeen my ſeventeenth year, when I was admitted into the *Magdalen-Houſe!* I was ſcarcely *fifteen*, when won by the addreſſes of a neighbouring young man with whom I had been acquainted from my childhood, I gave him my hand and commenced *wife*. And as my love for him was paſſionate, ſo my conduct was blameleſs. We lived fifteen months in much content; though we found it hard enough to get bread. We had few relations and fewer acquaintance: The former pretended total diſguſt at our marriage, and forſook us; the latter were unable to aſſiſt us. My huſband had been brought up to the ſea; and finding it impracticable to get a livelihood for us, on ſhore, determined to try his fortune, and take another voyage. This you may imagine was painful to me: but neceſſity required it: and we were to part.—To part, never, never more to meet!

O thou faithful and dear youth—hadſt thou *lived* to return; couldſt *thou* have received, or could I have brought a polluted adultreſs to thy arms! Good God, the dreadful thought ſtabs me to the heart! That thus I ſhould reward, thus treat an affection tender and honeſt as was thine! Yet, oh deareſt ſhade, yet oh my departed huſband (for I will now call you ſuch) yet if ſouls deceaſed know any thing of the affairs of this world, it muſt be ſome ſatisfaction to behold this anguiſh of my mind, this unfeigned ſorrow for my execrable offence; and to ſee me in the road to that pardon and forgiveneſs, which thro' the Redeemer, will miniſter an entrance to me into thoſe realms, where I ſhall ſee thee again, and ſhall never more offend.

Pardon, Sir, this digreſſion: but when the heart is full we cannot eaſily forbear — We part-

ed;

ed; and when I bid *adieu* to the beſt of youths, I bid *adieu* to all terreſtrial happineſs! He recommended me at his departure, and often before, to the particular care and regard of a young man, his moſt intimate and eſteemed friend. "For God's ſake (ſaid he, to him, the night before he left me) dear *Harry*, be a friend to my poor wife: you know that when I leave her, I leave all that is valuable to me upon earth. Nothing but extreme neceſſity could drag me from a woman, in whom I have treaſured up my ſoul, and whoſe virtues deſerve more affection, if poſſible, than I feel for her. Don't ſee her want, lend her all the aſſiſtance you are able; I will joyfully repay it, when (pleaſe God) I return: my dear friend, I commit all I love to your tendereſt protection—be a father and a guardian to the wife of my boſom—and her and my prayers ſhall ever aſcend for you."—Grief and ſhame incite me to conceal the reſt, grief for the ingratitude of the friend, ſhame for the perfidy and infidelity of the deteſtable wife! But believe me, Sir, and I deliver it with the moſt ſolemn truth—it was want, the importunate calls of hunger and thirſt, which prevailed more than any other perſuaſive! you and thoſe, who have never known the extremity of want, the preſſing ſolicitations of hunger, are leſs able to judge of their effects: but I who have felt them, in their utmoſt miſery, well know, that they are ſuperior to almoſt all arguments.

Remorſe and ſhame inſtantly poſſeſſed my mind: but not ſufficiently to preſerve me from a repetition of my crime: I can truly ſay, that no wanton pleaſure incited me to it: I was plunged into guilt; I grew heedleſs of myſelf, and conſtant diſquietude blackened every moment of my exiſtence.

I did

I did not continue long however in this wretched ſtate: for in leſs than a month I found myſelf abandoned by the cruel and falſe friend of my dear huſband; and, what was worſe, polluted with a diſeaſe, of which I knew neither the name nor the nature!

I clearly ſaw, and confeſſed that this was but the due reward of my crime, and with a deſpairing heart, I acknowledged the juſtice of God! In this ſtate I courted nothing but death: I longed for nothing but diſſolution, which I had no doubt was approaching with haſty ſteps towards me; and I beheld it with a horrible and afflicting hope! But, alas! the tyrant loves to keep the children of affliction long under their load, and to haſten to thoſe who leaſt wiſh for his approach. I had determined, however, to uſe no means either for the recovery of health, or the preſervation of life. I gave myſelf up to deſpair. I had no friends to apply to, and I was ordered, by the maſter of the houſe, to leave the lodgings I had with him. In conſequence of this terrible notice (which was like a thunder-clap to me—for while I had a place to hide my head in, and to weep, it was ſome comfort to me) I went in the evening into the fields adjoining to *London*, and there I paſſed the melancholy night—the moſt melancholy, I believe, poor young creature ever paſſed: but the prelude to a day the moſt joyful, that ever roſe upon me, and which, I hope, I ſhall remember with everlaſting gratitude.—For, in the morning, as I wandered homewards, ſcarce knowing where I went, and as little caring; loſt in the reflection on my inſurmountable diſtreſſes; *I happened*—no, I was guided by ſome inviſible Angel, ſome benevolent miniſter of that God, who ſuffereth not a ſparrow

row to periſh unnoticed by him,—I was guided down that *ſtreet*, which will for ever be celebrated for having bleſſed ſo many young creatures in the divine *Magdalen-Houſe*. The *particular* appearance of the houſe ſtruck me; and I ſtood ſtill to look at it, and to read the inſcription upon it. When an humane gentleman came up to me, and with much kindneſs ſaid, "Do you know, child, for whom that place is deſigned?" Upon my replying, no: For unhappy young women, ſaid he; for thoſe who have tranſgreſſed the bounds of virtue, but are ſorry for it, and deſirous to retrieve their characters." —Upon this I burſt into tears; and he deſiring me to walk over with him to the houſe, where the ever-to-be-valued Treaſurer happened to be; I told them my pitiable tale, in the general; acknowledged myſelf an unhappy *proſtitute*, who wiſhed to be penitent—and began to intreat them to have mercy—but indeed there was no need of intreating. I found them ſo compaſſionate and benevolent, that I conceived good hopes; and having received their directions, I applied that evening to the committee; was received into the houſe, and was ſaved!

Here, Sir, have I been ever ſince; and all I wiſh is, that I had it in my power to ſet forth the comforts of the place, the kind treatment we meet with, and the care that is taken to make us happy both in body and ſoul; I have experienced it in the higheſt degree: in ſickneſs, the moſt gentle humanity: in health, the moſt friendly encouragement: our apartments agreeable; our proviſions excellent: every thing that can contribute to our peace: more, infinitely more, than we can deſerve even by the beſt behaviour, do we here receive from the never-enough to be applauded

beneficence

beneficence of the generous promoters of this greateſt of charities.

Pray, Sir, print this, if it be but to undeceive ſome poor wretched girls, who imagine the *Magdalen-Houſe*, a place of confinement and miſery; and therefore rather continue in their vile and deſtructive courſes, than fly to this houſe of comfort. Sir, believe me, parental attention cannot exceed that of our worthy managers. In my ſad illneſſes, which the diſtreſs of my mind have brought upon me, I have had full proof—and it is but my duty to ſpeak: eſpecially as I owe my preſent being in this life, and all my future hopes of ſalvation to the *Magdalen*. May God of his rich mercy ſhower down every bleſſing upon all thoſe, and all that belong to them, who aſſiſt in this good undertaking: may it proſper in the preſervation of many miſerable young creatures, from perdition: and may I never forget to adore the good Lord of heaven, who put it into the hearts of his ſervants to provide ſuch a houſe, and who brought my wandering feet into its ever bleſſed doors!

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

W.

Another *Grateful Magdalen*.

NUMBER

NUMBER LIV.

——You are a God above us:
Be as a God then full of ſaving mercy.
Mercy, oh mercy, Sir! for his ſake mercy,
Who, when your ſtout heart weeps, ſhall give you pity.

Beaumont *and* Fletcher.

GREAT conqueſts, and univerſal victory, may gain to a man the appellation of hero, and the *eclat* of an undiſtinguiſhing multitude: but acts of humanity, demonſtrations of clemency and mildneſs, will ever recommend to the eſteem of the virtuous and diſcerning, far beyond the moſt ſplendid ſucceſſes of undaunted courage. Nor doth any thing ſerve ſo much to enhance our veneration for the heroes of war, as the occaſions they have taken to ſhew themſelves *men*, and to manifeſt that mercy and compaſſion, which is ſo honourable to our nature. Indeed, imagination can ſcarcely form to itſelf, a more deſpicable character, than that of the *man* (if ſuch a man can be ſuppoſed to exiſt) who takes pleaſure in the dire trade of war, and rejoices to ſpread amidſt his fellow-creatures, confuſion, deſolation, and woe.

It is melancholy to reflect, that amidſt the ample proviſion, which Providence hath made for all the human race, there ſhould burn in the breaſts of any ſo devouring a flame as that of ambition, which ſtill calls for a ſupply to its inſatiable fury; and thirſting for more, permits not to others the quiet enjoyment of their own. Hence is the ſword of war drawn; the inſtruments of deſtruction ſent forth; and the peace of multitudes diſturbed

to gratify the folly of ruinous pride. If conſcience ever is awakened in ſuch breaſts, how great muſt be its terrors; and how fearful the repreſentation of the wide and horrible waſte, which the guilty mind muſt have before it, and which it muſt, with trembling, confeſs to be the conſequence of its own infernal and unlimited paſſions?

However, if in the preſent diſordered ſtate of things wars are neceſſary, and men will not be contented to live in mutual harmony and peace; doubtleſs, it greatly behoves thoſe, who are concerned in the conduct of them, to act with all poſſible humanity, and to alleviate, as much as they may, the many neceſſary and unavoidable evils of war. Clemency and compaſſion in all caſes becomes, and in all caſes will redound as much to their honour, as the brighteſt feats of heroiſm:

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed ſword,
The marſhal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half ſo good a grace,
As mercy *does.*

Indeed the beſt idea we have of the deity, or at leaſt the moſt pleaſing, and the moſt endearing, is taken from that mercy and compaſſion, which affects us all ſo delightfully, when diſplayed amongſt our fellow-creatures. We conceive this bleſſed affection to be, in its pureſt, its conſummate excellence in God, who the ſcriptures tell us is *love* or benevolence—an unwearied *will* to do good, and to bleſs. And there is nothing more obſervable in the New Teſtament, than the *tender compaſſion*, which on all occaſions ſhewed itſelf in the Son of God. Now, doubtleſs, the nearer we approach in ſimilitude to the deity,

the nearer we approach to perfection. The more we excel in mercy, the more godlike we are.—An heathen * could ſay, *homines ad Deos nullâ re propius accedunt, quam ſalutem hominibus dando.* Almoſt the immediate tranſlation of which is given us, by *Shakeſpear*, whoſe words I quoted before:

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful.
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

And now that I have mentioned this writer, I cannot omit another paſſage from him on the ſubject, which is ſo fine, that it deſerves a place in every memory.

The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bleſſed;
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His *ſceptre* ſhews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of kings;
But *mercy*, is above the ſcepter'd ſway,
It is enthroned in the heart of kings:
It is an *attribute* to *God himſelf*,
And earthly power, doth then ſhew likeſt gods,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice.

And as mercy is thus divine and excellent; ſo it is pleaſing to remark, the univerſal com-

* Cicero. See the beauties of Shakeſpear, vol. ii. pag. 235.

placency and delight, which all men ſhew, either in the ſight or in the relation of acts of mercy. Nothing gives ſuch general ſatisfaction in the characters of great men; and nothing is ſo frequently ſpoken of, as thoſe acts of clemency, by which they have diſtinguiſhed themſelves. We admire the victorious conqueror, and behold him with a kind of terrific approbation; but the humane and compaſſionate hero, we hold to our hearts, and glow with love to the *man*. *Alexander* never appears to ſuch advantage as in the tent of *Darius*: While we there behold him ſoothing the diſtreſſes of the widow and the wife, and with the utmoſt clemency and moderation alleviating their ſorrows, we are almoſt ready with the captives, to fall down at his feet, and embrace the illuſtrious hero! A *hero*, then indeed; for what can be wanting to finiſh his character? If he had died ſoon after this action, what a reputation had he eſtabliſhed,—how great, how honourable!

Cæſar was not leſs celebrated for his humanity and mildneſs, than for his unparallelled courage and conduct. With what clemency did he always receive his ſubmiſſive enemies! We never obſerve any tendency in him to take vengeance: thoſe who had moſt obſtinately and ungratefully oppoſed, had but to apply, and the mercy of *Cæſar* ever welcomed them with open arms. Innumerable inſtances might be produced: That of *Brutus* is ſtriking, whom he received with the higheſt marks of friendſhip, after he had fought againſt him, under the banners of *Pompey*; little ſuſpecting that this tenderneſs would not ſuffice to melt his heart, nor prevent him, from drenching his dagger in his amiable benefactor's blood.

Cyrus

Cyrus ſtands firſt of all the heroes in antiquity for ſuperiority in this virtue: his whole hiſtory is an example of it. But there is a modern hero, *Peter the Great of Ruſſia*, I mean, in whom one would not have expected, from the barbarity of his nation, ſuch delicate touches of this divine temper; yet, I confeſs, his behaviour at *Narva*, always affects me, as one of the nobleſt inſtances of humanity to the vanquiſhed. *Voltaire* tells us, "that as ſoon as the ſoldiers were maſters of the town of *Narva*, they fell to plunder, and gave themſelves up to the moſt enormous barbarities. The *Czar* ran from place to place to put a ſtop to this diſorder and maſſacre. He was even *obliged to kill with his own hands ſeveral Muſcovites*, who did not hearken to his orders." How glorioufly ſevere! How much muſt the grateful citizens of *Narva*; how much muſt all poſterity admire the ſteady attachment of his ſoul to generous clemency!

I will readily grant you, that under a diſpenſation like the chriſtian, the grand and ruling commandment of which is *mutual benevolence*, is mercy, is compaſſion—we may juſtly expect higher inſtances of theſe virtues, than in a leſs enlightened ſtate. And I am pleaſed to remark, that higher inſtances may be produced; many, in the courſe of this preſent war: in which our gallant countrymen have not more diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their *valour*, than by their *humanity*; a practice which we muſt ſurely wiſh to prevail, as it is the moſt probable method to ſecure his protection, who commands us to be *merciful even as he is merciful*, and who is able to crown their endeavours with ſucceſs, who court his aid;—for he is omnipotent.—Under ſuch commanders what may we not expect?

Under commanders, whoſe letters ſpeak in ſuch affecting and noble terms as theſe; "*I found the inhabitants of the pariſh of Sorrel had deſerted their habitations and were in arms: I was therefore under the* CRUEL NECESSITY *of burning the greateſt part of theſe poor people's houſes.* I PRAY GOD, *this example may ſuffice: For* MY NATURE REVOLTS, *when this becomes a neceſſary part of my duty.*" *

Who that reads this can doubt of the virtue and excellence of the heart that dictated? Every Briton hath heard of the courage of the hand that wrote it; and muſt read with a generous concern, that *the effects of laſt winter have lamed this amiable man, ſo that it is with difficulty, he can write at preſent*—lamed him in the cauſe of his country, and to ſecure to his countrymen the moſt valuable acquiſitions!—A perfect ſtranger as is the writer of theſe lines to the worthy perſonage referred to, he begs leave only to obſerve, that as this part of his letter occaſioned the thoughts foregoing, ſo he hopes his reader will apply them: apply them to him who ſo juſtly merits the univerſal eſteem of his fellow ſubjects:—An eſteem, which certainly we can never with-hold from all thoſe *illuſtrious commanders*, who forſake the bed of eaſe and ſatisfaction, for the fatigues and hardſhips of a difficult war; from all thoſe *honeſt countrymen* of ours, who endure the ſeverities of long and dangerous campaigns, to ſecure to us at home the happy poſſeſſion of bleſſings, ſuperior to what any other nation hath to boaſt.

NUMBER

* See Gen Murray's letter to Mr. Pitt, on the taking of Montreal.

NUMBER LV.

Of Fiſhes next—I wou'd enquire:
From the ſmall fry that glide on Jordan's ſtream,
Unmark'd, a multitude without a name:
To that Leviathan *who o'er the ſeas,*
Immenſe rolls onward his impetuous ways:
And mocks the wind, and in the tempeſt plays.

PRIOR.

THE *Animal* and *vegetable* productions of the Ocean, are not leſs marvellous in themſelves, nor leſs declarative of the wiſdom and goodneſs of the great Deſigner, than the particulars which we have already conſidered: of this we ſhall be abundantly convinced, if we contemplate the *frame*, the *variety*, the *utility* of the former.—Some of them are wrapped up in *ſcales*, which are at the ſame time *light* enough to buoy them up in the water, and *ſolid* enough to prevent external evils: *ſcales* which adhere cloſely to their bodies, and are always laid in a kind of natural oil; while their *fins* ſerve inſtead of wings, to bear them with an amazing rapidity through the liquid element. Indeed, their whole ſtructure is curious, and would well repay a more accurate inveſtigation than can be uſed in a paper of this kind. But I muſt not omit to mention, as a peculiar proviſion of Providence, that curious inſtrument the *air-bladder*, wherewith they are furniſhed; by contracting or dilating which, they increaſe or diminiſh their ſpecific gravity, and either ſink or riſe in the waters, as they pleaſe.—A firmer covering than *ſcales* is provided for others: they are ſecured in *ſhells*, exquiſite in their workmanſhip, amazingly elegant in their ſymmetry, and ſuperior to the fineſt ena-

mel in their poliſh: ſhells which ſerve as a kind of impregnable bulwark, and are a natural defence to them, againſt the depredations of their ravenous foes.

But while we admire the workmanſhip in the *ſcaly* or *ſhelly* generation: the *variety*, ſo obvious to our view, muſt immediately occur to us: though it no ſooner occurs, than we are loſt in the aſtoniſhing ſpeculation. Could we read over the diſtinct catalogue of the different kinds, from the huge *Leviathan*, monarch of the deep, to the minute and almoſt indiſcernible inhabitant of the waters, to the *Smelt*, or the *Minnow*: we ſhould perceive, that neither the animal nor the feathered creation could boaſt either a more numerous, or a more diverſified race. The peculiarity of ſhapes obſervable in ſome, the wonderful qualities diſcovered in others, ſtill enhance our ſurprize at the inexhauſtible wiſdom of the Creator. The *Sword-fiſh*, and the *Polypus*; the *Torpedo*, the *Cuttle-fiſh*, and the *Nautilus*, are inſtances amongſt a thouſand: and ſerve to prove to us, that the Deity is confined to no one mode of action; but that he is no leſs diverſified in the manner than in the matter of his productions.—For the variety in the *ſhelly* tribe, we refer our inquiſitive readers to the cabinets of the curious, and to the grottos of the polite—ſo much the taſte of our preſent times, and properly the taſte, if the ſurvey of ſuch beautiful and variegated productions tend to elevate the mind, and to lift the ſoul in grateful adoration to that God of wonder and wiſdom, who formed all theſe things, and gave them to man, as a glaſs wherein he might ſee lively traces of his almighty Creator! How amiable will it be, if while the fair hands of our Britiſh ladies diſpoſe their various and poliſhed ſhells, with all the elegance of fancy; they

they remember at the ſame time, whoſe unparallelled wiſdom produced theſe beauties of nature; and admoniſhed hereby of his excellence, reſolve to be moſt *excellent* themſelves, by paying him unremitted honour.

But the Deity (though never neglectful of beauty and harmony in his works) is not uſed to conſult variety and elegance alone: *Utility* is the great end of his creation: and where is it more diſcernible than in that part, which we at preſent contemplate? The inhabitants of the deep not only ſupply the tables of the rich and wealthy with a continual repaſt; but afford the poorer children of the earth a happy proviſion, which in many caſes they attain, with the utmoſt eaſe, and which in all caſes they attain at the ſmalleſt expence. And not only *food*, but other advantages are derived from the watery race: the *Whale* is a ſufficient proof: induſtry and commerce can alſo bring inſtances from *fiſhes*, of a ſize contemptible, though not in advantage inferior even to the *Whale!*

There is one particular more reſpecting the natives of the deep, which deſerves to be mentioned, and that is their amazing increaſe. As they live upon each other, prodigious devaſtations enſue: and therefore the Creator hath ordained, that their reparation ſhould be as prodigious. They bring forth by thouſands and millions! Mr. *Petit* found 342,144 eggs in the hard roe of a carp, ſixteen inches long: and Mr. *Lewenhoeck* counted in a cod of an ordinary ſize 9,384,000 eggs! how wonderful a fecundity! and how well adapted to the exigencies of the watery world, where ſo great depredations are made continually, not only by the inhabitants one upon another, but alſo by *man*, who ſpreads univerſal havock through creation, to ſupply his neceſſities!

With

With reſpect to the vegetable productions of the deep, the ſtony coral, the pellucid amber, the fibrous ſea-weed, &c. we ſhall only obſerve, that the manner of their growth is peculiar: they ſhoot not, as other vegetables, their fibres into the ſoil, and thence drink their ſupport: but fed by the circumambient waters, they adhere even to the moſt ſolid rocks, and are tacked, as it were, to the hardeſt flints, only to be ſecured from the random agitation of the waves. Such is the diverſity of the divine works! a diverſity, obſervable in his dealings with men, who, endued with different talents, appear in different ſtations, and are called to different employs, each concurring, with conſummate harmony, to the proper conduct and perfection of the great Creator's plan!—We may alſo juſt obſerve, that to the *productions* of the ocean, as well as to the *waters* of it, health oweth many obligations: for many things uſeful and efficacious in medicine are derived from thence.

But while I ſtand on the ſhore, and behold the waters on one hand thundering with impetuous violence againſt the vaſt cliffs, which rear their mighty heads, as it were in contempt, over the inſolent waves: and on the other hand, behold the foaming billows die away, not daring to advance on the level ſand; I am in doubt which moſt to admire, the greatneſs of the former, or the weakneſs of the latter, by which this reſtleſs element is controuled! It would ſeem moſt conſonant to our ideas, that impregnable cliffs and precipices ſhould be the boundary of the vaſt deep: but cliffs and precipices ſeem, in many caſes, rather a providential defence of the ſhore, than limits appointed to the waves: the ſand is the barrier affixed by omnipotence.—The *ſand*, impotent

tent and weak, yet, through God's ordination, rendered more forcible than a wall of braſs! and thus he conſtantly diſplays his power: making things in appearance moſt impotent, productive of the greateſt effects! *Fear ye not me, ſaith the Lord, will ye not tremble at my preſence, who have placed the ſand for the bound of the ſea, by a perpetual decree, that it cannot paſs it: and though the waves thereof toſs themſelves, yet can they not prevail: though they roar, yet can they not paſs over it!*—So let the waves of wickedneſs and infidelity roar againſt that church, which was founded in weakneſs, by the crucifixion of a *deſpiſed Galilean*, yet ſhall they not prevail: God's ſtrength is made perfect in weakneſs.

The Scriptures preſent the ſea to us, in its troubled ſtate, as an emblem of the wicked man: *The wicked are like the troubled ſea, when it cannot reſt: whoſe waters caſt up mire and dirt.* And a ſtronger emblem cannot well be imagined: for the foul deeds of iniquity are noxious as the offenſive weeds and filth of the ſea, and the conſcience, continually in terrors, knows nothing of that placid calm and ſmiling repoſe, which lodges in the good man's breaſt. Let the paſſionate and iniquitous contemplate the ocean, in this view; and intreat him, who commanded the winds and the waves into peace, to huſh their tempeſtuous diſorders, and to introduce the ſweet calm of virtue into their ſouls.

Many moraliſts have compared life to the ocean: which how ſmooth ſoever it may ſeem to invite us to its ſurface; the calm is deceitful, and will not long continue; ſtorms and tempeſts will ariſe and toſs the troubled veſſel. While we ſail through life, we muſt not expect a perpetual ſerenity: Difficulties, trials and afflictions await

all

all mankind; and happy they, who can ſteer their veſſel ſafe amidſt them into the harbour of everlaſting reſt!

Thither are we tending; thither time is bearing us along, however we may not perceive the ſteady motion: and like the river deſcending adown its channel, with a conſtant and unwearied pace, to diſcharge its waters into the ocean, ſo are we haſtening to the great ocean of eternity, which muſt receive all the ſtreams of this life, and in the end, ſwallow up even *time* itſelf! Through whatever windings and intricacies they paſs, the rivers ſtill keep on an unvaried courſe, and travel with regular uniformity to the deſtined end. But alas, how different is the human conduct! Aſſured though we are, that the important day is approaching, we forget to prepare, nay, we live in practices which are immediately oppoſite to preparation. We turn our ſtreams backward, as it were, and ſtrive all we can not only to forget eternity, but to forget it, by ſuch methods, as will render it horrible, when we are compelled to launch into it. Wiſe men will purſue a different method; and remembering, that no human arts or efforts can ſave from death; like the ſtream, gliding uniformly to the ocean, they will in all their actions maintain a conſtant reſpect to their end, and move on with time, in the unwearied practice of all thoſe duties, which, through their Redeemer, will infallibly render *eternity* bleſſed.

NUMBER

NUMBER LVI.

Qui non vetat peccare, cum poſſit, jubet.

SENECA.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

THE buſineſs of a periodical writer, is not only to amuſe but to inſtruct. Not only to inſtruct, but to benefit. Not only "to catch the manners living as they riſe," to decypher the reigning characters, and develope the reigning follies of his times; but alſo to offer ſuch hints, and propoſe ſuch ſchemes, as may be uſeful to the public, and tend to the advantage of the community. As you profeſs yourſelf not only a man of *Candour*, but a *Philanthropiſt*; I am ſatisfied you will be watchful of what may concern the public good, ſo far as it is connected with your province; and therefore will not refuſe admittance to the remarks which I take the liberty to ſend you.

I am pleaſed, Sir, to obſerve, that in our days, ſuch a ſpirit for improvement prevails, that we riſe ſuperior to the prejudices of former times, and can, without remorſe, knock down our old incommodious gates, and widen our many inconvenient paſſages. This ſpirit, I hope, will carry us much farther, than merely external accommodations. It ſeems already to be operating; and it muſt be a ſatisfaction to every inhabitant of this opulent city, to find that ſome methods are taking to deliver us from thoſe *nui-*

ſances

ſances in our ſtreets, which are a ſcandal to our police and religion.

The word *Police* immediately reminds me of a magiſtrate, who, if he were indeed zealous for the reformation of Evil, would by all means ſtrike at this πρωτον ψευδος, this deteſtable pollution, which opens the flood gates to every evil. I will frankly acknowledge, that I have a good opinion of this perſon, and would not willingly change it: As I have alſo of another, who, though his rival in magiſtracy, is not leſs intereſted, I perſuade myſelf, in the public good. But I muſt own, it ſtrangely alarms and ſhocks me to think, that harlotry and impudence ſhould abound moſt under theſe gentlemen's noſes, and that houſes ſhould be licenſed ſo near them, which are defiled continually with the moſt infernal iniquity. Impudence no longer courts the ſhade. Let any man walk up a certain ſtreet leading from the *Strand*, and he will ſee numbers of unhappy proſtitutes, in the broad daylight, plying their miſerable trade! Cannot this be prevented?—If not, where is decency? If it can, where are our magiſtrates? They are not ignorant of theſe things.

We hear with horror of the increaſe of murders; but we ſhall hear of more with the increaſe of proſtitutes: and proſtitutes will increaſe, if they are not diſcouraged.—Watchful, as they eſteem themſelves for the intereſt of the ſtate, ſome I know will cry out, "What then, would you allow no proſtitutes,—or would you have licenſed ſtews; in the former caſe, greater evils probably will enſue; the latter is inconſiſtent with Chriſtianity!" O wondrous zeal for Chriſtianity! You can talk of the inconſiſtency of ſtews with that holy religion, when you know,

that

that our very reſpectable gravity admits of bagnio's and bawdy-houſes innumerable; and of houſes profeſſedly ſuch:—let us hear then no more of your religious ſcrupuloſity. As to the total removal of *harlots*, that is neither poſſible to be effected, nor is it at all intended. We only wiſh that they might not be ſuffered to triumph in the eye of the ſun, and to moleſt the capital ſtreets of our metropolis, to the deſtruction of many, and the nuiſance of all.

While I write, a mournful inſtance of their pernicious malignity is before me. An inſtance which I fear might eaſily be parallelled. The wife of my neighbour * * *, lies in all the diſtreſs of that diſeaſe, which was communicated to her by her huſband, by means of an accidental commerce with one of theſe daughters of poiſon. He is a man of as much ſobriety, worth, and integrity, as moſt men; but one night ſpending his evening not far from *Temple Bar*, he was overcome with wine; and in his way home picked up by one of theſe women, whom, when ignorant, alas! of right or wrong—he unhappily attended. The conſequence was terrible, more terrible ſtill, as his wife ſhared in it; more terrible as he concealed, and ſhe did not know the cauſe of her complaint, which neglected, and ſtriking in with other diſorders, hath *ruined her*, and made him the moſt wretched of human beings! If there were only one ſuch caſe as this, ſurely it well deſerves the attention of the community, to route theſe women from their public haunts, and to confine them to the out-lets of the city: But how many ſuch inſtances might daily be produced? and how many parents unite with me in the requeſt to all concerned, that they would uſe their beſt efforts, and ſecure their ſons from that de-

ſtruction, which threatens them ſo much at preſent, and in which ſo many young people have been over-whelmed, to the inexpreſſible anguiſh of their broken-hearted parents.

It is certain theſe common ſtreet-walkers merit no compaſſion, as the benevolence of our times hath provided a reſource for them, from this miſerable way of life. Before the inſtitution of the *Magdalen-houſe*, we uſed to ſay, and they uſed to tell us,—"Alas! where can we go—how can we get free from this way of life?"—Now they have the impudence to cry—"Oh, there is the *Magdalen* for them by and bye, and it is time enough to repent." Which plainly proves, they are vile upon principle; and therefore deſerving more contempt than the beaſt that periſhes. The *Magdalen* certainly is not meant for ſuch as theſe: and that excellent charity can never be ſerviceable to wretches, who take a delight in the fouleſt vices, in the filth of proſtitution, in drunkeneſs, blaſphemy and obſcenity.—And can men take delight in ſuch women! Ye ſons of lewdneſs, know your own advantage better, and, leave ſuch unworthy objects, while you court the inexpreſſibly ſuperior pleaſure of virtuous affection!

As this, Sir, ſeemed a proper time to throw in theſe hints, I was willing not to let it ſlip: men ſeem to be thinking of theſe things, and therefore every obſervation may be of ſervice: I earneſtly wiſh, that to the honour of our preſent times, we may add this alſo: and that we may be as zealous to promote the dominion of virtue, and good manners at home, as our brave countrymen are to promote our glory abroad.

And now that I am upon the ſubject, ſuffer me juſt to add, that in clearing the ſtreets of proſtitutes,

proſtitutes, we ſhould alſo endeavour to clear them of that ſhameleſs tribe called *ballad-ſingers*, who are a kind of *pandar* to thieves, and who go about to ſummon attentive gaping circles; that theſe gentlemen may ſerve their own purpoſes.—*Common beggars* too ought by no means to be ſuffered: they have all *pariſh proviſions*. I know the objections made to theſe, and I may poſſibly ſend you ſome hints on *pariſh* work-houſes, officers, &c. if you inſert this. One way to deliver us from the pain and importunity of beggars, would be an univerſal reſolution not to give them any thing. If we imagine we are doing good, and are charitable in giving to them, we grievouſly err. We are not doing good but evil, ſupporting idleneſs and vice, and this cannot be charity.

Sir, I have long had the honour to be a merchant of this reſpectable city; and as I have ſeen with pleaſure many excellent ſchemes for public benevolence planned and perfected; ſo I have no doubt but there is ſo much zeal in my countrymen, as to animate them to the execution of theſe uſeful improvements alſo.

I am with much eſteem,

Yours, &c.

J.

NUMBER LVII.

——————— Only add
Deeds to thy knowledge anſwerable; add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love
By name to come, call'd charity, the Soul
Of all the reſt; then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this paradiſe, but ſhalt poſſeſs
A paradiſe, within thee, happier far.

MILTON.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

IN my former letters, wherein I have propoſed to delineate, in ſome meaſure, the *excellence* of the chriſtian religion, it hath been obſerved, that the perfection of its laws; the perſuaſiveneſs of its motives to obedience; and the very awful nature of its ſanctions," are high recommendations of it, and ſtrong proofs of its excellence.

If you compare the *morality* of the chriſtian ſyſtem, with that of the wiſeſt and beſt of the heathen philoſophers, with that of *Socrates* or *Cicero*, who indiſputably claim the pre-eminence in the ſchool of antient philoſophy, you will not heſitate a moment, where to aſcribe the ſuperiority. Indeed there neither is, nor can be properly any compariſon. Since the perfection of moral laws depends, not only upon a right knowledge of ourſelves, but alſo of God; and as the heathens had the moſt improper and inadequate idea of the Deity, it was impoſſible that their laws reſpecting piety towards him, could have any degree of perfection. The chriſtian revela-

tion

tion which hath given us a juſt notion of the omnipotent Ruler of the world, hath alſo given us juſt notions of that duty, which we owe to Him —of that *love*, *fear*, *reverence*, *worſhip*, *humility*, *dependence*, and *reſignation*, and all thoſe other offices of piety, which are at once ſo reaſonable in their own nature, and ſo conducive to the perfection of ours.

And as to that morality, which concerns either *ourſelves* or the *public*, which tends to the peace of individuals, or the happineſs of ſociety; it is not eaſy to conceive any ſcheme wrought up to a greater degree of excellence; or more beautifully calculated to promote the great ends deſigned. Unlike, very unlike the heathen moraliſts, the great chriſtian Lawgiver lays the foundation of our private happineſs and duty, in a temper and diſpoſition, to which the wiſeſt of antient times were ſo much ſtrangers, that they had not even a word in their language to expreſs it. * *Humility* is the virtue I mean; that *poverty* of *ſpirit*, upon which the firſt bleſſing is pronounced, in our Saviour's ſermon on the Mount, which ſingly may well be eſteemed ſuperior to all the ethics of antiquity.

We may here again obſerve, that as the heathens were no leſs ignorant of the true nature of man, than of God; of his originally perfect and now fallen ſtate; it was no leſs impoſſible, that their morality ſhould be right, with reſpect to him, than with reſpect to God. For as the duties we owe to God, are certainly founded upon the nature of God; ſo the duties we owe to ourſelves, and our obligations to virtue, certainly depend upon the right knowledge of our own nature,

* See Jortin's Diſc. 7th ad fin.

circumſtances and relations. Hence a knowledge of ourſelves is and hath been generally eſteemed the firſt ſtep in the path of virtue. On which account that ancient ſaying, *Know thyſelf*, though ſo little underſtood, was ſo generally prized, and eſteemed ſo full of wiſdom, that nothing leſs than a God was imagined capable of delivering it. "*We very juſtly ſuppoſe that ſaying, Know thyſelf*, ſays Cicero, *to have been delivered to us from the gods themſelves.*

But if the heathen morality was deficient in this firſt branch of the chriſtian, and never dreamt of ſo elevated a perfection, as that which is but the firſt ſtep in the ſchool of Chriſt; what ſhall we ſay, of their total ignorance of that *internal purity*, which the laws of Chriſt ſo exactly enjoin! For not the outward act only, but the inward intention is directed and regulated by his holy precepts, who ſees, who knows, and who eſtimates men by the thoughts of their hearts. This is going to the root of the matter, and eſtabliſhing virtue and holineſs upon the moſt ſolid baſis. It is not enough for the chriſtian to abſtain from external violence, impurity and intemperance: the vices muſt be eradicated; the very inclinations mortified; and the contrary virtues cultivated in their utmoſt extent. Thus a method is divinely propoſed to heal all the evils of diſordered, and to introduce all the bleſſings and harmony of regulated affections. For as all vice is productive of miſery, afflictive to the conſcience, painful in the recollection, and deſtructive of the nobler faculties of the ſoul; ſo an uniform and inward attachment to virtue, a love of her ways, and a ſteady perſeverance in them, diffuſes the ſofteſt calm of ſerenity, ſupplies the ſweetneſs of perfect content, and gives the moſt

ſatisfactory

ſatisfactory foretaſte of celeſtial and conſummate felicity.—

We obſerve, that no other ſyſtem but the chriſtian was adequate to the production of this heart-felt felicity. The heathens indeed, with much propriety, have talked of the beauty of virtue, and the deformity of vice. But as they never knew the ſublime precepts of humility, of forgiveneſs, of univerſal love; it was impoſſible, that the ſoul could enjoy unruffled felicity, ſince whatever of *pride*, of *malice*, or of *envy*, remains unſubdued in the heart, ſo much of miſery and unhappineſs unavoidably muſt remain. Chriſtianity therefore, whoſe firſt precepts teach the conqueſt of theſe, is not only ſuperlatively excellent in itſelf, but above all things worthy the acceptation of every wiſe and rational man.

But if the morality of Chriſt is calculated to produce the trueſt piety towards God, and the moſt perfect private felicity, ſo is it equally calculated to promote the peace of ſociety, and to advance the public tranquility and happineſs. That one ſingle rule invariably purſued (if the evil paſſions of men would ſuffer them invariably to purſue it) *Whatſoever ye would that men ſhould do unto you, do ye alſo unto them*; could not fail to render ſociety delightful. Why it is not invariably purſued, may too eaſily be accounted for. But this is no objection to the rule itſelf; and we are only ſpeaking now, of the nature and tendency of the *Chriſtian laws*. I muſt confeſs however, that I never think upon this ſubject, without a pleaſing admiration of the divine wiſdom, which hath ſo amiably and ſo excellently compriſed our duty to each other, in that one word—*Thou ſhalt love thy neighbour as thyſelf!*

How

How plain to every comprehenſion; yet ſo perfect, that all the united wiſdom of man can contrive nothing more complete! How lovely alſo, to win us to our duty by the moſt endearing affection, and to derive our obligations to mutual good will, from the mutual relation we bear to each other. How vain, how uſeleſs, would be the long labours of caſuiſts, and all the preciſion of moral theoriſts; if men would bear this divine precept, engraved as it were on their honeſt hearts; and unite in a brotherly concern, and ſympathetic tenderneſs for each other's welfare! *Thou ſhalt love thy neighbour as thyſelf*—canſt thou then injure, revile, defraud, oppreſs and ruin him,—canſt thou work any ill to him?—nay, canſt thou with-hold thy hand from doing him all the good in thy power;—wilt thou not readily aſſiſt, comfort, ſerve, ſupport, and render him all the ſervices thou art able? Certainly, if you are a Chriſtian indeed; if you believe the word of Chriſt, if you expect a future reward: if you have any dependence upon him, whoſe *love to you* conſtrained him to die for you: certainly if you have any reverence for the word of God, or any love for yourſelf, you will not only remember, but conſtantly conduct yourſelf by that complete precept—of *univerſal love.*

An attention to this ſingle precept, and a ſerious conſideration of its extenſive utility, will ſuffice abundantly to ſhew the ſuperlative *excellence* of the morality of Chriſt, above that of all other teachers; and conſequently will ſuggeſt to us a very ſtrong and convincing argument in proof of his Meſſiahſhip. But this by the way.—I ſhould now proceed to ſpeak of the perſuaſive *motives* and awful *ſanctions*, which

invite and perſuade us to a conformity with theſe ſacred laws. But for this, I muſt intreat the favourable allowance of a future admiſſion into your paper.

Suffer me at preſent, only briefly to remark, that thoſe men, who preſume to diſcountenance the morality of Chriſt, and who take upon them to oppoſe and revile his ſacred preceps, even under a notion of doing greater honour to his *free grace* as they call it, certainly deſerve the ſevereſt reproofs, and merit the univerſal diſapprobation of mankind. There is nothing plainer, than that the abſolute neceſſity of moral duties is inculcated, throughout the writings of Chriſt and his apoſtles; and woe be to them, who endeavour to looſen the ſolemn obligations; who, under ſtrange ideas of *righteouſneſs externally imputed*, would infer the non-importance of an internal righteouſneſs, wrought in the heart, and diſplayed in the life; who under wild notions of *legal* dependencies would explode the pure and holy love of the Chriſtian goſpel; who would introduce all the impurity and defilement of heatheniſm, under the hypocritical pretence of ſuperior ſanctity; and all the filth of accurſed *Antinomianiſm*, under the cloak of zeal for the grace of Chriſt!

But while we juſtly abhor ſuch abominable maxims and deſtructive doctrines, let us take care, that we do not condemn ourſelves; and vainly boaſt of the *excellence* and ſuperiority of the chriſtian morality, while we ourſelves are yet not ſo exemplary, as good heathens, It is indeed unpleaſing to remark how very many Chriſtians fall ſhort of the morality of the heathens, in *temperance, juſtice, chaſtity, piety, meekneſs, benevolence!* What avails it to you, who profeſs your-

ſelf

ſelf a Chriſtian, that no laws are ſo *pure, elevated, extenſive, divine,* as the laws of Chriſt, while you never think of directing your conduct by them! Oh ridiculous and ſhocking; you boaſt of the chriſtian morality, and are yourſelf immoral. In the name of ſober reflection, aſk yourſelf, I beſeech you, "Wherefore did Chriſt deliver theſe laws?" And, "What ſhall I be able to anſwer the great Judge, when he reminds me, that he plainly ſaid to me, in the goſpel——*Theſe words are to judge you at the laſt day.*"

I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

M.

NUMBER LVIII.

King's, who are fathers, *live but in their people,*
DRYDEN.

Such Kings, like ſtars, with influence unconfin'd
Shine with propitious aſpect on mankind:
Favour the innocent, repreſs the bold;
And while they flouriſh, make an age of gold!
WALLER.

WHEN the inimitable author of that fine *allegoric* poem of *Telemachus,* introduces his young hero to the future place of rewards and puniſhments, he takes eſpecial care to mark out to him the miſerable fate of *bad,* and the ſuperlative felicity of *good* Kings; of Kings, renowned for their wiſdom, juſtice, and beneficence; whom he places in honour and bliſs, far above the heroes renowned for their valour and military atchievments.

ments. "Thoſe who have reigned with juſtice, and have had a tender love for their people (ſays he *) were the favourites of the gods, while *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*, full of their quarrels and battles, do ſtill even here retain their turbid diſpoſitions, and diſcontented pride.—*Juſt Kings*, purified by the divine light which feeds them, have nothing more to deſire to complete their happineſs: with eyes of compaſſion they behold the reſtleſſneſs of mortals; and the great deſigns, which diſtract the thoughts of ambitious men, appear to them, like the ſports of children; their hearts are repleniſhed with truth and virtue, which they draw at the fountain-head; they have nothing more to ſuffer either from themſelves or from others; no more uneaſy appetites, no more neceſſities, no more fears! every thing is at an end with them, except *their joy*, which is *endleſs!*

Yes, † gracious *Monarch*; yes, thou *Father* of thy people; yes, univerſally-beloved *Sovereign*; the tender tears of thy ſubjects, thy *children*; the unaffected concern, which throbs at every heart, and melts in every eye, pathetically expreſs their venerable eſteem, their filial love of thee; their ſilent and dejected grief, more ſpeakingly than all the powers of eloquence, proclaim thy title to that bliſsful region, where good Kings reſt in undiſturbed pleaſure; where cares, and fears, and anxieties ceaſe; where honours fade not, and where *joy is endleſs!*

Oh how pleaſing to yield our breath, and pay the laſt ſad neceſſary debt, lamented by the voice of general love; bewailed by the tear of univerſal affection;

* See the Adventures of Telemachus, B. 19.

† This paper was written the morning after the late King's death.

affection; embalmed in the precious memory of reverential, grateful eſteem! How pleaſing to die, as it were, in the arms of regretful weeping anxiety; to leave a longing deſire of us behind, and to ceaſe to exiſt, ere we ceaſe to be valuable and neceſſary!—This was the happy lot of our departed *Sovereign*: on whom the favour of heaven ſeems to have ſhed its choiceſt bleſſings. Formed by nature for royalty, he early ſhewed thoſe great and ſhining qualities, which adorn the princely diadem. Undaunted courage diſtinguiſhed him in the field; firmneſs and fortitude, tempered with mild clemency, and melting compaſſion, beſpoke him worthy to ſuſtain the difficulties of empire. It is true, the glaring acts of conqueſt, and the ſounding eclat of military proweſs fill the trumpet of fame with the loudeſt breath: but the ſtill and noble virtues, which cultivate and bleſs a people, as they merit the higheſt honour, ſo do they add the trueſt dignity to the man. *George* the IId, had enough of the fire of heroiſm to have won him immortal renown in the tented field, had he been luſtful of ſuch glory: but he was happy enough to move in another, and a better ſphere; and to ſhine, like a good ſtar, with a benign influence, on mankind. He was a friend of liberty; and though born a King, he was not only anxious to ſecure that firſt of bleſſings to his own ſubjects, but he may be juſtly ſtiled the general aſſertor of human liberty; and it may be ſaid of him with the ſtricteſt truth, that he never drew the ſword in any other cauſe. No other cauſe could have prevailed with a Prince of his generous nature to draw the deſtructive ſword. For can we imagine, that HE, who ſcarce ever ſigned the neceſſary inſtrument of condemned malefactors execution, without tears and

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the moſt uneaſy reluctance; can we imagine, that HE, who could ſhed the pitying drops over his brave young *General's* grave;—that HE could commiſſion the inſtruments of ruin, without concern; or ſend forth the miniſters of devaſtation, without the moſt preſſing neceſſity?

The ſplendid virtues of heroiſm may render us eminent in the tongues of men; the endearing virtues of humanity can alone render us beloved by our neareſt friends and domeſtics. Aſk them, and they will tell you, if their brimful hearts will allow them utterance, that their gracious *maſter* was not more great, than good; that every ſocial excellency adorned the *man*; that they have loſt the friend, the father, the benefactor! Uniform and regular in his actions; ſteady in his attachments; grave, calm, and magnanimous in his diſpoſition; and admirable for his moderation and ſtrict temperance.

The ſun rarely found him aſleep on his pillow; but with its riſing rays ſaluted the illuſtrious *King*, bending the ſuppliant knee before the throne of the King of Kings! And it deſerves remarking, that at *this hour*, when he had juſt performed his morning-duty, and fitted himſelf, as it were, for heaven; the call to glory came; and without a pang, almoſt without a groan, the kind hand of his heavenly Father, received his ſoul to himſelf! *Received* him, after having indulged him to us, for a long ſeries of important years: and bleſt him with ſuch felicities, as have rarely *fell* to the lot of Kings, to the lot of the moſt favoured and happy of Princes. For it was his, to ſee his people united in the firmeſt concord, and moſt friendly union; ſuch as *Britain* never before experienced, ſuch as her annals cannot parallel, in her moſt fortunate days! It was

his to ſee *indignant faction* periſh, and languiſhing *party* waſte diminiſhed into death! It was his to ſee a thankful harmonious people joyfully concurring with all his commendable meaſures; and contending how moſt to expreſs their zeal and their love! It was his to ſee the *flag* of his kingdom ride triumphant over the ſubject *deep*; it was his to behold the *Britiſh Lion* rouſed to unuſual courage, and victorious in every quarter of the globe. It was his, to receive valuable acquiſitions to his crown; and conqueſts of the moſt important nature; made ſtill more important and more valuable, by the notable conduct and unequalled bravery of thoſe who gained them! For, to the glory of our King, and of our times, let it be remembered, that no period can produce a more plentiful harveſt of truly gallant and heroic actions. But let us add, to the peculiar felicity of our deceaſed monarch: It was his, to ſee his ſubjects of theſe happy iſlands, rejoicing amidſt all the delights and bleſſings of peace, while war's dreadful terrors ſhook almoſt the world around! It was his to ſee *commerce* flouriſh with unwonted vigour, to ſee the riches of nations poured into his *harbours*, and his *Exchange* the grand mart of the globe! To ſee wealth abound; the arts flouriſh; and benevolence rear aloft her celeſtial head, executing plans of humanity, which would add a ſuperlative luſtre to every age!

Happier ſtill, if heaven had indulged him with the ſight of honourable peace reſtored to oppreſt mankind — There had then remained little of felicity more to have been preſented to his view. —But this pleaſing ſight, this gentle and all-inviting *peace* is reſerved, we truſt, for his eyes, to whom the ſceptre of his fathers deſcends; and to whom the monarch of our love muſt have reſigned

ed it with peculiar ſatisfaction. For, once more; it was his to ſee, not only a numerous poſterity, to ſecure happy and uninterrupted ſucceſſion in his line; but to behold a truly royal *grandſon*, heir of his virtues, and of his crown; and early manifeſting all thoſe qualifications, which are neceſſary to conſtitute the good King, and the great man! So that we may truly apply to *him* the words of the ſacred writer, *Thou ſhalt know alſo that thy ſeed ſhall be great, and thine offſpring as the graſs of the earth. Thou ſhalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a ſhock of corn cometh in its ſeaſon!*

Oh may'ſt thou live, ever live, gracious Sovereign, in the faithful remembrance of thy people! and can we fail to *remember thee* with tendereſt eſteem, who for ſo many years haſt ruled over us, our general father; and ſecured to us the moſt invaluable bleſſings! Reſt, reſt, bleſſed ſhade; may the fulleſt joys of immortality reward thee! while the tears of thy people,—tears ſhed amidſt the loudeſt acclamations of joy * — beſpeak their ſorrows, and confirm thy goodneſs: happier far to die, amidſt ſuch ſilent witneſſes of undiſſembled regard, than amidſt the wordy adulations of an applauding univerſe!—While for ourſelves we will transfer our allegiance and affection to the heir of thy throne, and of thy glories —whoſe princely virtues we contemplate with an heart-felt delight: virtues, which bloom ſo early, and ſo fair, that we doubt not, but the favour of

* It was obſervable, that amidſt the triumph of the proclamation, many eyes were wet with tears; and in particular ſome of thoſe concerned in the joyful part of the ceremony, could not with-hold the natural and affectionate drops, while their hands adminiſtered to the chorus of congratulation.

Providence will continue to bleſs us, under his auſpicious reign; and ſecure to us that *unanimity, credit, honour*, and all thoſe important felicities, which dignify and diſtinguiſh the glorious æra!
"Animated with the tendereſt affection for this *his native country* (our riſing monarch graciouſly aſſures us, in words that are *felt* by every Britiſh breaſt) that he enters, with chearfulneſs, into his arduous ſituation; and will make it—not only his endeavour to proſecute the preſent juſt and neceſſary war, in a manner the moſt likely to bring on an honourable and laſting peace—But—he will make it *the buſineſs of his life to promote in every thing the glory and happineſs of theſe kingdoms, to preſerve and STRENGTHEN the conſtitution both in church and ſtate!*"

Oh may the favour of *omnipotent wiſdom* continually dwell with him, and graciouſly aſſiſt him in all his royal deſigns! long may He live and reign in the hearts of his approving ſubjects; long may the choiceſt comforts pitch their delighted tents around Him! and late, very late, full of days and full of glory, like his illuſtrious grandſire of bleſſed memory, may HE exchange a *temporal* for an *eternal* crown, amidſt the tender tears of a numerous poſterity, of an unanimous and affectionate people!

NUMBER

NUMBER LIX.

Artes quomodo florere poſſunt, artium ſi magiſtri nullo habeantur in honore? ——— BOETH.

To the VISITOR.

Nov. 3, 1760, Audley-ſquare.

SIR,

I HAVE read with ſatisfaction your papers from the beginning. You ſeem a friend to religion and your country. Pray God, give you good ſucceſs. I could not help ſhedding tears over your laſt *Saturday*'s paper. Perhaps thoſe tears were ſelfiſh; for I have ſeen almoſt as many ſuns riſe and ſet, as his late moſt ſacred Majeſty. But if ſorrow moiſtened my eyes, on peruſing your paper; believe me, joy had the ſame effect on reading the preſent King's proclamation "for "the encouragement of *Piety* and *Virtue*, and for "preventing and puniſhing of Vice, Prophane-"neſs, and Immorality."—It would be too long for me to mention the particular delight I found in each part of it: ſuffer me to dwell a little on the *topic*, which hath been the frequent ſubject of my thoughts; and a heavy burden to my mind. It recurred to me ſtrongly on reading this proclamation, eſpecially where his gracious Majeſty declares, "That for the encouragement of *Religion* "and *Morality*, he will, upon *all occaſions*, diſtin-"guiſh *perſons* of PIETY and VIRTUE, by "marks of his royal favour."—Invariably to purſue this reſolution, will be to make himſelf a great

King, and his people a good and happy people. But I may be permitted to obſerve, that this is above all things neceſſary, with reſpect to the *Clergy*; the miniſters of religion.

It is abſurd to ſuppoſe, that religion and piety ſhould flouriſh, if the immediate miniſters of it are *deſpiſed* and *deſpicable*. Their caſe calls for conſideration. In ſome particulars it is deplorable; in others, it is ſcandalous. The Clergy are a venerable body of men. I am jealous for their honours; anxious for their welfare; and heartily deſirous they ſhould adorn their holy profeſſion in all things!—But, good God, how is, how can this be the caſe, in the preſent circumſtances of many? Look at ſeveral in this great city, who *let* themſelves out for wretched and low pay: and what veneration for religion do they inſpire? They preach over porter-pots in dirty ale-houſes; and talk of orthodoxy, amongſt the loweſt of the people!—Others cannot riſe above the world, and many little meanneſſes, through the ſtraitneſs of their ſcanty preferment. They have a living of an hundred, perhaps an hundred and fifty pounds per annum: they have a family to maintain: they are to appear according to their ſtation: they know not how to appear otherwiſe; their birth and education have raiſed them above the ſordid ideas of penury. Diſtreſſed on all ſides, and dejected, how can they elevate an oppreſſed mind?—Nay, many of them are forced to perform the duties of their function, perhaps through their whole lives, for leſs wages than are paid to a common *Exciſeman:* leſs than almoſt any journeyman mechanic can procure; What wonder, that ſuch men are obliged to mingle with improper company; that they fall into vices; into contempt?——

Of

Of the ſuperior Clergy, what ſhall I ſay! I know many of them truly worthy. But again; how many ſeem to forget, that they have the care of ſouls; rarely viſiting their charges, or perhaps giving them occaſionally a dry harangue,—while too, too often they carry themſelves with a loftineſs, ill-beſuiting the humility of their function; and from their over-grown revenues allow a ſcanty pittance to a worthy man (a *brother*) to perform the labour!—I will not go higher. Let me only obſerve, that as clergymen of all degrees and diſtinctions are as lights ſet upon an hill; ſo deficiencies in their conduct are more obſervable; and conſequently they are called to greater caution.

By theſe means and the like (which I need not enumerate) the clergy are brought into contempt: thus they have given the moſt prevailing handle to ſectaries. The ill examples of the clergy, are a common topic with them; and it is much to be wiſhed, there were no truth in their remarks. When they ſpeak of *proud*, *lazy*, *immoral* clergymen, it is a bitter reproach. God wipe it from our land, and ſtop the mouths of theſe men. I am convinced, nothing will tend ſo much to ſtop their mouths, and ſtem their progreſs, as zeal and activity in our clergy. There is a ſtrong attachment in the people to the regular clergy; where ſuch are active and exemplary, there are found but few *Methodiſts* or Diſſenters.—What then, you may ſay, is to be done? Hear an old man for once; it is the laſt time perhaps I may ever deliver my thoughts to the public: my ſun is juſt about to ſet, and the days of darkneſs are haſting upon me: may my laſt words (if theſe be ſuch) prove ſerviceable to religion and my country!

Our

Our gracious Monarch hath aſſured us, that he "will on all occaſions, *diſtinguiſh* perſons of Piety and Virtue." This is the firſt and ſureſt method, to promote Piety and Virtue amongſt the clergy, as well as all orders of men. What encouragement hath man to apply himſelf to the labour of learning, and the toils of the miniſterial function—(if we abate the inſelt ſatisfaction ariſing from conſcious duty) when he is well-aſſured, that he ſhall neither meet with regard nor attention: nay, perhaps, ſhall rather meet with ſneers and neglect. When he ſees, that to preferment other roads lie open; and that the advanced ſtation, is not the well earned purchaſe of real merit? But ſhould the ſerious clergyman, whoſe blameleſs and ſhining conduct; whoſe earneſt and conſtant labours in the pulpit, and in other parts of his duty; whoſe abilities, ſincerity, and piety are evident; ſhould he, ſhould ſuch men be called out and diſtinguiſhed; ſhould the royal favour mark out ſuch; we ſhould ſoon ſee a harveſt of good men, diligent in their miniſterial functions, and cheared with the pleaſing reflection, that they were ſecuring their beſt intereſts, while they were recommending themſelves to their *princes* or their *biſhops* favour!—The lukewarm and the worthleſs would thus be aſhamed into duty; and we ſhould ſee virtue and religion aſſume the faireſt appearance.—God aſſiſt and ſtrengthen our gracious King in this good work.

A ſecond method to ſerve religion, by aſſiſting its miniſters, would be, to render their lives more free from the uneaſy diſtraction of wordly anxieties, by giving them a more comfortable ſubſiſtence. I do not take upon me, either to direct or ſuggeſt, how this may be accompliſhed. It deſerves the attention of our ſuperiors. In this

this charitable age, no conſiderations could be more charitable. Mark me, I do not plead for wealthy ſupplies, or the means of luxurious living: I aſk (and no man can ſay it is unreaſonable) that thoſe who miniſter to us in holy things, ſhould not be *ſtarved*—ſhould have a *competency*. Thoſe who adminiſter to our *pleaſures*, *players*, *ſingers*, *dancers*, &c. are not ſatisfied, but with their *thouſands* per annum! Countrymen and fellow Chriſtians, is not this the greateſt reproach upon us? we give theſe men ſuch ſums, to ſpend in the vileſt manner;—and our clergy, men of liberal education, and, for the moſt part (where neceſſity is not too powerful) men of good lives—have not *fifty*, not an hundred pounds a year to ſupport themſelves and families! ought theſe things ſo to be?—"But many of them, you ſay, have their thouſands a year: accumulate preferments upon preferments: and, like the horſeleech, ſtill cry, *Give, give?* theſe too are often hardeſt upon their inferior brethren—what would you ſay of theſe?"——Truly, nothing: I will only refer you to my laſt remark, concerning the *firſt* method to promote *Piety* and *Virtue!*—This will ſuffice for an anſwer to any objections from the *trifling* or *immoral* conduct of the clergy.

One method more, I would offer, "Ordain fewer, ordain none who have not been of the univerſity; or, are not very *ſhining* exceptions." As to the latter branch of this advice, it may ſure, eaſily, be complied with. It is a ſhame to ſee ſo many *illiterate mechanics* in our *city* pulpits. I heard *one*, reading prayers the other day, who miſcalled every proper name in the leſſons, and miſ-pronounced half the words in the ſervice.—Not long ſince there were *five* of theſe men *candidates*,—(Fratres eheu dilectiſſimi!) for a city-

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lecture:

lecture: *ſhoemakers* formerly, *weavers*, *bakers*, &c. now right good and reverend divines! This is a grievous nuiſance: a ſad offence and opprobrium to religion. And what is worſe, ſome of theſe interlopers have been *apoſtles*, and wandring prophets among the *methodiſts!* I know that it is ſaid, there is a ſcarcity in the northern counties; and therefore the Biſhops are obliged to ordain men not regularly bred. This may be ſome excuſe, in theſe caſes: but let not ſuch northern men diſguſt us in the pulpits of our *capital*; and let not mechanics be ordained for the ſervice of the metropolis. Hence the ſhabby gown and tattered caſſock, which pains us, draggling in the ſtreets; hence prating in the ale-houſe, &c.

But how, "*Ordain fewer?*" Fewer, who come with regular teſtimonials from univerſities? It is cruel to diſappoint young men, whoſe parents have fitted them for this occupation; ſpent much money in *their* education, and thus incapacitated them from any other means of living. The humanity of our right reverend Biſhops cannot do this. Some more *early* remedy therefore muſt be applied. Parents ſhould be adviſed of the difficulties of the clerical employ, and not think of educating their children in that way.—And I humbly aſk, could not the affair of *falſe titles*, ſo commonly given, be rectified: and is it not poſſible, for our ſuperiors to ordain no man, but where there is a real want of him, for the buſineſs of his function?—If this were univerſally known and declared; it might poſſibly prevent many a young man from entering into a profeſſion, for which he is, at the beſt, but ill qualified; and the diſappointments of which will perhaps render him truly miſerable.

Poſſibly

Poſſibly you may expect that I ſhould ſay ſomething of the *noblemen*, who bring up *their* ſons to the church. Many object greatly; I do not; reſerving what hath been remarked under the firſt head. If men of *merit* are invariably preferred, I ſhall rejoice to ſee ſons of noble families diſtinguiſh themſelves. This will raiſe a laudable emulation, and have a very benign influence on religion in general, and in the higher ſphere of life eſpecially.

However, Sir, let what will be the iſſue; methinks, if clergymen would ſeriouſly conſider the importance of their office; the influence of *their* example; and the ſolemn account they muſt one day give;—it would, ſeparately from all other conſiderations, make them holy, humble, zealous, and laborious. If it pleaſes God to inſpire our King with reſolution and ability to diſtinguiſh ſuch men, we ſhall ſee piety and virtue abound. For ſuffer an old man to repeat; "It is ridiculous to think, that religion ſhould flouriſh, while its miniſters are *deſpicable* or *deſpiſed*."

I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

J. B. *Senex.*

P. S. I forgot to mention, that *reſidence* is much called for. I know the objections; and in ſome caſes admit them, till better proviſion is made. But many of thoſe clergy, who come to town, and take *lectures*, &c. and ſome of thoſe, who are the *hackneys* of their profeſſion, have *cures* in the country, which loudly call for their attention and preſence; for they are left, in many caſes,

caſes, to poor creatures, who *ride* or *walk* with all ſpeed from church to church; hurry over the ſervice; (and that perhaps three or four times in a Sunday) to the great ſcandal and offence of ſober and thinking people in the country. This calls for redreſs.

NUMBER LX.

——To cenſure trade,
Or hold her buſy people in contempt,
Let none preſume.

DYER.

IT muſt give every lover of his country a very high and ſincere pleaſure, to read over ſuch a liſt of reſpectable names, as appeared after the *Merchants* addreſs, in our public papers. Nor can it fail to dignify our nation abroad, and to afford a ſtriking proof of our credit and happineſs; when ſo many men of known wealth and worth, with unanimity unparallelled, offer their beſt ſervices to their beloved young monarch. In this liſt we read the names of our moſt conſiderable *Merchants*, names well known abroad; and though by ſome inadvertence, a few forward and improper men have officiouſly thruſt in their names, and made themſelves ridiculous; yet the liſt in general is ſo truly reſpectable, that our enemies muſt deſpair at the ſight; and our friends rejoice at our ſtrength and concord.

I muſt freely confeſs for my own part, that as I have the higheſt veneration for *commerce*, which is the grand pillar of our nation; ſo have I,—and with the utmoſt reaſon,—the trueſt eſteem for thoſe worthy gentlemen, who are concerned in it.

Whoſe

Whoſe Merchants are Princes, may be applied to them with as great propriety as to thoſe of *Tyre* heretofore; *Princes*, in generoſity and acts of benevolence, to many of which, of a public nature, our preſent times can witneſs; *Princes*, in elegance and magnificence; *Princes*, in private bounty, in in the greatneſs of their deſigns, and the abundance of their wealth.

What a bleſſing are they to our nation, and how much are we all intereſted in their welfare? I cannot give my reader a better idea of *trade*, than is already given by a *foreigner* in one of his letters, which I always read with pleaſure, (though this is far from being the caſe with his writings in general) and which I dare ſay, will be very acceptable: "As trade, ſays he, enriched the citizens of England, ſo it contributed to their *freedom*; and this freedom on the other ſide extended their *commerce*: whence aroſe the *grandeur* of the ſtate. Trade raiſed by inſenſible degrees the naval power which gives the *Engliſh* a ſuperiority over the ſeas, and they now are maſters of very near two hundred ſhips of war. (N. B. This was written ſeveral years ago.) Poſterity will very poſſibly be ſurprized to hear, that an iſland, whoſe only produce is a little lead, tin, fullers-earth and *coarſe wool*. (N. B. In this the writer is miſtaken, he did not underſtand the Britiſh *wool*)—ſhould become ſo powerful by its commerce, as to be able to ſend in 1723, three fleets at the ſame time to three different and far diſtanced parts of the globe. One to *Gibraltar*, which was conquered and is ſtill poſſeſſed by the Engliſh; a ſecond to *Porto Bello*, to diſpoſſeſs the King of Spain of the treaſures of the *Weſt-Indies*; and a third into the *Baltic*, to prevent the northern powers, from coming to an engagement.

At the time when *Lewis* the fourteenth made all *Italy* tremble; and that his armies, which had already poſſeſſed themſelves of *Savoy* and *Piedmont*, were upon the point of taking *Turin*; Prince *Eugene* was obliged to march from the middle of Germany, in order to ſuccour *Savoy*. Having no money, without which cities cannot be either taken or defended, he addreſſed himſelf to ſome *Engliſh* Merchants *. Theſe, at an hour and half's warning, lent him *five millions* †,—whereby he was enabled to deliver *Turin*, and to beat the *French*: after which he wrote the following ſhort letter to the perſons, who had diſburſed him the abovementioned ſums: "Gentlemen, I have received your money, and flatter myſelf, that I have laid it out to your ſatisfaction."—Such a circumſtance as this raiſes a juſt pride in an *Engliſh* Merchant, and makes him preſume, (not without ſome reaſon) to compare himſelf to a *Roman* citizen; and indeed a *Peer*'s brother does not think traffic beneath him.

"When

* This puts me in mind of a ſtory I have read, reſpecting ſome foreign Merchants, named Fuggers, who were very illuſtrious by their liberalities to men of letters, and who could raiſe more money, we are told, than any prince in Europe. To teſtify their gratitude to Charles V. who had done them the honour to lodge at their houſe, when he paſſed through Augsburgh: they one day, amongſt other acts of magnificence, laid upon the hearth a large bundle of cinnamon, a merchandize then (about the year 1528) of great price; and lighted it with a note of hand of the emperor, for a very conſiderable ſum which they had lent him. This it muſt be owned was a very genteel way of diſcharging the imperial debtor. See Bayle's Dictionary, Fugger and Charles V.

† As this author writes in French, we ſuppoſe this was of French money.

"When the Lord *Townſhend* was miniſter of State, a brother of his was content to be a city merchant. And at the time, that the Earl of *Oxford* governed *Great Britain*, his younger brother was no more than a factor at *Aleppo*, where he choſe to live, and where he died. This cuſtom appears monſtrous to *Germans*, vainly puffed up with their extraction. They think it morally impoſſible, that the ſon of an Engliſh *Peer* ſhould be no more than a rich and powerful citizen:—for all are *Princes* in Germany! There have been *thirty highneſſes* of the ſame name; all whoſe patrimony conſiſted only in *their eſcutcheons*, and——their pride.

"In France the title of *Marquis* is given *gratis*, to any one who will accept of it; and whoſoever arrives at *Paris* from the midſt of the moſt remote provinces with *money* in his purſe, and a name terminating in *ac* or *ille*, may ſtrut about and cry, *Such a man as I! A man of my rank and figure!* And may look down upon a *trader* with ſovereign contempt; whilſt the trader on the other ſide, by often hearing his profeſſion treated thus diſdainfully, is fool enough to bluſh at it.—However I need not ſay, which is moſt *uſeful* to a nation; a *Marquis* powdered in the tip of the mode, who knows exactly at what o'clock the King riſes and goes to bed; and who gives himſelf airs of grandeur and ſtate, at the ſame time, that he is acting the ſlave in the anti-chamber of ſome prime miniſter:—Or a *merchant*, who enriches his country; diſpatches orders from his counting-houſe to *Surat*, *Grand Cairo*, &c, and contributes to the felicity of the world *

* Voltaire's Tenth Letter.

Trade however is a delicate and fluctuating thing: An ingenious writer † of our times hath traced its courſe, and well obſerves upon it, (after remarking the fate of *Tyre*, once the moſt famous city of the world for trade and commerce:) "It paſſed from Tyre to Alexandria, from Alexandria to Venice, from Venice to Antwerp, from Antwerp to Amſterdam, and London, the Engliſh rivalling the Dutch, as the French are now rivalling both. (N. B. This was written before the preſent war) All nations almoſt are wiſely applying themſelves to trade; and it behoves thoſe who are in poſſeſſion of it, to take the greateſt care, that they do not loſe it. It is a plant of tender growth, and requires ſun, and ſoil, and fine ſeaſons, to make it thrive and flouriſh. It will not grow like the palm-tree, which with the more weight and preſſure, riſes the more. *Liberty* is a friend to it, as it is a friend to liberty.—But nothing will ſupport and promote it more than virtue, and what virtue teacheth, ſobriety, induſtry, frugality, modeſty, honeſty, punctuality, humanity, charity; the love of our country, and the fear of God——The want of theſe ruined *Tyre, that crowning city, whoſe merchants were princes, and whoſe traffickers the honourable of the earth.* See Iſa. xxiii. 8. Ezek. xxviii. 5. &c."

There can be no reaſon to doubt that this fine and uſeful *plant* of *commerce*, will want any tendence or advantages, which it can enjoy, under the preſent auſpicious reign, under a King of ſuch excellent hopes, who hath graciouſly told his worthy ſubjects of this order, that "They may be aſſured of his conſtant protection and favour; and that he has nothing nearer to his heart, than the

† Dr. Newton in his Eleventh Diſſertation on the Prophecies.

the maintaining them, and all his trading ſubjects, in the full and free enjoyments of their rights, liberties, and privileges."—Nor can we doubt, that it will want the ſupport of *virtue*, and all her amiable *attendants*, while we reflect upon the many inſtances of *humanity* and *charity*, which ſo much diſtinguiſh our preſent times, and add ſuch a dignity to the *metropolis*; acts, which muſt extort praiſe from the moſt backward to beſtow it, and praiſe to the *merchants* in particular; whoſe great beneficence every charitable *liſt* abundantly teſtifies.

Mr. *Dyer*'s encomium upon *trade*, from the ſecond book of his inimitable poem the *Fleece*, will be no improper concluſion, eſpecially as it contains ſo inſtructive an admonition.

He is ſpeaking of the *drugs* for dying, which are ſupplied by commerce; and adds,

——Nor *tints* alone:
TRADE to the good phyſician gives his balms,
Gives chearing cordials to th' afflicted heart;
Gives to the wealthy, delicacies high:
Gives to the curious, works of nature rare;
And when the prieſt diſplays in juſt diſcourſe
Him, the all-wiſe *Creator*, and declares
His preſence, pow'r, and goodneſs unconfin'd,
'Tis trade, attentive voyager, who fills
His lips with argument. To cenſure trade,
Or hold her buſy people in contempt,
Let none preſume. The dignity and grace,
And weal of human life, their fountains owe
To ſeeming imperfections, to vain wants,
Or real exigencies; paſſions ſwift
Forerunning reaſon; ſtrong contrarious bents
The ſteps of men diſperſing wide abroad,
O'er realms and ſeas. There in the ſolemn ſcene,

Infinite wonders glare before their eyes,
Humiliating the mind enlarg'd; for they
The cleareſt ſenſe of deity receive,
Who view the wideſt proſpect of his works,
Ranging the globe with trade, thro' various climes:
Who ſee the ſignatures of boundleſs love,
Nor leſs the judgments of Almighty pow'r,
That warn the wicked, and the wretch, who 'ſcapes
From human juſtice: who, aſtoniſh'd, view
Ætna's loud thunders, and tempeſtuous fires;
The duſt of Carthage, deſart ſhores of Nile;
Or Tyre's abandon'd ſummit, crown'd of old
With ſtately tow'rs; whoſe merchants from their iſles,
And radiant thrones, aſſembled in her marts;
Whither Arabia, whither Kedar, brought
Their ſhaggy goats, their flocks and bleating lambs;
Where rich Damaſcus pil'd his fleeces white,
Prepar'd, and thirſty for the double tint,
And flow'ring ſhuttle. While the admiring world
Crouded her ſtreets; ah! then the hand of pride
Sow'd imperceptible his pois'nous weed,
Which crept deſtructive up her lofty domes,
As ivy creeps around the graceful trunk
Of ſome tall oak. Her lofty domes no more,
Nor ev'n the ruins of her pomp, remain;
Not even the duſt they ſunk in, by the breath
Of the omnipotent offended hurl'd
Down to the bottom of the ſtormy deep.
Only the ſolitary rock remains,
Her ancient ſcite; a monument to thoſe
Who *toil* and *wealth* exchange for *ſloth* and *pride!*

NUMBER LXI.

Mountains, who clouds beneath you can deſpiſe,
Earth's pillars, who triumphant arches form;
Unſhaken objects of perpetual ſtorm,
Old ſtately monuments of nature's birth;
Whether you overlook the ſea,
And point to mariners their way,
Or elſe with various gifts enrich the earth,
Ripen the minerals, and gems and ore,
And wealthy rivers unexhauſted pour,
Fix'd land-marks, friendly umpires of debates,
Ramparts of wars, and boundaries of ſtates;
Bleſs Him, *who makes your pride to fail,*
Whoſe preſence, when provok'd, you fly,
Lighter than duſt within his ſcale,
Leſs than nothing in his eye!

LE PLA's Song of the Three Children.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

IN your fifty-firſt Number, wherein you ſpoke of the origin of *ſprings*, you mentioned with great propriety the concurrence of the *mountains* to that end. Now though this conſideration alone might be ſufficient to obviate their objections, who imagine the *mountains* and *hills*, to be *defects* and *deformities* in our globe, the conſequence of its eruption at the deluge, the wrecks of the old world, and eminent marks of the preſent diſordered ſtate of the earth;—yet in order to remove more fully this imputation upon the divine goodneſs, and to ſhew, that this part of his creation is excellently

cellently calculated to ſerve the general plan; permit me, by the channel of your inſtructive paper, to point out ſome of the particulars in which mountains are uſeful and neceſſary. I ſhall advance nothing but upon the beſt authority: however I leave it with you to add or abridge, to correct or amend, whatever you think proper.

It cannot be denied, that *mountains* and *hills*, contribute greatly to the beauty of proſpect, and to that variety in the face of the earth, which charms us ſo much. If the earth was perfectly round and flat, our views would be contracted, ſimilar, and diſguſting. This is evident, from the proſpect in thoſe countries which are *flat* and *level*; and therefore diſeſteemed: whereas the beautiful interchange of hill and valley, of mountain and dale, renders the ſituation delightful, and gives at once the fineſt entertainment to the eye, and the nobleſt ideas to the mind.

But the Creator doth not conſult *beauty* only in his works, though this is never neglected: and by the way, a ſtronger proof of it cannot well be produced than the preſent; from which we learn, that what ſome ſuperficial obſervers term *blemiſhes* and *deformities*, are in reality the means of the greateſt ornament and pleaſure.—The mountains however are uſeful as well as ornamental: they contribute to the *health* of the human ſpecies; many of whom would die in the groſſer air of the vallies, who enjoy life with much ſatisfaction, amidſt the finer air of the hills. Some conſtitutions indeed are ſo happily tempered, that they are indifferent to any place or air — But "this opportunity (as a judicious writer obſerves) of ſhifting our abode from the warmer and more vaporous air of the valleys, to the colder and more ſubtle air of the hills, or from the hills to the vales,

vales, is an admirable refreſhment, and great benefit to the valetudinarian part of mankind, affording them an eaſy, comfortable life, who would otherwiſe live miſerably, languiſh and pine away."

Mountains ſerve too for the production of a great variety of *vegetables* and *minerals*, which are not found in any other ſoil, and which are eminently beneficial to man. With reſpect to vegetables, Mr. *Ray* (who hath treated this ſubject with his uſual accuracy) obſerves, "That mountains do eſpecially abound with different ſpecies of them, becauſe of the great diverſity of ſoils, that are found there, every *vertex* or eminence almoſt, affording new kinds. Now theſe plants ſerve partly for the food and ſuſtenance of ſuch animals as are proper to the mountains; partly for medicinal uſes; the *chief* phyſical herbs and roots, and the *beſt* in *their* kinds growing there."

And as the mountains are thus ſerviceable to man, ſo are they no leſs ſo to the animal race; a great variety of which harbour and live amongſt the hills. The higheſt tops of the *Alps* themſelves, Mr. *Ray* tells us, are not deſtitute of *their* inhabitants: The *Ibex* and *Chamois* amongſt quadrupeds, the *Lagopus* amongſt birds; and I myſelf, ſays he, have ſeen *papilios* and ſtore of other inſects, upon the tops of ſome of the *Alpine* mountains. Nay the higheſt ridges of many of theſe mountains, ſerve for the maintenance of cattle, and for the ſervice of the inhabitants of the adjacent vallies.

It is obſervable, that thoſe long ridges of lofty mountains which run through whole continents, always run *Eaſt* and *Weſt*, by which appointment of the Creator, they ſerve to ſtop the evagation of the vapours to the *North* and *South*, in hot countries,

countries, condenſing them like Alembic heads into water, and ſo by a kind of external diſtillation giving original to ſprings and rivers: and likewiſe by amaſſing, cooling and conſtipating of them, turn them into rain; by theſe means rendering the regions of the *torrid Zone* habitable.

Other uſes of the mountains might perhaps be aſſigned, as that they ſerve for ſcreens to keep off the cold and nipping blaſts of the northern and eaſtern winds; and ſo render human habitations more comfortable in the winter: that they anſwer the end of boundaries and bulwarks to various territories and kingdoms of the earth, and the like. But certainly their great and principal uſe, for which they are abſolutely neceſſary, is that *fountains* owe their riſe, and *rivers* their conveyance to them. We are ſo ſenſible of the advantage of theſe, of fountains and rivers, that I have no need to add more inſtances of the utility of mountains. —But with reſpect to this laſt uſe of them, there are two or three acts of the divine providence obſervable, as Mr. *Derham* judiciouſly remarks: "One is, that all countries throughout the whole world ſhould enjoy this great benefit of mountains, placed at due and proper diſtances, to afford theſe ſeveral nations, that moſt neceſſary element of *water*.——So another plain ſign of the ſame eſpecial providence, in this matter, is, that generally throughout the whole world, the earth is ſo diſpoſed, that the midland parts, or parts fartheſt from the ſea, are the higheſt; this is manifeſt from the deſcent of rivers. Now this is an admirable proviſion of the all-wiſe Creator for the commodious paſſage of the rivers, and for the draining the ſeveral countries, and carrying off the ſuperfluous waters, which would otherwiſe be as great

great an annoyance, as they are now a convenience.—Another providential benefit of the hills, ſupplying the earth with water, is, that they are not only inſtrumental thereby to the fertility of the vallies, but to their own alſo; to the verdure of the vegetables without, and to the increment and vigour of the treaſures, the foſſils, minerals, and metals, within."

As the mountains then are thus plainly proved not only to be *beautiful* and *pleaſant*, but to be highly *beneficial* in ſome, and in other caſes, abſolutely *neceſſary*; every reaſonable mind muſt conclude them not to be rude ruins, and unſeemly defects, but noble works of deſign, and wiſely appointed by our great Creator for the good of our ſublunary world.

Ceaſe then, nor *order* imperfection name:
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point; this kind, this due degree,
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, heav'n beſtows on thee.
Submit in this or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt, as thou can'ſt bear:
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All *nature* is but *art*, unknown to thee;
All chance direction, which thou can'ſt not ſee:
All diſcord, harmony not underſtood:
All partial evil, univerſal good;
And ſpight of pride, in erring reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear; whatever *is*, is *right*."

Allow me, Sir, before I take my leave, juſt to obſerve, that thoſe fine and moſt exalted paſſages in the ſcriptures, wherein God is ſaid *to weigh*

weigh the mountains in ſcales, and the hills in a balance, &c. ſeem clearly to refer to the work of *creation*; and of conſequence *hills* and *mountains* were part of the primæval and paradiſaical earth. Nay, indeed in many parts of the ſcriptures plain reference is had to the original creation of *mountains: Waſt thou made before the mountains?*—we read in Job. Before the *mountains were ſettled, before the hills was I brought forth*, ſays Wiſdom, *when there were no fountains abounding with water*;—as upon our plan there could be none, if there were no hills. And once more the Pſalmiſt ſays, *before the mountains were brought forth*, or ever *thou hadſt formed the earth*, &c.—From all which it ſeems plainly to follow, that the mountains are coeval with the earth; as doubtleſs they muſt have been, if what we have advanced reſpecting their utility be true. One cannot imagine any thing more ſublime than the idea which that paſſage from *Iſaiah*, juſt produced, gives us of the *Deity*, c. xl. 12.—He hath meaſured the waters in the hollow of his hand—meted out heaven with the ſpan—comprehended the duſt of the earth in a meaſure—*weighed the mountains in ſcales, and the hills in a balance!*—where is the human writer, that can produce any thing equal to this? where is the reader that can fail to contemplate with admiration, ſo ſtupendous a Creator and God;——that can fail to glow with gratitude on the recollection, that this God is his Father; that can fail to bow with humility, under the ſenſe of his own weakneſs and unworthineſs; and to live in chearful reſignation, under the government and protection of ſo great, ſo good, and ſo wiſe a ruler?

If

If theſe thoughts are acceptable to you and your readers, it will be a pleaſure, to

SIR,

Your conſtant reader, &c.

S. T.

NUMBER LXII.

——— *Shoot folly as it flies.* POPE.

THE following letters, from my correſpondents are inſerted for three reaſons, firſt, becauſe I ſuppoſe it will oblige thoſe worthy correſpondents; 2dly, becauſe I hope it will pleaſe my readers, and 3dly, becauſe it will ſave me the trouble of writing myſelf.

To the VISITOR.

GOOD Mr. *Viſitor* — let me intreat your counſel. I hear a great character of you. The cleverеſt men in our Club ſpeak prodigiouſly handſome of you and your writings. And they ſay you are always ready to hear complaints of public or private grievances. Mine indeed is a private grievance; though upon recollection, I am apt to think, it is more public than we fancy. This *mourning*, Sir; this ſad mourning for our good and gracious King! it will certainly go near to ruin me two ways; both in *peace* and in *pocket*. —Sir, I am a *Glazier*, at your ſervice; in no higher occupation: but, by induſtry and honeſty, I have picked up a good livelihood, and ſaved

ſome money. I married a *ſmall* Merchant's daughter in the city: (we live at the other end of the town) and to be ſure, I muſt acknowledge, ſhe has always kept up a good appearance. She is very proud of being a gentlewoman, and is careful enough to let it be known, that ſhe has had a *Biſhop* and a *Lord Mayor*, and ſix or ſeven Common-council-men in her family. I have never been wanting in due reſpect to her, and have kept her as genteel a *chaiſe-cart*, as neatly made and as well painted, as any travels between *Hyde-Park* and *Brentford* on the *Lord's Day*; and, for the good of the children, I have provided conſtantly in the ſummer, a genteel little *country* lodging, in the high road to Brentford, about three miles from our houſe. I cannot ſay that we have lived always with the harmony of tame pigeons; however we have rubbed on, though I have been forced to own her ſuperiority. But here comes the miſchief. Our good King dies. News of it fly to my wife: directly darts ſhe into the ſhop: "The King's dead, my dear, ſaid ſhe, and we muſt all go into mourning." You may be ſure, I ſaid true, when I told her, "I was heartily *ſorry* for his royal Majeſty's ſudden departure; but, as to the other affair, I thought it might be left alone." It would not be eaſy to deſcribe her vehement wrath hereat: If you are ſo happy, Sir, as to be married, and if your lady is now and then ſomewhat turbulent, you may conceive my ſituation. The reſult was, that ſhe declared, "ſhe would go immediately and buy *black cloth*, (for ſhe had been told, that when the King died, *Ladies* would wear nothing elſe) for herſelf and two eldeſt daughters, and beſpeak me a ſuit of black of our neighbour Mr. *Clevercut* the taylor." I prayed her forbearance;

and

and in the moſt ſuppliant manner entreated her to wait, till we heard how matters would go: I told her, that buſineſs had been very ſlack of late, and that I could not afford *black cloth*; and moſt humbly repreſented, that I thought plain Norwich *ſtuffs* or *crapes* would do for a Glazier's wife. "A *Glazier's wife*, quoth-a,—ſaid ſhe, reddening deeply; — a *Merchant's daughter*, I *thinks* you might have ſaid: a gentlewoman born and bred,"—with much more to the ſame purpoſe.—In ſhort, Sir, out ſhe went, and not being able to gain clear information that night what the mourning would be, ſhe reſted till the dawn of the enſuing morning; upon which ſhe aroſe, and again ſallied forth, and towards the evening returned, with her eldeſt daughter, loaded with *bargains!* this was worſe than all the reſt; for I had not only the mortification to ſee my money thrown away, with terrible profuſion, but to find, that whatever ſhe had bought, was ſo exceeding, ſo uncommonly cheap, that nothing could equal it. Would you believe it, ſhe had bought *bombazine* for ſeven, *common crape* for four ſhillings,—and worſt,—far worſt of all—*white crape*—oh, the extravagant pride of my dear wife! white crape for *ruffles*, &c. at the amazingly *cheap price* of fifteen ſhillings per yard. When I remonſtrated concerning this latter article, ſhe huffed prodigiouſly; and after beſtowing a few croſs words upon me, told me, *ſimpletonian* as I was, that the *Counteſs* of * * *, was at the ſame ſhop, at the ſame time with her, and gave the ſame price!—A *Glazier's wife*, ſaid I, and the *Counteſs* of * * *. "None of your reflections, man, ſaid ſhe.—But what ſignifies talking with you? Run *Sarah*; run you, *Jack*, you'll go quickeſt, to Mrs. *Furbelow*, the *mantua-maker*—tell her, I muſt ſee

her this very moment; for I would not but have my mourning made againſt Sunday for all the world." So, Sir, to the expence and plague of purchaſing, that of making was added; and then a worſe plague in putting them on: My Madam, great as a Ducheſs, ſtrutted to church in her *bombazine:* and I was obliged (though heartily aſhamed of myſelf) to *ſlink* behind in my *weepers.* For ſhe would put on *weepers*; and told me, no *gentleman* could appear without them.

Good Mr. *Viſitor*, is this right? Cannot this evil be redreſt? Is it fitting, that humble tradeſmen ſhould thus expenſively ape their ſuperiors? Or is there any need for it? It ſeems to me a kind of national evil: and it may be well, if you'll write about it. We talked of it in the club; and all deſire our beſt wiſhes to you. I am, Sir, your moſt obedient ſervant, and (to pleaſe my wife, will take the liberty to ſign myſelf)

Nov. 1760.

A Leaden Merchant.

Shakeſpear ſays finely in *Hamlet*, "Theſe three years I have taken note of it, the age is grown ſo picked, that the toe of the *peaſant* comes ſo near the heel of the *courtier*,—he galls his *kibe.*" Act V. Scene I.

To the VISITOR.

A Lady ſends her compliments to the *Viſitor.* She is very much ſurprized and aſtoniſhed at him. What not a word yet about the charming ſcheme at C———le Houſe! Bleſs me; ſure the man does not live in this world. He's an inhabitant,

habitant, I ſuppoſe, of ſome of the planetary worlds; or, what's more probable, of an ærial citadel, guarded by catch-poles.—Am I right? Nay, don't anſwer. For the only anſwer, poſitively, that I ſhall take, and the only way to convince me, that you are a man of taſte, (as Lord——— ſays you are) will be to write ſome immenſely pretty things concerning this ſeat of politeneſs, this court of pleaſure, tranſport, joy —oh, you dear creature, let me whiſper in your ear; *Signora Trilliletta* has only the name; Miſs C**,—Angelic Being, and the Duke of——and the Duke of——and Lords innumerable, and Ducheſſes, and Counteſſes, and Ladies, and Maids of Honour, world without end! are of the party. Tell every body. Teize the poor creatures, who can't make one with us! Now for your city balls!- ah poor *Cits!* I could die with laughing.—Well, my card is quite full—So your ſervant. But be ſure you write. Adieu.

Soho-ſquare, Monday Noon.

The *Viſitor's* compliments to this Lady: It may be proper for him to wait a little; he propoſes to viſit this gay aſſembly; and ſhall be able then to do greater juſtice to his ſubject.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

I AM fond of converſation, and love to go among my fellow beings, but I generally return diſguſted to my own home; as I am tired beyond meaſure with my companions perpetually talking about themſelves, and their own affairs. Surely nothing can be more tireſome or

more ridiculous, yet I find nothing more common. *I* is made the little hero of every tale. Do, Sir, juſt inſert it in your uſeful paper, as a general *hint*, that the worſt and moſt unpleaſing ſubject a man can dwell upon (except in very particular caſes) is *himſelf*. I am,

Your's, &c.

SIMON SOCIABLE.

It is unlucky, ſays a ſenſible writer, that the *very* reaſon that makes *Eugenio* think his ſtories entertaining, ſhould make me think them tireſome—their being about *himſelf*.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

I AM one of the reſpectable company of *pariſh-clerks* in the city of London, and though I ſay it, few men have appeared in that office with greater dignity. I have never degenerated into the common neglect of my band and gown, and as I have not only an excellent ear for muſic, but am an extraordinary good poet, I have been always admired for my choice of pſalms, and for adapting them to the ſermon. My loyalty was concerned upon the death of the King, and I compoſed a pſalm or hymn, to be ſung in our church upon that occaſion. But conceiving it meet to ſhew it firſt to our *Doctor*, would you believe it, Sir, he forbad the rehearſal of it! Verily it occaſioned great indignation in my heart. For why ſhould he be allowed to ſay what he pleaſes in the pulpit, and the clerk be debarred from offering his thoughts, as occaſion may ſerve,

ſerve, from the deſk?—I do requeſt you, Sir, to ſet this matter in a proper light, and to plead ſomewhat for our privileges in reſpect to it; which I hope you will not fail to do, as I have been your conſtant reader, and take great delight in your paper.

I am Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

JOB TWANG.

P. S. To convince you of our Doctor's envy at my merit, as well as his want of judgment, I ſend you the firſt ſtave of my pſalm or hymn. It conſiſts of twenty-eight ſtaves. I intended to have ſung half in the morning and half in the afternoon.

At ſeven o'clock the other morn,
To end his woful ſtrife,
The Lord took hence our glorious King,
King *George*, out of this life.

Now he is gone, all's black as night;
Have mercy on us, Lord!
No, neighbours no, don't weep; all's right:
We have got King George the *Third!*

Is not this good, now; in the true ſpirit of praiſe, and ſadneſs, and joy?

J. T.

NUMBER LXIII.

Can love allure us, or can terror awe?

YOUNG.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

THE purity and perfection of its laws, we have ſhewn (No. 57.) is a convincing proof of the excellence of the Chriſtian Religion to enforce theſe laws, no *motives* can be conceived more perſuaſive, no *ſanctions* more awful than the Chriſtian. The great Lawgiver of the Chriſtians doth not aſſume the voice of terror, and the threat of Majeſty. He ſpeaks in love, and endeavours to engage by the gentleſt perſuaſion. Their own *happineſs* is the winning motive, by which he ſeeks to engage mankind to his laws. It is their own intereſt to obey them. Every one of them tends to their preſent peace and tranquility. And what motive can be more cogent? Yes; there is a more cogent motive: the *love* of this divine Lawgiver himſelf. As his grand law, which compriſes all the reſt, is *love* of himſelf, ſo the motives, whereby we are incited to this love, are the moſt affecting. He hath demonſtrated his *love* to us, by every poſſible method, lived and died for us: died to redeem us from death; died in the moſt painful and ignominious manner; died to make us heirs of heaven and eternity.

Talk

Talk they of morals! oh thou bleeding love!
Thou Maker of new morals to mankind,
The grand morality is love of Thee!

The *love* of Chriſt, and our own *happineſs*, preſent and future, as they are the moſt endearing, ſo are they the moſt powerful *motives* to obedience. Indeed the Chriſtian religion offers various others: but as theſe are peculiar to it, and excellent beyond what any other ſyſtem propoſes, I leave a recollection of the reſt to my readers.

The *ſanctions* of this law, are as awful and important as its *motives* are engaging. A law without ſanctions is utterly uſeleſs. Rewards and puniſhments are the grand hinges, upon which all obedience turns. And what law can ſtand in competition with the Chriſtian in this reſpect? Look at the heathen world; and tho' indeed they talked of *Tartarus* and *Elyſium*; yet both were ſo childiſh, nay, and the notions of the wiſeſt concerning the ſoul's immortality ſo dark and dubious, that a thinking man could find no ſure reſt for the ſole of his feet with them. But the great Lawgiver of the Chriſtians, as He came from above, could well reveal the future world. He hath left us in no doubt: Life and immortality are brought to light by Him. And behold eternity is propoſed to mankind! eternity, bleſſed in conſequence of obedience; miſerable, in conſequence of impenitence and ſin. Are not theſe weighty *ſanctions*? Alarming conſiderations, to move us to an obſervance of the laws of Him, who hath ſaid, *What ſhall a man be profited, if he gain the whole world, and loſe his own ſoul!*

Every man will aſſuredly think, that ſuch alarming informations as theſe, are ſufficient, ſeparate

parate from every other reflection, to encourage him in the practice of virtue; and to deter him from vice. For in the ſilent moment of calm recollection—only let a man put it to his conſcience. —"Is there indeed an eternity of bliſs or miſery awaiting me; and muſt one of theſe be the conſequence of my preſent proper or improper conduct? Surely nothing can be equally important as a diligent attention to this ſolemn futurity: nothing equally wiſe, as a ſerious, and devout preparation for it?" He who can deſpiſe eternal puniſhments, deſerves not the name of either wiſe or brave; and he that is unintereſted by the offer of eternal happineſs, can never be judged a friend to himſelf, or a juſt eſtimator of things.

It may be objected, that eternal puniſhments are dreadful, aud ſeem to controvert the Deity's goodneſs: I will only reply to this point, in the words of an able and learned writer:

"That *God* is *good* ſeems to be a ſufficient anſwer. At preſent objections muſt be impertinent, and ſolutions imperfect. Let us wait till the righteous Judge appears, and then theſe and many difficulties will be removed. In the mean time we may reſt ſatisfied with this, that ſin ſhall neither enjoy an impunity irreconcileable with God's juſtice and Majeſty, nor endure ſufferings inconſiſtent with his mercy and clemency."

"It is, I think, generally ſuppoſed, that there will be a great variety of puniſhments. To be deprived of ſome good, which, by a proper conduct, might have been ſecured and obtained, if it be attended with diſſatisfaction or regret, is certainly a puniſhment, if it always laſts, an eternal puniſhment. He who is in this condition, has loſt his

his rank, and is placed far beneath many of thoſe who were once his equals, without a poſſibility of retrieving the loſs."

I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

M.

VERSES, *occaſioned by ſeeing the Counteſs of* H***** *in tears at the Magdalen-houſe.*

BRIGHT *Charity*, as ſtories ſay,
Met Britain's genius t'other day;
Both look'd delight, and never wore
A face of greater joy before.
" How falſe the ſtories ſome have ſpread
(The laſt began)—immortal Maid!
How falſe the tale, that never times
Were ſpotted with ſuch numerous crimes;
That never days, like theſe, were known,
With ſuch degenerate weeds o'ergrown;
Hear them,—and *Virtue* proſtrate lies,
While *Vice* and *Folly* tyrannize;
Religion's lamp hath loſt its light;
No man is good, no deed is right!
But, beſt of graces, every day
In public while you pleaſe to ſtray
Through my fair realms, you prove full well
The falſhood of the tale they tell."
Her cheeks in crimſon bluſhes dyed,
The gentle virgin thus replied:
" Bright genius of the happieſt iſle,
That lives in heav'n's auſpicious ſmile:
Ah! wonder not, that thus careſt
I leave the manſions of the bleſt,
Delighted through thy realms to rove;
For love, thou know'ſt, engages love.

And

And whereſo'er I paſs along,
In private or amidſt the throng,
Whether the palace of the great
I viſit, or the humbler ſeat;
A pleaſing welcome ſtill attends,
And all rejoice to be my friends!
Thus I diffuſe my comforts round,
And offer balm to ev'ry wound:
Thus univerſal good ſupply,
And wipe the tear from every eye!"
" Ah no, the Genius ſmiling ſaid,
I ſaw but now, immortal Maid,
The tender tears in plenty flow —
(Tears drawn by Pity and by *you!*)
From her fair eyes, whom, at firſt look,
I frankly own that I miſtook
For you yourſelf; though pleas'd to ſee
'Twas one ſo near and dear to me."
" I know her well (the Grace rejoin'd)
My ſiſter, Pity, form'd her mind;
She long has our familiar been:
—'Tis H***'s counteſs, that you mean.
I know the place, the time I know,
—'Twas at my favourite houſe below:
Where many a bright and noble eye
Have paid their debt to *charity:*
Where e'en your Prince, * you muſt confeſs,
Touch'd with the tender ſoft diſtreſs,
Cou'd not refrain the melting tear,
But own'd, that I indeed liv'd there!"
" Yes, Charity — with loftier tone,
Britannia's genius then went on;
That prince I call with pleaſure mine,
The more, my friend, as he is thine!

His

* Prince Edward, who was at the Chapel at the ſame time with ſeveral other of the Nobility.

His brother too, — (Thou know'ſt him well,
What need for me his worth to tell?)
Thy Patron * ſhines! and long will be
(If heav'n indulge or thee or me)
The friend, the guardian, the defence,
Of *Briton*, virtue, innocence!
" Under his illuſtrious reign,
" Miſtreſs of the ſubject main,
" Glory ſhall my ſails unfurl;
" Courage ſhall my thunders hurl;
" Peace at home my plains ſhall bleſs;
" Freedom range with happineſs:
" Labour his ſounding anvil ply;
" Through the loom the ſhuttle fly;
" Arts their wreathe-crown'd head ſhall rear;
" Virtue their reward ſhall bear;
" Bright religion through the land,
" Pleas'd ſhall wave her olive wand;
" Whilſt thou, immortal maid, ſhalt be
" An undivided friend to me;
" And ſuppliant win th'eternal ſmile,
" That gives its glory to each iſle."

NUMBER LXIV.

Ingratum ſi dixeris, omnia dixeris.

I CALLED the other morning upon my friend *Haſty*, and found him and his lady in no ſmall pet, much diſcompoſed, and very indignant. The common compliments had ſcarce paſſed, and I had but juſt taken my chair, when he

 began.

* His Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales, our preſent moſt gracious Sovereign, has condeſcended to become the Patron of that excellent Charity, " The Small-Pox Hoſpital."

began. "You may be ſurprized perhaps at ſeeing me and my wife a little diſordered—But ſuch ingratitude—Few men I believe could bear it.—It is rather too much for human nature."—He delivered this with ſome *pathos*; and was ſeconded by the good lady his wife, who *turtled* up, and reddening with indignation, found breath to ſay, —"*Indeed* it is too much; but people now-a-days, if they can get their own turn ſerved, care little for—They will uſe the ladder, till they have got up, and then throw it away." I was obliged to remark very meekly, that "to be ſure ingratitude was a very baſe and odious crime; the growth of a bad ſoil; univerſally and juſtly abhorred: but I took the liberty to hint, that on that very account, we ought to be the more careful how we lay the charge of it againſt any man; which ſhould never be urged in general terms, but proved by the cleareſt evidence." "Read that then, Sir, ſaid Mr. *Haſty*, giving me a letter, and you'll find, that we have pretty clear evidence." I read the letter, and perceived, that it was an apology from a young gentleman of our mutual acquaintance, for omitting his viſits to Mr. and Mrs. *Haſty*, who had done him ſome ſervices; but which they had been mutually and induſtriouſly careful to proclaim; with many diminiſhing ſtrictures on the young gentleman's character, and as many aggrandizing remarks on their own generoſity and benevolence. I remember he concluded his letter in theſe or in terms very ſimilar to them.—— "That you have done me ſome ſervices, I do not, I never did deny. But theſe ſervices have been returned and repaid; with all proper acknowledgments: nor have I ever been wanting in all due reſpect, or in any grateful remembrance. But certainly, Sir, were not this the caſe, you have fully

fully acquitted me of all obligation. Since every ſenſible man will agree, that a public proclamation of obligations conferred on the part of the obliger, entirely releaſes the perſon obliged. As therefore you and your wife have been pleaſed ſo frequently to ſet forth the ſervices you have done me, and have ſet them forth in a much ſtronger light than truth will warrant, I hope you will henceforth conclude me free of all debt, and not at all liable to the odious charge, you lay againſt me,—the charge of ingratitude. Yet this notwithſtanding, allow me to add, that I ſhall always be ready to do you or yours any agreeable ſervice; and I dare ſay, upon reflection you will be perſuaded, that you have too raſhly expected the ſlaviſh attachment of a man's whole life, for ſome few benefits conferred, which a generous mind would ſcorn to mention."

"There, ſaid Mr. *Haſty*, when I had read the letter—There's an ungrateful fellow! Did you ever read the like? Why, Sir, I ſaved this man from perdition; I raiſed him from the dunghill; I gave him bread to eat; and now he is grown great, ſee his baſeneſs." Soft, my dear Sir, quoth I; you know I am no ſtranger to Mr. *Lodmell*, or his character. You know too, that I have often heard of your friendſhip to him, as well from him as yourſelf. I never heard him expreſs himſelf concerning you without reſpect; I have often heard you, in cool converſation, advance as much as you have done now. And permit me to ſay, it is too much by far; nay, if it were not, if it were ſtrictly true, it doth not become you to ſay it. Let others ſpeak it to your praiſe. On your ſide, it appears with a very ill grace."

"What then, ſaid Mrs. *Haſty*, are you too an advocate for Ingratitude?" God forbid, Madam, replied

plied I, I deteſt the crime. But ſuffer me to aſk you what you mean by *Ingratitude.*" "Mean, quoth my friend; there's no need for her to explain that; all the world knows what is meant by Ingratitude; and all the world is agreed to hate the man, who is guilty of it; and I'll take care, that *Lodmell*'s behaviour ſhall be no ſecret."—"Oh, Sir, ſaid I, you are warm; or you would ſoon ſee, that *Reſentment*, *Paſſion*, and *Pride*, are crimes as well as Ingratitude. But pray, be cool a little; and only tell me, Do you think a benefit conferred, can never be equalled by any return? Or do you conceive benefits immortal, and acknowledgments endleſs? There certainly is an adequate return for many, for general favours; and that made, we conceive the balance equal. For example, you have lent me, in a time of diſtreſs, a thouſand pounds, for which I have paid you five per cent. and at length have returned the whole money, with grateful thanks and acknowledgments to you; and with a mind well diſpoſed to do any thing in my power, that may ſerve or oblige you. Can it be ſaid, that I am wanting in gratitude?" "Doubtleſs no, replied *Haſty*; but how different is *Lodmell*'s behaviour?" "Suffer me, Sir, ſaid I, to proceed:—Should the man, who hath done me this favour, proclaim it improperly, and let the world know, as far as he is able, that he hath *ſaved* me from *poverty* and *ruin*; (though this be far from the truth) ſhould he, thus inſinuate my eternal obligations to him, and moreover expect me to pay the moſt humble court to him: let reaſon anſwer, whether I ſhould not be juſtifiable in the ſight of God and man, if I conceived my debt amply diſcharged, and myſelf fully acquitted from all obligation." "Sir, ſaid Mrs. *Haſty*, I am ſorry to hear you plead in ſo bad a cauſe; I thought

thought *you* eſpecially would have never undertaken the defence of ſuch a wretch as *Lodmell*; nor have ſpoken againſt ſo amiable a virtue as *gratitude*."

"Madam, replied I, I have only to ſay, that with all mankind I agree in admiring and revering *gratitude:* nor would I have any connections with, or regard for the man, who is inſenſible to its charms, and injurious to his benefactor. Nay, I would ſubſcribe to Mr. *Dryden*'s fine lines on this ſubject:

Take away this *(gratitude:)*
Why then no bond is left on human kind;
Diſtruſts, debates, immortal ſtrifes enſue;
Children may murder parents, wives their huſbands,
All muſt be rapine, wars and deſolation,
When truſt and gratitude no longer bind.

But tho' I thus reverence gratitude, I cannot eaſily believe all thoſe *ungrateful*, whom their benefactors call ſo: Men are apt to conceive too high an opinion of the benefits they confer: they view them in too ſtrong a light; and expect more in return, than reaſon or juſtice will warrant. This is peculiarly the caſe with *little* minds; and moſt unhappy is that man, who is under the neceſſity of receiving favours from ſuch. A whole life of gratitude is not ſufficient to return their obligations; which, in the general, *inſolence* and *contempt* fully cancel. The great mind, as it finds the moſt ſatisfactory delight in obliging, is never hurt more, than when its kindneſſes are repeatedly mentioned; it enjoys greater pleaſure from the noble reflection on the good it does, than from the ſelfiſh pride of the return it receives. And he who

is ſo fortunate as to have favours conferred by men of ſuch minds, will never fail in *gratitude*; for he will never meet with *vanity* and *inſolence*; and *vanity* and *inſolence* are the bane of *gratitude*."

NUMBER LXV.

And one falſe ſtep entirely damns her fame.
ROWE.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

THOUGH the moſt exquiſite delights, and the higheſt gratifications ariſe from the fair ſex, it is too certain that we often treat their characters with diſreſpect, and cenſure them with a ſeverity, which our own conduct will by no means juſtify. Perhaps that peculiar delicacy, with which we conceive the female virtue is to be preſerved, and that unforgiving auſterity, with which we look upon their once blaſted reputation, may ariſe from a ſenſe of the ſuperior ſatisfactions they afford; from a confeſſion of the excellence and utility of their amiable and tender endearments. Conſcious how neceſſary their affectionate and pleaſing ſociety is to ſoften the rough journey of life; we are jealous of the minuteſt ſtain, which may leſſen them in our eſteem, and deprive us of the comforts flowing from their virtuous friendſhip.—This however is the beſt apology, whether true or falſe, that we can offer to the fair ſex, for condemning ſo groſly liberties in them which we ourſelves indulge ſo licentiouſly.

I do not mean, on any account, to plead for ſuch *liberties* on their ſide; virtue is the diſtinguiſhing

guiſhing excellence of a woman; and ſhe, who can live eaſy under the loſs of it, deſerves as little eſtimation as ſhe will find. But while we *think ourſelves* above cenſure, and perhaps *without blame*, in our conſtant purſuit of unlawful pleaſures, and in our continued gratification of ſenſual appetites, ſhall we either condemn to everlaſting infamy the *woman*, who (by what means I enquire not) hath unhappily made a falſe ſtep, and been ſubdued by that paſſion, whoſe ſtrength and univerſality ought much to alleviate its guilt (at leaſt in our judgment?) or ſhall we ſuppoſe that ſhe, who hath once been led into the path of evil, is ſo much, ſo totally corrupted, as to have no ſingle ray of virtue yet remaining in her mind, to enlighten her in her return, and to ſhew her the foulneſs of indulged vice?——It were to be wiſhed that the men who judge thus, would inform us, in what particulars they ſuppoſe the *female* mind to differ from their own; and upon what principles they conclude that the *women* have leſs ſenſibility, generoſity, reſolution and virtue than the men. For my part, I verily believe, if the matter were brought to the teſt, and examples on either ſide produced, it would perplex the moſt ſagacious lawyer to make an equitable deciſion.

I know, that the men are very fond of believing that the ſofter ſex are more prone to love;—ſhall I ſay, more *prompt*, than their own: the men of pleaſure, who converſe with the miſerable part of the ſex, may believe this; the men of virtue, who are happy in their acquaintance with women of a different ſort, will univerſally proclaim the contrary. And let me obſerve, that the *man of pleaſure* is no adequate judge; ſince the *proſtitute* for hire is compelled to an *affectation* of luſt, which poſſibly her

her heart at the ſame time abhors; a heart, which often is compelled to aſſume the greateſt gaiety when oppreſt with the deepeſt diſtreſs.—But ſuppoſing the paſſion equally ſtrong on both ſides, ſhall the man find no taint on his reputation, no prejudice in his connections, from an acknowledged and continual gratification of his deſires; and ſhall the woman (to enflame whoſe affections poſſibly all methods have been uſed) ſhall ſhe be the conſtant mark of unforgiving reproach; and never be allowed to recover her character by a ſeries of the moſt blameleſs conduct? ſurely we act here not only with great inconſiſtence, but with a cruelty ill becoming our mutual humanity.

However, the lovely part of the creation, whoſe cauſe we thus far have undertaken to plead, may and ought to learn one leſſon, and that of high importance, under the preſent circumſtances: Which is, "that ſince ſo fatal, and almoſt irremediable is the loſs of reputation, they can never be too careful of their conduct, or too delicate in their behaviour. They ſhould conſider, that with their virtue, they will loſe all things valuable; and therefore ſhould arm themſelves againſt the ſoftneſſes of nature, and the arts of ſeduction. While they remember, that not only the preſervation of virtue, but the appearance too, is always neceſſary. Many women, truly virtuous, loſe their reputation, by not attending ſufficiently to thoſe *appearances*, which their own innocence leads them to eſteem indifferent; but which the ſeverity of cenſure will conſtrue into criminal."

To ſhew us, that a woman is capable of the higheſt *virtue*, who hath unhappily wandered from the fair and happy path; as well as to teach us more lenity to the ſex, and to inſpire us with deſires to forward every ſcheme calculated to aid the

the *reformation* of the more wretched amongſt them; I ſhall conclude with an account of the behaviour of *Madam de la Valiere*, the firſt miſtreſs of *Lewis* the XIVth. "His connection (*Lewis*'s) ſays my hiſtorian, with Madam de la Valiere, always continued, notwithſtanding the frequent infidelities he was guilty of. Theſe infidelities coſt him but little trouble; and he always returned to her, who by her engaging converſation and ſweetneſs of temper, by an undiſſembled love, and even by the force of habit, had made herſelf miſtreſs of his heart, without the help of artifice. But in the year 1669, ſhe perceived that *Madam de Monteſpan* had gained the aſcendant; ſhe oppoſed her with her uſual ſoftneſs, and ſupported a long time, almoſt without complaint, the mortification of ſeeing her rival's triumph. She thought herſelf happy in her misfortune, as ſhe was ſtill treated with reſpect by the King, whom ſhe continued to love, and ſtill enjoyed his preſence, though ſhe was no longer beloved by him.

At length, in 1675, ſhe had recourſe to the laſt relief of tender minds, which are not ſubdued but by profound reflections. She thought that the *heart* which had been engaged by her lover, ought henceforth to be dedicated only to heaven. Her converſion was as eminent as her fondneſs: She turned Carmelite at Paris; and ſteadily continued to wear a hair-cloth, to walk barefoot, to faſt with great ſeverity, and to ſing whole nights in the choir; all which was borne without ſhrinking, by the delicacy of a woman (then in the pride of beauty) who had long lived in much ſplendor, luxury and pleaſure. In theſe auſterities ſhe continued from 1675, to 1710, under the name of ſiſter Louiſa de la Miſericorde.—A King who ſhould puniſh the moſt atrocious criminal in this manner, would

would be guilty of tyranny; yet *many* women have voluntarily ſentenced themſelves to this puniſhment for the crime of love. There are few inſtances of politicians, who have taken this rigorous courſe, and yet the crimes of ſtate ſeem to require greater expiations than the weakneſſes of love.—I will only add, that when ſhe was told of the death of the Duke de Vermandois, whom ſhe had by the King, ſhe ſaid, *I have reaſon to lament his birth, more than his death.*"

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient ſervant.

NUMBER LXVI.

Οιη περ φυλλων γενεη, τοιηδε και ανδρων.

Simonides.

WHEN I walk along my garden, and ſee the trees late ſo blooming and verdant, now diveſted of their honours, and naked of thoſe leaves which lie withering on the ground; it reminds me of the tranſitory ſtate of mortals, and the fleeting ſucceſſion of all things below. Nor can I help looking upon my fellow creatures, without melancholy concern; when full of theſe thoughts I exchange the ſweets of retirement for the buſy ſcenes of this populous city. Thronged with multitudes innumerable as the leaves upon a flouriſhing tree, not one of its preſent inhabitants ſhall in a few years remain; every individual muſt fall, as a leaf; when a new generation ſhall ſpring forth; occupy their places; be buſied for a while in the ſame manner; and

and then fade away, like their forefathers, and leave their places and poſſeſſions to others! important as we may think ourſelves, nothing in nature will witneſs our departure; every thing in life will proceed in its uſual channel. A little, very little time, will wipe us entirely from the tables of human memory: and the ſtreets, which we now crowd ſo buſily, will not be leſs thronged for our abſence.

What an important leſſon ſhould this reflection teach us; and how much ought it to diminiſh, in our eſteem, the tranſitory purſuits and poſſeſſions of this preſent world! But when we conſider further, that as ſoon as this paſſing moment of life is done, an immortality awaits us, when eternal good or evil muſt be the conſequence of our good or evil conduct in this life; how abſurd, as well as criminal, does it render the actions of thoſe who, with unwearied anxiety, labour to gratify their worldly or ſenſual paſſions! There is a beautiful paſſage in the *Pſalms*, which, under the fineſt image, ſets to view the folly of ſuch behaviour. "*I myſelf*, ſays the ſacred writer, *have ſeen the ungodly in great power, and flouriſhing like a green bay-tree. I went by—and lo! he was gone!—I ſought him, but his place could no where be found.* Nothing can be imagined more pictureſque, nervous and expreſſive: nor can any moral be drawn with greater beauty and propriety, than that in the following verſe—*Keep innocency, and take heed to the thing which is right; for that ſhall bring a man peace at the laſt.*

This alluſion of human honours, and human life, to trees,, leaves, &c. is familiar with our beſt poets; the ſpeech which *Shakeſpear* puts into the mouth of *Cardinal Wolſey*, on his fall, is particularly excellent;

This

This is the ſtate of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing honours, thick upon him;
The third day comes a froſt, a killing froſt—
And when he thinks, good eaſy man, full ſurely
His greatneſs is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls as I do!

But the moſt famous ſimile of this ſort, is that of *Homer*, in the ſpeech of *Glaucus*, Iliad, B. VI. v. 181, which I give my reader in Mr. Pope's tranſlation.

What, or from whence I am, or who my ſire,
(Reply'd the chief) can *Tydeus'* ſon enquire?
Like leaves on trees, the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground;
Another race the following ſpring ſupplies,
They fall ſucceſſive, and ſucceſſive riſe:
So generations in their courſe decay,
So flouriſh theſe, when thoſe are paſt away.

Upon which paſſage Mr. *Pope* obſerves, "That there is a noble gravity, in the beginning of this ſpeech of *Glaucus*, according to the true ſtile of antiquity, *few and evil are our days*. This beautiful thought of our author, whereby the race of men are compared to the leaves of trees, is celebrated by *Simonides*, in a fine fragment, extant in *Stobæus*. The ſame thought may be found in *Eccleſiaſticus* c. xiv. v. 18. almoſt in the ſame words, *As of the green leaves on a thick tree, ſome fall and ſome grow; ſo is the generation of fleſh and blood, one cometh to an end, and another is born.* —*Homer*, in this paſſage, has imitated an ancient

ent poet, *Muſæus*, the following fragment from whom *Clemens Alexandrinus* in the 6th book of his *Stromata* has preſerved.

Ως δ' αυτως και φυλλα φυει Ζειδωρος αρουρα,
Αλλα μεν εν μελιησιν αποφθινει, αλλα δε φυει,
Ως δε και ανθρωπω γενεη και φυλλον ελισσει.

Which is ſo ſimilar to Homer, that there is no need to tranſlate it.—

Though this compariſon be juſtly admired for its beauty in this obvious application to the mortality and ſucceſſion of human life; it ſeems, however, deſigned by the poet (in this place) as a proper emblem of the tranſitory ſtate, not of *men* but of *families*; which being by their misfortunes, or follies, fallen and decayed, do again, in a happier ſeaſon, revive and flouriſh in the fame and virtues of their poſterity. And in this view it hath an additional beauty.

Homer is ſo fond of this alluſion, that he applies it again in his 21ſt Book, v. 537; and indeed the thought is at once ſo natural and juſt, that one cannot wonder it ſhould recur to a moraliſing mind: and perhaps, on that account, we may conſider each of the paſſages produced, rather as *originals*, than *imitations*; ſince nothing is more common, than for the ſame thought (eſpecially if *juſt* and *natural*) to occur to different minds; and it ſeems not agreeable to *critical equity*, to give him, who hath the right of firſt poſſeſſion, the whole merit of every ſucceſſor. The laſt mentioned paſſage in Homer runs thus:

For what are men? Calamitous by birth,
They owe their life and nouriſhment to earth?

Like yearly leaves, that now, with beauty crown'd,
Smile on the ſun; now wither on the ground.

I will conclude this paper and theſe quotations, with a tranſlation of the fine fragment of *Simonides*, mentioned above, of which I have given a line for my motto, and which contains ſuch good inſtruction, as I would wiſh to leave on the mind of my readers.

Wiſe was the *Chian*, when he ſaid, to ſhew
The inſtability of men below;
"Ah! what a wond'rous likeneſs may we trace
Between the falling leaves, and mortal race!"
Yet, yet how few the ſolemn truth receive!
Vain in purſuit, and high in hope they live;
A thouſand fruitleſs ſchemes their thoughts engage,
Alike forgetful, or of death or age;
Toiling, while health and ſtrength their pow'rs ſupply,
With buſy, reſtleſs, fond anxiety!
Ah fools and vain! and will they not be wiſe?
Nor know, that youth's fair flower ſoon fades and dies;
And life's quick moment, like a ſhuttle flies!
But thou, my friend, a better leſſon learn,
And hence inſtructed, mind thy great concern;
To virtue's generous acts thy ſoul apply,
In good more active,—as ſo ſoon to die!

NUMBER

NUMBER LXVII.

Ladies ſupreme among amuſements reign,
By nature born to ſooth *and* entertain:
Their prudence *in a ſhare of folly lies;*
Why will they be ſo weak *as to be wiſe?*

YOUNG.

MISS *Selima Seeker*'s moſt reſpectful compliments to the *Viſitor*—ſhe has a great many apologies to make for her long ſilence; but has no manner of doubt, that a gentleman of Mr. *Candid*'s politeneſs will readily pardon her, when ſhe unfolds to him the immenſity of reaſons and cauſes, which have engroſſed her attention, and rendered it morally impoſſible and impracticable for her to think of the *Ledger*, the *Viſitor*, and indeed of any thing reſpecting the *city*.—One word in your ear, dea Sir, before I enter upon apologies, or any ſorr of buſineſs,—I am going to be *married!* Is not that of itſelf reaſon ſufficient for my total neglect of you? For what, do you think I took upon me the office of a public author in your paper?—for what do you think I attended the city-aſſembly——(pardon me, the *metropolitan ball*)—for what does your wiſdom ſuppoſe, good *Viſ.*—that I ſet up the *ſeeking* aſſembly, and took upon me the trouble of conducting the whole affair.—For what do you think I viſited *Tunbridge*, *Brightbelmſtone*, &c. &c. this laſt ſummer? Why, ſurely your ſagacity is not puzzled—Dear creature, I'll be frank with you; it was all for what I have—(I *hope* I have)—got pretty ſure,—thank the Gods and Goddeſſes, *Selima* hath not ſought in vain!

Well, but what a prodigious variety of events have happened, ſince I wrote to you laſt!—His *Majeſty!* why, to be ſure, he was an excellent King! poor man! I am moſt *immoderately concerned* for his death! and I am ſo *exceſſively glad*, that we have ſuch a ſweet *young* King.—Do you know, that I had the honour of a kiſs from his charming lips, there, that Sunday! I was at court, you muſt know: and he kiſſed us all: For my part, I thought, I could have very well diſpenſed with all his kiſſes myſelf.—But what of that, Mr. *Viſitor*,—I think, I remember, my favourite *Voltaire* ſomewhere ſays, that there was not a Lady in France, that *could* or *would* have reſiſted *Lewis the Fourteenth*. I have been reading his "Age of *Lewis the Fourteenth*," you muſt know, this ſummer: What a heavenly creature that *Lewis* was in his younger days! well, I profeſs, that I am an immenſe advocate for a French Court.——I love *French* things profoundly! There is ſuch an amazing politeneſs! Your Engliſh are nothing to them; the *Iriſh gentlemen*, to be ſure come the neareſt to them—But what of that? You would not conclude, I hope, from thence, that I am going to marry a gentleman of *Ireland?* But ſuppoſe I was;—pray, where is the difference? Have you not heard that gallant ſong which the dear *royal volunteers*, who are gone on this great expedition—Oh, my heart is with them! they are ſome of the fineſt gentlemen in the univerſal ſyſtem of nature:—Every body ſays ſo—But their ſong, "Scotch, Engliſh, Welch, Iriſh, are one, *are one*, &c." That's the chorus; how my heart beat, when I heard ſome of them ſing it!—and amongſt the reſt my dear Sir, the handſomeſt, fineſt man in the world—Lady C——, who is dead and gone—Poor ſoul, how happy

happy would it have been, if ſhe had but lived a *year* or two longer—Why, ſhe ſaid, that he was as handſome for a man, as ſhe for a woman; and, beſides, he's a man of ſpirit, the very firſt that went upon the French coaſt,——when Sir John M—— *would* not, or *could* not go—I don't know which; I don't underſtand politics—Lord bleſs me, Mr. *Viſitor*, but I muſt put in a word about them,——why, my dear papa talks and thinks of nothing elſe: politics for breakfaſt, politics for dinner, politics at tea, politics for ſupper——politics in the city, politics in the country, politics aſleep, politics awake;—nothing but politics;—and there's a book that I have been obliged to read to him; all the world reads it; I heartily wiſh the author had been better employed. It has coſt me no ſmall trouble with him and his *German war*.—What has the King of Pruſſia (a man that I would go a thouſand miles to ſee) what has he done to this *conſiderate* gentleman, that he muſt pick ſo many holes in his coat? What care I, whether he's a *Papiſt* or *Proteſtant*, a *Deiſt* or an *Atheiſt*; whether he builds churches for Roman Catholics or Calviniſts; who is ſo narrow-ſpirited as to care for that political ſtalking-horſe, *religion?* He's a great man to be ſure, and we do well to give him all the money we can; what's a *million of money* to Engliſhmen? and what does the man talk of his doing us good—why, to be ſure, he *never can* do us good: But he's too ſweet natured a man ever to do any *woman* amongſt us any hurt. Fie upon this writer! fie upon him! I am quite aſhamed of the poor creature.

But—"angels and miniſters of grace defend us"—whither am I running! well, to be ſure, I have ſuch a pen! I never write leſs than two ſheets, full on all ſides, to any of my common

acquaintance; and I aſſure you I have near four and twenty ſheets written at different times, reſpecting myſelf, and the tranſactions of this laſt ſummer, which I propoſe to ſend you, and you may ſend it, if you will, to your friend Mr. *Manyſheets*, and make a book of it——I'll anſwer for it, it will ſell;——But that's not the point ——I'll tell you then. As to the *Seeking-aſſembly*, you may remember, I ſent you word, that they choſe me Queen; I ſent you a copy of my ſpeech; much admired it was; every thing went on very well; *Seekers* in abundance offered; their various wants were regiſtered,——and there was an appearance of amazing good conſequences from this inſtitution of ours: — It does not require the penetration of a Lord Chancellor or a Miniſter of ſtate to find out, what was moſt generally enquired after by the ladies of our aſſembly—To be open, *Huſbands* were the principal want; proper huſbands, men of taſte and ſpirit—I hate your hum-drum, ſee-ſaw, ſtay-at-home, prudence-faced things? give me a man of gallantry; never entertain a thought, Mr. Viſitor—but my admirer is ſuch a one. There was a wrinkled old maid, who had paſſed her grand climacteric, and was very ſick for a huſband: ſhe entered—ſhe *would* enter herſelf amongſt us—and ſhe ſpoiled all—but I can't ſtay at preſent to tell you all about that; I will write in a few days again;——I muſt haſten to more important matters.

My papa would needs go to *Tunbridge*; I could not object; I had my fore-bodings; ſome dreams eſpecially of a very promiſing nature; and thither accordingly we went! I had not been there long, before the particular attention of the moſt agreeable man by a thouſand, thouſand times, was conferred upon me,—Oh, if I was tell you all—

but

but bleſs me, I hear his chariot at the door! ſo adieu, dear Viſitor: I am in an aſtoniſhing flurry —You ſhall hear more indeed very ſoon:——after our *ball* depend upon it: don't you know, that to-morrow is our firſt *ball*, at the *merchants-aſſembly!* we ſhall have exceeding good company. I'll tell you as a ſecret, *twenty*, *thirty*, *forty* guineas have been offered for an annual ticket! but in vain!—what a great character our aſſembly has. —By the way, *papa* has juſt given a *hundred* guineas for a room for us to ſee the *coronation.*—— You ſhall hear of it be aſſured! But it is a monſtrous thing, this mourning; it chagrines one to death! poſitively I hate theſe miſerable ſables! If it was not for a little white crape and *Italian* gauze, one ſhould be quite out of one's ſenſes! I love every thing *Italian!* Have not you a vaſt idea of that people? I ſing nothing but *Italian.* That charming ſong, *Voi Amante*, how I die with rapture when I hear it! Exquiſite, delightful *Giardini*,——what a raviſhing voice, what a creature that is! I would give the world to underſtand the language, it is ſo ſoft and expreſſive: It is ſaid to be the only fit language for love.—— Well, but ſtill I ramble: You muſt know, we ſhall be extremely crowded.—But have you heard of the affair at the other end of the town?——At C———e Houſe? You ſee, the great folks there have followed our example. But ſure never was ſuch an aſſembly! Stars and Garters, Dukes and Ducheſſes innumerable. I ſhall inevitably die, if I think of it: human nature can't ſupport it.—— And beſides, Mr. *Macnamara* calls loudly for me. —Reſt aſſured that you ſhall hear ſoon again, if I don't take a little trip to Scotland; which, *entre nous*, I ſhould like immenſely. Adieu.

Wedneſday Evening, S. S.

NUMBER

NUMBER LXVIII.

God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee, but to perſevere
He left it in thy pow'r; ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate
Inextricable, or ſtrict neceſſity;
Our voluntary ſervice He requires,
Not our neceſſitated: ſuch with Him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find: for how
Can hearts, not free, be try'd, whether they ſerve
Willing or no; who will but what they muſt
By deſtiny, and can no other chooſe?

Parad. Loſt. B. V.

SIR,

OF all the extravagant opinions which have been invented and propagated amongſt mankind, there is perhaps ſcarce any one of a more pernicious nature than that which would reduce them to the condition of mere machines, by denying them to be inveſted with a power of ſelf-determination. A notion at firſt, ſet on foot by ſome philoſophers under the name of *fate*; which, tho' ſufficiently and often exploded, has been revived again with little other alteration than that of a name, by the *Predeſtinarians*, of former and latter times.

The ſubſtance of what theſe latter affirm is, "that in conſequence of the fall of our firſt parents, all mankind are entirely diveſted of *all power* to do any action, properly good; and have no other liberty but to *will evil* only (as they phraſe it) and that in this condition they

muſt

muſt inevitably remain, a few choſen ones only excepted; who, by virtue of an *irreſiſtible* impulſe of God's holy ſpirit, are ſo acted upon, as to make them walk in the ways of righteouſneſs." An opinion utterly deſtructive of all religion and virtue; which puts mankind not on a level only, but even ſinks them far below the beaſts that periſh: it being evident, that if this account be true, they are of all creatures in this lower world, by far the moſt miſerable.

Could it have been poſſible to have reaſoned *à priori*, one ſhould doubtleſs have pronounced, that whatever ſtrange opinions might happen to take place amongſt the human ſpecies concerning other articles, they would always have entertained proper ſentiments with regard to human liberty; as perhaps there is no inſtance in which the conduct of mankind appears ſo manifeſtly abſurd and inconſiſtent, as in reſpect to this particular. For to hear perſons diſcourſing very gravely concerning virtue and vice, religion and piety, rewards and puniſhments; to obſerve them perpetually cenſuring and condemning each other; declaring, this perſon deſerves this thing, another that; and, in almoſt the ſame breath, declaiming againſt *freedom of will*;—what is inconſiſtency and ſelf-contradiction if this be not?—It is evident that 'tis *freedom of will*, and that only, which can make any one an accountable Being, and render him capable of theſe things; and without this, virtue and vice, religion and piety, rewards and puniſhments are mere ſounds; downright chimeras which neither have, nor can have any exiſtence but in a diſtempered imagination only.

But the miſtakes of theſe perſons can never alter the nature of things; and whatever they may may affirm, there is no truth more inconteſtibly certain,

certain, than that the human ſpecies are endowed with a power of ſelf-determination. I enter not here on the queſtion, whether this power (where religion is concerned) is derived from *nature* or *grace*; that belongs to another ſubject; but only deſign to ſhew, that ſuch a power they really have, which may be proved by a variety of arguments.

The nature of man in the firſt place, as a reaſonable creature, proves this: the idea of *rationality* neceſſarily inferring that of *liberty*: there being no reaſon aſſignable why he ſhould be endowed with the knowledge of moral good and evil, unleſs it be that he might practice the one and avoid the other.

Secondly, The ſame thing is farther evident, from that ſelf-approving and ſelf-condemning power in man, called *conſcience*; which it is certain can anſwer no end at all, if he is not endowed with freedom of will, unleſs that of a deceiver and tormentor: for why am I approved and commended, why am I accuſed and diſquieted in vain, for that which I can no more prevent, if I have no liberty, than I can the circulation of my blood and the pulſation of my heart? it is manifeſt there can be no ground for ſelf-approbation or ſelf-accuſation, where there is no voluntary action: formal well or evil doing in ſuch a caſe being utterly impoſſible.

A farther proof of this particular, ariſes from the conſideration of the human ſpecies, as ſubjects of religion; which it is on all hands allowed they are; now it muſt be obvious, that unleſs man is a moral agent, religion with him can never have any, even the leaſt exiſtence. For what is religion, but *voluntary* homage and obedience to the great Creator; take away liberty, and the religion

religion of mankind and that of the brute creation, nay and even of clocks and watches, muſt ſtand entirely on the ſame foot.

But among various arguments which may be brought in ſupport of this truth, there is none more convincing than that which may be drawn from certain matter of fact; namely, the conſciouſneſs which every individual poſſeſſes of a power of ſelf-determination in his own breaſt: for that there is ſuch a conſciouſneſs, is evident from hence, that all mankind, of their own accord, ſuppoſe not only their own, but the actions of others alſo, to be the voluntary productions of their own minds; hence both themſelves and others become almoſt continually the ſubjects either of commendation or cenſure: a thing utterly unaccountable on any other ſuppoſition, than that of a conſciouſneſs of liberty. For however they might be ſuppoſed, from a principle of pride, to claim the honour of doing good actions to their own perſons, yet that can never be the caſe with reſpect to others; whom nevertheleſs we find them no leſs ready to commend on certain occaſions than themſelves; and with regard to thoſe actions, which are evil, though they might either from the forementioned principle or reſentment only, aſcribe them to other perſons; it is manifeſt that this cannot be the motive on which they place them to their own accounts: and that they do thus place them, is evident, ſince it is for that reaſon, and that only, that they are often very uneaſy; and ſometimes to ſuch a degree, as to be an inſupportable burden even to themſelves.

Thus a conſciouſneſs of liberty is manifeſt: and certainly an infinitely wiſe and good being would never endow any creature with an actual conſciouſneſs of a power, which he really has not;

not; indeed the thing is impoſſible in itſelf; an actual perception neceſſarily implying the real exiſtence of the thing perceived.

Thus from theſe conſiderations alone it is ſufficiently apparent, that the human ſpecies are really inveſted with a power of ſelf-determination capable of chuſing moral good, and refuſing evil. But for the farther eſtabliſhment of this important truth, I will beg leave to engage ſome future paper, when I will produce the authority of holy ſcripture, together with that of the ancient fathers of the Chriſtian church: a few paſſages from each of which, together with ſome obſervations, will, I hope, be ſufficient to eſtabliſh this fundamental tenet.

I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

T.

The BEE, the ANT, and the SPARROW.

A FABLE.

Addreſs'd to Miſs *Phœbe* and *Kitty C——n*, at Boarding-ſchool.

MY dears, 'tis ſaid, in days of old,
That beaſts could talk, and birds could ſcold.
But now it ſeems the human race
Alone engroſs the ſpeaker's place.
Yet lately, if report be true,
(And much the tale relates to you)
There met a Sparrow, Ant, and Bee,
Which reaſon'd and convers'd as we.

Who

Who reads my page will doubtleſs grant,
That *Phe*'s the wiſe induſtrious Ant.
And all with half an eye may ſee,
That *Kitty* is the buſy Bee.
Here then are two—but where's the third?
Go, ſearch your School, you'll find the bird.
Your ſchool! I aſk your pardon, fair,
I'm ſure you'll find no Sparrow there.
Now to my tale—One Summer's morn
A Bee rang'd o'er the verdant lawn;
Studious to huſband every hour,
And make the moſt of every flow'r.
Nimble from ſtalk to ſtalk ſhe flies,
And loads with yellow wax her thighs:
With which the artiſt builds her comb,
And keeps all tight and warm at home.
Or from the cowſlip's golden bells
Sucks honey to enrich her cells;
Or every tempting roſe purſues,
Or ſips the lilly's fragrant dews;
Yet never robs the ſhining bloom,
Or of its beauty or perfume.
Thus ſhe diſcharg'd in every way
The various duties of the day.
It chanc'd a frugal Ant was near,
Whoſe brow was wrinkled o'er by care.
A great œconomiſt was ſhe,
Nor leſs laborious than the Bee;
By penſive parents often taught
What ills ariſe from want of thought:
That poverty on ſloth depends;
On poverty the loſs of friends.
Hence every day the Ant is found
With anxious ſteps to tread the ground;
With curious ſearch to trace the grain,
And drag the cumb'rous load with pain.

The active Bee with pleaſure ſaw
The Ant fulfil her parents law:
Ah! Siſter labourer, ſays ſhe,
How very fortunate are we!
Who, taught in infancy to know
The comforts which from labour flow,
Are independent of the great,
Nor know the wants of pride and ſtate.
Why is our food ſo very ſweet?
Becauſe we earn before we eat.
Why are our wants ſo very few?
Becauſe we nature's calls purſue.
Whence our complacency of mind?
Becauſe we act our parts aſſign'd.
Have we inceſſant taſks to do?
Is not all nature buſy too!
Doth not the ſun with conſtant pace,
Perſiſt to run his annual race?
Do not the ſtars which ſhine ſo bright,
Renew their courſes every night?
Doth not the ox obedient bow
His patient neck, and draw the plough?
Or when did e'er the generous ſteed
With-hold his labour or his ſpeed?
If you all nature's ſyſtem ſcan,
The only idle thing is MAN!
A wanton Sparrow long'd to hear
Their ſage diſcourſe, and ſtrait drew near.
The bird was talkative and loud,
And very pert and very proud.
As worthleſs and as vain a thing
Perhaps, as ever wore a wing.
She found, as on a ſpray ſhe ſat,
The little friends were deep in chat;
That virtue was their favourite theme,
And toil and probity their ſcheme:

Such

Such talk was hateful to her breaſt,
She thought them errant prudes at beſt.
When, to diſplay her haughty mind,
Hunger with cruelty combin'd;
She view'd the Ant with cruel eyes,
And hopt and hopt to ſnatch her prize.
The Bee who watch'd her opening bill,
And gueſs'd her fell deſign to kill;
Aſk'd her from what her anger roſe,
And why ſhe treated Ants as foes?
The Sparrow her reply began,
And thus the converſation ran.

Whenever I'm diſpos'd to dine,
I think the whole creation mine:
That I'm a bird of high degree,
And every inſect made for me.
Hence oft I ſearch the Emmet brood,
For Emmets are delicious food;
And oft in wantonneſs and play,
I ſlay ten thouſand in a day.
For truth it is, without diſguiſe,
That I love miſchief as my eyes.

Oh! fie, the honeſt Bee reply'd,
I fear you make baſe Man your guide;
Of every creature ſure the worſt,
Tho' in creation's ſcale the firſt!
Ungrateful man! 'tis ſtrange he thrives,
Who burns the Bees to rob their hives!
I hate his vile adminiſtration,
And ſo do all the Emmet nation.
What fatal foes to birds are men,
Quite to the Eagle from the Wren!
Oh! do not men's example take,
Who miſchief do for miſchief's ſake;
But ſpare the Ant—Her worth demands
Eſteem and friendſhip at your hands.

A mind with every virtue bleſt
Muſt raiſe compaſſion in your breaſt.
Virtue! rejoin'd the ſneering bird,
Where did you learn that gothic word?
Since I was hatch'd I never heard
That virtue was at all rever'd.
But ſay it was the ancients' claim,
Yet moderns diſavow the name.
Unleſs, my dear, you read romances,
I cannot reconcile your fancies.
Virtue in fairy tales is ſeen
To play the goddeſs or the queen.
But what's a queen without the pow'r,
Or beauty, child, without a dow'r?
Yet this is all that virtue brags;
At beſt 'tis only worth in rags;
Such whims my very heart derides;
Indeed you make me burſt my ſides.
Truſt me, Miſs Bee, to ſpeak the truth,
I've copied men from earlieſt youth,
The ſame our taſte, the ſame our ſchool,
Paſſion and appetite our rule.
And call me bird, or call me ſinner,
I'll ne'er forgo my ſport or dinner.
A prowling Cat the miſcreant ſpies,
And wide expands her amber eyes.
Near and more near Grimalkin draws,
She wags her tail, protends her paws:
Then ſpringing on her thoughtleſs prey,
She bore the vicious bird away.
Thus, in her cruelty and pride,
The wicked wanton Sparrow dy'd.

N.

NUMBER

NUMBER LXIX.

——Ingrate, he had of me
All he could have; I made him juſt and right,
Sufficient to have ſtood, tho' free to fall:
Such I created all th' ethereal powers,
And ſpirits, both them who ſtood, and them who fail'd;
Freely they ſtood who ſtood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n ſincere
Of true allegiance, conſtant faith and love,
Where only what they needs muſt do appear'd,
Not what they would? What praiſe could they receive?
What pleaſure I from ſuch obedience paid,
When will and reaſon (reaſon alſo is choice)
Uſeleſs and vain, of freedom both deſpoil'd,
Made paſſive both, had ſerv'd neceſſity,
Not me? —— —— ——

MILTON.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

AMONG the various particulars contained in the volume of divine revelation, there is nothing more evidently taught, than that the human ſpecies are inveſted with a capacity of doing or abſtaining from thoſe things on which their final happineſs or miſery depends. The whole book proceeds entirely on the ſuppoſition of ſuch a power, and were all the ſeveral paſſages, which prove the moral agency of mankind to be tranſcribed, they would fill a large treatiſe. The following few will ſuffice for our preſent purpoſe.

Geneſis iv. 7. "If thou doſt well, ſhalt thou not be accepted." Surely if there is any certainty in language, it is evident from theſe words, that Cain had it in his power to do thoſe things which were required by his Creator, as the conditions of his eternal happineſs.

Geneſis vi. 3. "My ſpirit ſhall not always ſtrive with man." *Acts* vii. 51. "Ye do always reſiſt the Holy Ghoſt."

The particulars taught by theſe paſſages are, that the holy ſpirit does ſtrive with mankind to induce them to do thoſe things, which are neceſſary to their eternal well being; but that his operations were not irreſiſtible, and with ſome were actually reſiſted: and what can prove that mankind are capable of chuſing good, and refuſing evil, if this does not? Surely it is impoſſible for the Bleſſed Spirit ever to excite men to do thoſe things, which he knows they are utterly incapable of performing; and to complain of, and reproach them for non-compliance with his ſolicitations, when he knew it was not poſſible for them ever to act in any other manner, than that in which they did act.

Deuteronomy xxx. 19. "I call heaven and earth to record againſt you this day, that I have ſet before you life and death——therefore chuſe life, &c."

This ſcripture does moſt clearly and certainly teach, that mankind are endowed with a power of chuſing good and refuſing evil, and cannot poſſibly be true in any reſpect on the contrary ſuppoſition; for if the one part of men are ſo acted upon, as to be under an invincible neceſſity of doing thoſe things which are requiſite to their eternal happineſs, it cannot, with the leaſt degree of truth, be affirmed, that death has ever been

been ſet before any of them: and if the reſt are under an utter incapacity of avoiding thoſe things which will infallibly procure their everlaſting condemnation, it is impoſſible to ſay that life has ever been ſet before ſo much as one of them: ſo that on this hypotheſis, the whole paſſage is entirely falſe in all its parts; death and life having never been ſet before any perſon ſince Adam's fall.

Iſaiah v. 3, &c. "What could have been done more—that I have not done for my vineyard.—Wherefore, when I looked that it ſhould bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?" *Luke* xii. 6, &c. "A certain man had a fig tree—and he came and ſought fruit thereon and found none—then ſaid he—cut it down, &c."

What can be more ſtrange than the language of theſe texts, if it was entirely out of the power of the perſons concerned, to prevent that behaviour, which was the cauſe of theſe complaints? Ought not the queſtions on ſuch a ſuppoſition to be directly inverted? For what could have been done *leſs* for them, than abſolutely nothing at all? How could any other than wild grapes be expected, if the nature of the vine was ſuch, as to produce them only, and no other? With what reaſon could expectations be formed, of gathering figs from a tree, which was known to have periſhed ſo ſoon as it was planted? It is evident therefore from theſe paſſages, that mankind are ſtill endowed with power to do thoſe things which are expected from them by their Creator.

Ezex. xviii. 30. xxxvi. 11. "Repent and turn yourſelves from all your tranſgreſſions; as I live, ſaith the Lord, I have no pleaſure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live; turn ye, turn ye from

your

your evil ways, for why will ye die, O houſe of Iſrael?"

Can any thing more clearly and inconteſtibly prove the liberty of the human will than theſe texts of ſcripture, in which Almighty God declares, even upon oath, that he would have every one turn from the evil of their doings, that they may eſcape the puniſhment which otherwiſe would be the certain conſequence thereof: but what is there in all this more than a cruel inſult on mankind, if they are as utterly uncapable of doing the thing required, as of transforming themſelves into another ſpecies of creatures? As to the wretched evaſions ſo often made uſe of on other occaſions, of a power given them in Adam to do what was commanded, it is obvious that it can have no place here, the thing required being of a different nature from any duty expected from him antecedently to the fall. For repentance could not have been enjoined them, neither was any power given to perform it; that was an after requirement, and implies a new and different covenant, which of conſequence infers a power of performing the conditions; and accordingly mankind are here called upon by God himſelf ſo to do: which if it does not prove that they are really inveſted with the power contended for, nothing can.

Luke xix. 41, 42. "When he was come near he beheld the city, and wept over it, ſaying, O that thou hadſt known the things which belong to thy peace."—*Matth.* xxiii. 37. "O Jeruſalem thou that killeſt the prophets—how often would I have gathered thy children—and ye would not."

It is evident from theſe words, that thoſe to whom they were addreſſed, were inveſted with ſufficient power to ſecure their own eternal well being;

ing; for otherwiſe, what propriety can there be in this pathetic upbraiding? and muſt it not be added, what ſincerity in this appearing tender concern? certainly no one can ever be a proper ſubject of blame and complaint, that was always under an inevitable neceſſity of acting juſt in the ſame manner that he does, and could not poſſibly act in any other. Therefore, to charge ſuch a one with having refuſed offers of ſalvation, and to pretend to weep over him on that account, would be hypocritical to the laſt degree; as offers on impoſſible conditions, are no offers at all. So that if there is any certainty in language, theſe paſſages again inconteſtibly prove, that mankind are capable of doing thoſe things which are required of them by their Creator, in order to their eternal felicity.

From theſe few foregoing texts, it is ſufficiently manifeſt what the Scripture doctrine is concerning the freedom of the human will: it remains only to ſhew, that the ſentiments of the firſt ancient writers of the Chriſtian Church were entirely agreeable to thoſe maintained above. That they were unanimouſly ſo till the time of St. *Auſtin* is notorious.

Juſtin Martyr.—"Though in our creation we had no choice, yet in our regeneration we have; for God perſuades only, and draws us gently by *co-operating* with our *rational* powers."—"If all things are determined by fate, then farewel freedom of will;—unleſs man has it in his power to chuſe the good, and refuſe the evil, no one can be accountable for any actions whatſoever."

Clement Alexandrinus.—"Neither praiſes or reprehenſions, rewards or puniſhments could be juſt, if the ſoul had not the power of chuſing and refuſing."

Tertullian.

Tertullian.—" An entire liberty of the will is granted to man on every ſide, that he may always appear to be maſter of himſelf, by doing of his own accord that which is good, and avoiding of his own accord that which is evil.——Man who is in other reſpects ſubject to the determination of God, ought to do that which is juſt, out of the good pleaſure of his own free will."

Origen.—" You deſtroy the nature of virtue, if you take away liberty——how could God require of man, that which he hath not in his power to offer him?——a man cannot be made guilty by that which happeneth not by his own will."

Methodius.—" To do evil, or not to do it, depends on our own will, otherwiſe we ſhould not receive puniſhment for our evil actions or reward for our good ones."

Macarius.—" A law is given to him who hath a free will; but no law is given to a nature bound or fixed to one; you take away liberty, by ſaying man is of a nature bound to one."

Jerome.—" What God commands muſt be poſſible to be obſerved: Where a poſſibility of action is taken away, there is no ſin: for no man is condemned for that which he could not do."

Theodoret.—" How can he be juſt who puniſheth a nature not able to do good? The Counſel of *Arles*, pronounceth an Anathema on thoſe who ſay that he that periſheth hath not received means whereby he might be ſaved."

Theſe are a few out of the many teſtimonies which might be produced. Thus from *reaſon*, *ſcripture*, and *antiquity*, it evidently appears, that mankind are inveſted with ſufficient power to do thoſe things which are required of them by their Creator, as the conditions of their eternal happineſs.

It

It is to be hoped, that the paſſages, which I have prefixed to theſe papers, from our inimitable *poet*, will alſo have ſome weight, eſpecially with *thoſe* who claim him as a friend to their ſentiments in religion.

I am, Sir,

Your conſtant Reader,

And occaſional Correſpondent,

T.

NUMBER LXX.

Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas;
Magnus ab integro ſæclorum naſcitur ordo.

VIRGIL.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

AS the end, for which the bleſſed Redeemer came into the world, gives us the moſt pleaſing idea of the divine Philanthropy: ſo a review of thoſe preparatory diſpenſations, and of that chain of prophecies, which, for ſo many ages, awakened the expectations of mankind to his coming, ſerves abundantly to ſhew the importance of his errand, and the greatneſs of that event, which, at this ſeaſon, we commemorate. The *Meſſiah*, promiſed to our firſt parents, and ſtipulated anew to the faithful patriarchs, for many hundred years, with-held his perſonal appearance in the fleſh; but at length, in the *fulneſs*

neſs of time (as the ſacred writer expreſſes it) aſſumed human nature, and completed the promiſes.

The works of God are all wrought in ſuch conſummate wiſdom, that we may be certain this *greateſt* of all his works was finiſhed in every part, with the moſt perfect deſign: and therefore may well conclude, that the *time*, when our Saviour appeared in the world, was of all others moſt proper, and, in all reſpects, moſt fitting. It is true, the ſacred writers do not ſay much on this head: but we may collect enough to ſatisfy us of the propriety of the time of our Saviour's appearance, and to ſhew, that he was manifeſted, when the world moſt needed, and, in many particulars, was beſt prepared to receive him.

For there was, in the firſt place, a general and prevailing expectation of him, not only among the *Jews*, and in the *eaſtern* parts of the world, but alſo in the *weſt*: where an opinion ſtrongly propagated itſelf, that ſome great perſonage was to ariſe, and to aſſume the reins of univerſal dominion. The teſtimonies of *Suetonius* and *Tacitus*, are ſo well known, that I ſhall not produce them; and that celebrated eclogue of *Virgil*'s, whence I have taken the motto to this paper, is an inconteſtible proof of the prevalence of ſuch an opinion.—And as thus, many were waiting in *Iſrael* for the conſolation of God, for the appearance of the *Meſſiah*; this not only rendered his appearance more acceptable, but afforded an evidence to his divine miſſion. For we may aſk, how came ſuch an expectation univerſally to prevail, at and about that time? It muſt have had ſome foundation. The writings of the prophets afford the Chriſtian a ſufficient anſwer. But ſeparate from them, no ſufficient anſwer can be given.

But

But further, the ſtate of the world, in many reſpects was well adapted to this great event. The Roman arms had at this time almoſt over-run the world: or at leaſt had brought under their rule, all the conſiderable parts of it. United thus under one head, nation eaſily communicated with nation: and commerce and intelligence, before impracticable, now became eaſy. Beſides, fatigued with wars, and ſatiated with blood, the temple of *Janus* at length was cloſed, and the ambition of Rome conſented that the world ſhould have *peace*. Under theſe favourable circumſtances the Prince of Peace, and the univerſal Lord was born; and theſe circumſtances rendered the propogation of his faith much more eaſy and expeditious, than it could poſſibly have been, had kingdom been divided againſt kingdom, and had wars prevented a friendly intercourſe: Indeed we find, that, under theſe advantages, the goſpel ſpread with amazing rapidity, inſomuch, that about thirty years after our Saviour's aſcenſion, St. Paul could aſſert, that it had been *preached to every creature under heaven*, that is, it had been preached in all the known world.—How little did the *Romans* ſuppoſe, that while they were anxious to fix their *eagles* in every region of the earth, they were only *inſtruments* in the hands of the All-wiſe; and victorious, only to prepare the way for the knowledge of his eternal Son!

If we conſider the *moral* ſtate of the world, we ſhall ſee again the propriety of the time of our Saviour's appearance, and be convinced that it was never more neceſſary. "The alliance between *morals* and *government*, ſays an able writer, was *now* broken: and an influence hitherto ſo friendly to virtue, became altogether malignant, and was exerted, with moſt fatal ſucceſs, to poiſon and de-

baſe the human mind. Together with *deſpotic* power, entered all thoſe odious vices, which are uſually found in its train; and in a ſhort time, they grew to an incredible pitch. The colours are not too ſtrong which the Apoſtle employs in drawing the character of that age: Cotemporary hiſtorians juſtify him, when he deſcribes it to be *alienated from the life of God, walking in vanity through blindneſs of mind; to be paſt feeling, given up to laſciviouſneſs, and to work all uncleanneſs with greedineſs.* In this time of univerſal corruption did the wiſdom of God manifeſt the Chriſtian revelation to the world; not to re-eſtabliſh virtue upon the ſame inſecure foundation of *civil government*; but to erect it upon the eternal and immoveable baſis of a religion, which teacheth righteouſneſs by the authority of God. What the wiſdom of men could do for the encouragement of virtue in a corrupt world had been tried, during ſeveral ages; and all human devices were found by experience to be of very ſmall avail; ſo that no juncture could be more proper for publiſhing a religion, which, independant on human laws and inſtitutions, explains the principles of morals with admirable perſpicuity, and enforces the practice of them by moſt perſuaſive arguments. Had not Chriſtianity appeared to check and mitigate the pernicious effects of deſpotic unlimited empire, it is hard to ſay how far they might have gone, towards extinguiſhing the name and exerciſe of virtue amongſt men. This we know, that in a moſt diſſolute age, and under the worſt government, the primitive Chriſtians attained, in every virtue, to an eminence of which there is no example, in the hiſtory of mankind. The ſpirit of their religion, ſuperior to the corrupt genius of the age, continued pure and vigorous; and men ſaw with admiration, that when

every

every other foundation of virtue was overthrown, the foundation of God ſtill *ſtood ſure* and immoveable."

Now, if further we take a view of the *religious* ſtate of the world at our Saviour's appearance, it will ſerve to convince us yet more of the wiſdom of God, and of the neceſſity of Chriſt's coming to give light to the darkneſs of deluded mankind. But you muſt indulge me with future admiſſion into your uſeful paper for this purpoſe, when I will conclude my ſubject. I am at all times,

Sir,

Your ſincere friend,

M.

NUMBER LXXI.

We take no note of time
But from its loſs. To give it then a tongue
Is wiſe in man. YOUNG.

AS time glides on in ſo imperceptible a manner, in order the better to diſtinguiſh the ſeveral periods of life, it hath been divided into ſmaller or larger portions; and as the memory of *particular* facts would, perhaps, ſpeedily be obliterated by a general notice, *particular* days and times have therefore been appointed, upon which to commemorate peculiar and important incidents. Again the *day* has cloſed upon us, which admits us into a new year, and which ſhould lead our reflections to a ſerious review of the paſt, and to wiſe reſolutions with reſpect to the future time. Our friends are continually reminding us, and we mutually are reminding our friends of this perpe-

tual viciſſitude of human things, by wiſhes and gratulations of happineſs for the coming year: and if we duly eſtimate human life, of what vaſt importance is this addition to our ſpan! of what infinite utility might be the inſtructions, which theſe friendly congratulations ſuggeſt! The year is paſt—the days, the weeks, the months are flown; gone, for ever, and irrevocably gone; and with them all opportunity to alter or undo, whatever in this period, we have done! If our actions have been virtuous and amiable; if humanity and benevolence have conducted our ſteps; if juſtice and honeſty have directed our dealings; if religion and truth have influenced our behaviour: what a joy ſhall we find in the retroſpect; we ſhall have no cauſe to regret that we are now another year nearer to eternity!—If, on the other hand, blackneſs and darkneſs involve our proceedings; if guilt and ſhame, if vice and folly only mark the former days—alas, how ſad, how unpleaſing the review! For what have we lived? Nay, rather let us aſk, for what *do* we live? And upon this enquiry we may well rejoice in the gracious permiſſion of providence, to ſee another year before us; in which we may redeem the paſt, in which we may treaſure up a happy ſtore for our future comfort and review; if perhaps we may be allowed to ſee another year ſucceeding.

But, as rational creatures, ſhould we not ſeriouſly put it to our hearts—"Can I promiſe myſelf another year? can I inſure my life for the next twelve returning months? can I certainly ſay, that my exiſtence ſhall be prolonged during the next annual circuit of the ſun?" alas! we want little information on this head. And certainly ſhould want as little inſtruction, if, amidſt the

the clamorous importunity of the paſſions, or the noiſy tumult of the world, we would liſten to the ſtill voice of reaſon; would conſider, deter-termine, and be wiſe. For ſurely the ſingle view of the paſt would teach us the importance of the coming hours. With the paſt all our pleaſures are dead; of our guilty ones, the dire remembrance only ſurvives: A faint memory alone, dark and doubtful traces, of our tranſactions remain: that which pained us moſt nearly, is well nigh forgotten, as much as that which moſt highly pleaſed us; and we ſeem in part dead to the foregoing, while entering, with all the glow of life, into the riſing year. And as with years, ſo ſhortly will it be with our whole life: ere long, the ſolemn ſummons will approach, and we ſhall be called to that world and that ſtate, where time ſhall be no more; where days, and months, and years, ſhall never again fall and riſe; but one eternal day ſhall ſhine upon us. Can any thing be of equal concern? and can any reflection ſo well ſuit our entrance upon the preſent time? this neglected, every other purſuit, every other acquiſition will be lighter than vanity: this eternity ſecured, every other loſs will be perfectly inſignificant?

Again, when we look back upon the paſt year, and ſee ſo many of our fellow-creatures vaniſhed from the ſcene; ſo many of our friends taken from our embraces, and loſt to our love; when we ſee the havoc which time and death, in twelve ſhort months have made: the conſideration muſt awaken our attention, and arouſe us to a due preparation for that ſolemn departure, from which no human being is exempt. And, if we rightly reflect, the goodneſs of God in extending our ſpan, and allowing us yet a little more time, will appear in the moſt pleaſing

view: — eſpecially ſince the Chriſtian religion inſpires us with ſuch glorious expectations. For we may conceive this divine diſpenſation thus addreſſing us: The paſt is over, and it is irretrievable: the preſent is yours, and it is highly improveable: your actions heretofore render you obnoxious to God: a change of conduct will, through faith, in the merits of the Redeemer, reſtore you to his favour, and obtain for you his protection. Conſider then the unſpeakable importance of the time before you: conſider what an eternity is, an eternity, paſſed either in exquiſite happineſs or miſery! and, as a reaſonable being, ſo act, and ſo improve the preſent moment, as to ſecure the bleſſings of an happy eternity."

My friend *Eugenio* has, for many years paſt, made it his cuſtom to retire from all the world on *New-Year's Day*; and to dedicate it to a ſerious review of the paſt year, and to a careful proviſion, and proper concern for the coming one. He always keeps an exact liſt of the friends he has loſt, within the annual circle, and provides himſelf with the bills of mortality, for the year paſt; which, he ſays, afford him more inſtruction than an hundred lectures on morality. I was once indulged with a view of the reflections which he made on reading over one of theſe liſts; and it would give me much pleaſure, if I could prevail on him to enrich my papers with them.—But ſo far is this day's retirement from damping the vigour, or darkening the ſerenity of *Eugenio*'s mind; that he comes from it into the world with a degree of chearfulneſs, ſo much the more pleaſing, as it is even, continued, and founded upon the beſt principle, a good and approving conſcience. *Eugenio*, by this means, preſerves a proper regard

for

for the preſent time; keeps his faith ſtedfaſt and reſigned; tenderly remembers the friends taken from him, and acts with the moſt winning kindneſs to thoſe remaining: is happy in life, and not uneaſy at the thoughts of death; conſiders every new year, as an addition to the exertion of his benevolence; and hopes for the arrival of that great year, when time, and change, and grief, and death, ſhall be no more.

To this paper, I muſt beg leave to ſubjoin the following little poem, for the advantage of my younger readers; the repetition of which I dare ſay their parents will reward with a proper *New-Year's Gift.*

On the NEW-YEAR.

GOD of my life, thy conſtant care
With bleſſings crowns the op'ning year;
This guilty life doſt thou prolong,
And wake anew mine annual ſong.

How many precious ſouls are fled
To the vaſt regions of the dead,
Since from this day the changing ſun
Through his laſt yearly period run.

We yet ſurvive, but who can ſay,
Or through the year, or month, or day,
"I will retain this vital breath;
"Thus far at leaſt, in league with death."

That breath is thine, eternal God;
'Tis thine to fix my ſoul's abode:
It holds its life from thee alone
On earth, or in the world unknown.

To thee our ſpirits we reſign;
Make them and own them ſtill as thine;
So ſhall they ſmile ſecure from fear,
Tho' death ſhould blaſt the riſing year.

Thy children, eager to be gone,
Bid Time's impetuous tide roll on,
And land them on that blooming ſhore,
Where years and death are known no more.

NUMBER LXXII.

Aggredere, o magnos,—aderit jam tempus—
honores,
Cara Deum ſoboles, magnum Jovis incrementum.
VIRGIL.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

THE general expectation of the *Meſſiah* amongſt the *Jews*; of ſome extraordinary *perſonage*, amongſt other nations, at that time to appear:—— the eſtabliſhment of the *univerſal* monarchy of the Romans, and the general *peace* which then prevailed, we obſerved, in a former paper, ſerve to ſhew the fitneſs of the time, when our Saviour came upon earth. The ſtate of the *moral* world too was ſuch, that it rendered the appearance of a divine legiſlator neceſſary. And, if ever the *religious* ſtate of the world needed a reformer, certainly it was when Chriſtianity was eſtabliſhed.—The Jews, with whom remained what little truth and divine knowledge there was yet amongſt men, had ſo confounded the criterions of virtue, that it was difficult to ſay, wherein

true

true piety conſiſted. The hypocriſy of the *Phariſees*, the infidelity of the *Sadduces*, the enthuſiaſm of the *Eſſenes*, entirely deſtroyed the power and knowledge of ſincere religion. And to ſuch an height of impiety did they ſoon after arrive, that their hiſtorian *Joſephus* declares, he verily believes the earth would have opened and ſwallowed them up (ſuch monſters were they in iniquity) if God had not deſtroyed them by the hand of the Romans.

For the *Gentiles*, it is well known, that their deities were folly, and their ceremonies and ſervices weak, ſuperſtitious, and, in many caſes, moſt abominable. They were totally ignorant of the true God, and in conſequence totally ignorant of that true religion and only rational ſervice, which a ſpiritual Being can approve — "the religion of the heart."—The deities whom they worſhipped were of ſuch a ſort, that they could never dream of recommending themſelves to them by the practice of virtue and goodneſs: and hence vice was beheld with indifference, and crimes, which we ſhudder to mention, were even celebrated by their beſt poets. The moſt execrable ſacrifices and ſervices were paid to their gods; and, literally ſpeaking, *they ſat in darkneſs and the ſhadow of death.*

Their philoſophers too had reaſoned ſo long, that the wiſeſt and the beſt amongſt them were content to profeſs themſelves *Sceptics*, univerſal doubters, though anxious to ſatisfy their minds, and unwearied in their inveſtigations of truth. It cannot therefore ſeem ſtrange, that a revelation from God ſhould be gladly accepted, and that ſo many thouſands ſhould embrace the faith of Chriſt, at the time, when their profeſſion of this faith and martyrdom were immediately connected.

Let

Let us obſerve (for it tends to ſhew how weak human reaſon is, *unaſſiſted* and *unenlightened*, even in its beſt ſtate) that knowledge and ſcience of every other ſort, were at that time in a ſtate more flouriſhing than perhaps they have been at almoſt any other period. Chriſtianity did not make its way in an ignorant and barbarous age, amongſt ignorant and barbarous people: But at a time when human *wiſdom* was in its meridian of ſplendor, and amongſt thoſe people, who were moſt celebrated for this wiſdom, amongſt the learned at *Rome*, at *Corinth*, at *Athens*, at *Epheſus*, &c. "The teachers of the goſpel had adverſaries, who wanted neither inclination nor abilities to oppoſe it. To make its way at ſuch a time, and to bring over not only the lower ſort of people, but alſo ſome of the moſt learned, who turned its own weapons againſt *Paganiſm*, is at once an honour to the Chriſtian religion, and a proof of its divine original and truth."

No man, upon this view, can help remarking the ridiculous abſurdity of our deiſts and modern rejectors of Chriſtianity, who pretend to oppoſe mere natural religion and human reaſon to it: The efficacy of theſe had been ſufficiently tried before the coming of Chriſt: And they were found wholly wanting, unable to ſatisfy the anxious enquirer, unable to calm the doubting mind, or to ſecure the intereſts of virtue. Why then ſhould we hear more of them now, than as humble handmaids, and willing ſervants to the moſt glorious diſpenſation of Jeſus Chriſt?

To this ſhort view of the *political*, *moral*, and *religious* world, ſuffer me to add one or two particulars reſpecting the *domeſtic* world, which called for reformation, and which, as it ſeems, nothing leſs than a divine revelation could have regulated.

gulated. The firſt concerns the matter of *polygamy* and *divorce*; the ſecond, the condition of *ſervants* and *ſlaves*; it is well known to what a height of corruption domeſtic connections were carried by thoſe means; and how much the felicity of life was poiſoned in this its ſweeteſt fountain. Our Saviour reduced marriage to its original inſtitution, and rendered the union at once the moſt friendly and endearing, if *begun* and cemented by mutual affection. — The caſe of *ſlaves* was deplorable; they were under the moſt grievous bondage: Chriſt introduced a more happy equality: and we treat our inferior fellow creatures no longer, as *animals* or ſavages, but as *brethren*. —I am ſorry, that thoſe who object to our religion, have it in their power to retort this argument: But let them be told, that tho', in ſome of our colonies, ſlavery is practiſed, yet our religion teſtifies againſt it; it muſt be charged upon the degeneracy and corruption of the human heart, not upon Chriſtianity, which totally diſclaims and remonſtrates againſt the practice. I ſhould have been glad to have enlarged upon theſe two topics; ſince a review of them ſerves greatly to ſhew the neceſſity of our Saviour's *appearance*, as well as the great advantages derived to mankind from it. But I muſt hold my pen.

Theſe ſcattered hints may ſerve to ſhew, that our bleſſed Redeemer came into the world, at a ſeaſon moſt proper, and when his coming was on all accounts neceſſary. We reap the bleſſings of his coming in a thouſand temporal as well as ſpiritual mercies. For his religion hath ſerved, above all things, to humanize mankind. Indeed ſuch is the temper of it, that wherever it is truly embraced, it muſt humanize and make happy. Conſcious of which, now that we commemorate this

firſt

firſt inſtance of redeeming love, let us ſtudy the diſpoſition, which the *nativity* peculiarly recommends, *humility* I mean; perfectly ſatisfied, that the *humble* mind is the happy one; and that in proportion as our ſelf-eſteem and vanity decay, our peace and ſerenity will encreaſe, together with our confidence in God, and our grateful acknowledgments to the Redeemer——

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

M.

NUMBER LXXIII.

O think you are a father: ſoft indulgence
Becomes that name; tho' nature give you pow'r
To bind her duty, 'tis with ſilken *cords:*
Command her, then, as you command yourſelf;
She is as much a part of you, as are
Your appetite and will: and theſe you force not,
But gently bend, and make them pliant to your reaſon.

DRYDEN.

To the Author of the VISITOR.

SIR,

AS you have been ſo kind as to admit my friend's narrative into your paper, and have given one *grateful Magdalen* leave to tell her ſad ſtory: I flatter myſelf that you will not refuſe the like favour to *another*. Unſkilled in the ways of writing, I am unable to poliſh what I pen; nothing but the artleſſneſs of my tale, and my ſincere

cere wiſh to warn, and to profit my unhappy ſiſters in ſorrow and ſhame, can apologize for me. I have often heard and read of *light-houſes* and *beacons* erected for the uſe of ſailors, to direct them in their voyages, and to preſerve them from ſands, and ſhelves, and rocks. And as I have fatally ſhipwrecked myſelf, my hearty deſire is, to hold up a *light* to warn and direct others from thoſe rocks and ſands to which I owe my ruin.

I am that perſon, Sir, of whom *Sally M*——, the *grateful Magdalen*, ſpeaks in her firſt letter, as a comfortable inſtance of the bleſſings of the *Magdalen charity*; my reception into which, has, under God, ſaved a poor mother's life, who before was haſtening to the grave, beneath a load of anguiſh and miſery.—Bleſſed, for ever bleſſed be the day, on which I firſt heard of that humane proviſion for ſuch wretched outcaſts as myſelf: bleſſed, for ever bleſſed be the hour, on which I entered thoſe doors of mercy, of comfort, and peace! Oh, Sir, believe me, when I ſay, that had it not been for this houſe of refuge, moſt probably my miſerable exiſtence on earth had been long ſince ended, and my fate irrecoverably ſealed in the regions of puniſhment: the grey hairs of my widowed mother had been brought down with ſorrow to the grave; each of us ſtrangers to that divine mercy, which now fills our hearts with the moſt chearing hope.

I am one of thoſe who can verify the poet's remark, with reſpect to our ſex,—" that one falſe ſtep entirely damns our fame." Since to one falſe ſtep I owe the long chain of calamities, which were linked together from that unhappy error. But at the ſame time that I avow my own fault; I cannot but ſay that the ſeverity of my father occaſioned my worſt diſtreſs, and rendered my ruin

irretrievable. Surely there is ſome medium between the implacability of unforgiveneſs, and the too eaſy lenity, which invites to offend. Surely there are wiſe parents who can diſcern the happy mean betwixt the *ſevere* rule, which terrifies; and the weak *indulgence* which produces contempt. Unhappily for me, my dear father was a ſtranger to this medium. He had very high notions of the parental authority, and was continually extolling to the ſkies thoſe underſtanding ſtates, as he called them, which gave into the hands of the parent unlimited power over the child, even the power of life and death. He had not the leaſt idea of governing by love: he thought *fear* the beſt ſecurity of duty, and would conſtantly complain that the notorious diſobedience of children, and their ſaucy pertneſs (as he ſtiled it, though others would have named it only a becoming familiarity) aroſe from a relaxation of the parental authority; and if parents were ſo mad (he would continue) as to give the reins out of their own into the hands of their children, they muſt not be ſurprized, if their children drove themſelves into ruin, and their parents into the deepeſt gulph of ſorrow.

Conſtantly accuſtomed to theſe leſſons, never allowed to enter into his preſence but with the moſt reverential courteſy; never permitted to ſpeak to him, but with the ſolemn appellation of, *Sir*; very rarely indulged in any of thoſe pleaſures which were agreeable to my ſex and age; and if indulged, ſure to ſuffer for it, by ſo ſtrict a ſcrutiny into my conduct, as no child's conduct perhaps would bear; as well as by ſuch remonſtrances and taſks, as (I am ſorry to ſay it) rendered my father of all objects the moſt fearful and unpleaſing to me; I grew up to my ſix-

teenth year (fatal æra of my ſorrows) inheriting ſtrong paſſions from both my parents; and with little hopes of properly gratifying *that*, which in lively young girls, of my age, is generally moſt predominant. My mother, whom I tenderly loved, and with the juſteſt reaſon, was no leſs afraid of my father than myſelf: ſhe lived under an iron-rule indeed; but had ſenſe enough, and meekneſs enough, to diſcern and conform herſelf to my father's temper, ſo that ſhe ſeldom contradicted him; and proved but a ſorry advocate for her daughter, when under the harrow, as was almoſt every day the caſe. And as ſhe was a breeding woman, her attention was a good deal taken up by the little ones, as nurſing was my moſt agreeable entertainment. But this alone was not ſufficient: I was led therefore to frequent the kitchen upon all occaſions; and the converſations of the ſervants became moſt agreeable to me. For they would often flatter my vanity, and ſpeak well of my perſon; and one of the maids in particular gave me information of many things, which ſerved to haſten my ruin, by enflaming my deſires, already ſufficiently warm.

I ſhould have told you, Sir, that my father, originally bred to the law, but neither qualified for, nor fond of his profeſſion, had given over all attention to it, and ſettled himſelf in a village not many miles from London; having a ſufficient fortune to live in decent retirement. We kept two maids, and a man, who was a kind of *Scrub*, footman, butler, gardener, all things by turns, and nothing well. In the pariſh church, the moſt public place I frequented, a gentleman of pleaſing appearance one Sunday attracted my notice; attracted it the rather, becauſe I quickly perceived, with no ſmall ſatisfaction, that I had attracted

his. He was a lodger (I ſoon found out) for the ſummer ſeaſon in our village. This was all I could learn concerning him. I was impatient for the following Sunday. The wiſhed-for day arrived. Again the gentleman was at church. And his whole attention and devotion ſeemed to be offered to me. But can I expreſs the fooliſh elation of heart, I felt, when in the evening the maid (whom I mentioned above, as a ready inſtructreſs) ſlipt a letter into my hand, and told me, it was from a gentleman, who had fallen in love with me at church. Thus began our amour.

But I will not tire you with the repetition of circumſtances (the writer of *Clariſſa* might make a volume of them.) Suffice it to ſay, that we met again and again, by the interpoſition of this maid: he vowed eternal faith and conſtancy; he vowed, and I had not the leaſt doubt of his veracity. My heart was perfectly his. Soon as he perceived this, he preſſed for a conſummation of our happineſs, for which I longed no leſs ardently, than he profeſſed to do: and declaring his motives wholly honourable, propoſed at laſt, that I ſhould run away with him from my *father*'s houſe; as there were no hopes of procuring his conſent, whoſe cruel treatment of me he never failed to aggravate; and he declared, that as ſoon as we got to London, he would make me his wife.—The offer was too pleaſing to be rejected; it was a deliverance from worſe than Ægyptian bondage; and amidſt all his diſcourſes on parental authority, my father had not taught me the obligations of filial duty; I reſolved to comply; love ſtrengthened my reſolution: my mind applauded it. I had not the leaſt apprehenſion of aught, but conſummate felicity; yet weakly and madly thought, that come what would come, I could

could never be in a worſe or more uneaſy ſituation, than under my father's ſtern frown. Alas, how hath experience ſhown me my miſtake! Would God, all children might learn from me, that the auſterity of a parent is no excuſe for diſobedience; and that ſuch diſobedience very rarely eſcapes without puniſhment?

In a word, Sir, I went off with Mr. G***, and left in evil hour the houſe of my parents. He conveyed me to a lodging prepared for me in town, where I was kept up and concealed with all imaginable ſecreſy, in the utmoſt dread of diſcovery. My lover behaved with the greateſt tenderneſs and regard. And we talked of nothing but the deſired moment, when marriage ſhould make us one: but how were all my joys damped, when he told me, on the ſecond morning after my coming to town, that he was under the moſt perplexing uneaſineſs: ſince by means of the *execrable* new marriage act, it was impoſſible for us to get married! my heart was almoſt broken, and I had then the firſt preſages of my future ſorrow. However he aſſuaged my grief, by unutterable fondneſs and the moſt ſincerely-ſeeming attachment, and promiſed to uſe every effort to accompliſh the deſired end; ſwearing with the energy of falſhood, that life without the enjoyment of *me* would not be worth having.—A week paſſed on in this dire ſuſpence; and what added to my uneaſineſs, was the ſight of advertiſements in the papers from my diſconſolate friends,—an heart-breaking mother, and an anxious father,—who earneſtly intreated either my return, or ſome information concerning me. Filial love, I then found, was not extinguiſhed in my breaſt, and the pangs I felt myſelf, from the ſenſe of their uneaſineſſes, abundantly convinced me, of what

they muſt feel. But to return to them was impoſſible: I could not, I dared not: I wiſhed to do ſo, but my very wiſhes affrightened me. And beſides Mr. G***, whom I paſſionately loved, rejected the thought with the greateſt diſdain; and told me, he ſhould conſtrue my entertainment of it, as a diſguſt to, and diſapprobation of him. This was ſufficient to expel it entirely. He grew every day more and more aſſiduous: but every day he advanced in freedoms, which I did not *much* diſapprove. At length he began to talk in a ſtrain, I was obliged to diſlike, and to expreſs my diſlike of.—For, God knows, I had no thoughts but of the moſt virtuous ſort: and therefore when he began to declaim concerning the uſeleſſneſs of prieſts, the union of hearts, the freedom of love, and the like; I boldly told him, that as he had engaged to make me his wife, and as I had taken ſuch a ſtep in proof of my affection, I expected, that he would ſoon complete his promiſe, or I muſt be obliged, terrible as it was, to return to my father.—What followed you ſhall hear in my next.

I am,

SIR,

Your's, &c.

MARIA.

NUMBER

NUMBER LXXIV.

What better can we do, than proſtrate fall
Before him reverent; and then confeſs
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Wat'ring the ground; and with our ſighs the air
Frequenting, ſent from hearts contrite, in ſign
Of ſorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

MILTON.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

MY reſolution had (as I fancied) the deſired effect. Mr. G*** told me, he would exert all his endeavours to accompliſh our wiſhes; and ſwearing eternal faith, conſtancy and love, profeſſed the moſt honourable intentions. The next evening he came to me with the higheſt gaiety of ſoul; and ſcarce entered the room before he produced a paper, which had all the appearance and form of a *licence*. A ſpecial one, he aſſured me, it was; and a clergyman, he added, would ſoon attend to join our hands, and give me to his arms. I had ſcruples, but he removed them: for, alas! how readily do we credit what we wiſh to be true; and how eaſy was it to impoſe on a young girl who knew nothing of theſe matters? A clergyman came in leſs than an hour; but I muſt freely confeſs, that his miſerable appearance ſhocked and alarmed me: though I have often ſince ſeen many ſuch, deplorable to behold, in the ſtreets of this city. Mr. G*** told me, "That he was an aſſiſtant to the pariſh curate's *aſſiſtant*; and, as his pay

was

was but ſmall, his *wigs* could not be expected to abound with *curl*, nor his *gowns* with *blackneſs*. But that his poverty made no difference; the ceremony was as valid, when performed by him, as by the beſt powdered dean, or moſt downy doctor in England."——Mr. G**'s good humour and ſprightlineſs, which I attributed to his paſſion, diſpelled every idea of doubt or apprehenſion from my breaſt: the mumbling prieſt muttered over the ceremony; my maid and Mr. G**'s man were our attendants; the prieſt was diſmiſſed; reluctance was no more: and we were—for I had no conſciouſneſs of guilt—we were moſt bleſt.

Mr. G** continued faithful and fond; but I muſt freely confeſs I was far from happy, ſaving when my ſadder reflections were diſſipated by his company, which I rarely enjoyed till the evening. The remembrance of my parents haunted me continually; and though I wrote to let them know I was well, ſafe, and married, yet I wanted ſomething more; I wanted to ſee them and be reconciled. This Mr. G** convinced me was impoſſible; for I now was informed by him, that his own was a ſtate of perfect dependance; that an uncle, his only friend, had procured him a place in one of the public offices, and was uſing his intereſt to advance him: but that if he ſhould be informed of his marriage, he would utterly reject him; and thus he ſhould loſe all his future proſpects—His intereſt was ſo much mine, that I readily acquieſced; but the knowledge of his circumſtances rendered me anxious and careful; and few women in my ſtate, I believe, would have lived with greater œconomy.

Indeed I had very little reaſon to be expenſive; for I ſaw, I could ſee, no company. I found that I was generally eſteemed by the ſober neighbourhood

hood in an offenſive character; and, therefore, I could make no acquaintance with them: and I had no inclination to aſſociate with the abandoned, and loſt to reputation; ſince I knew (or at leaſt imagined) there was no blot upon my own. My maid, and the good woman of the houſe where I lodged, were all my acquaintance; and a walk, in the duſk of the evening, my only refreſhment and recreation. Mr. G** would now and then bring a gentleman to paſs the evening; but their converſation was generally too looſe for me *then* to reliſh! and I was apt to be diſpleaſed with him, for allowing his friends ſome liberties with me, which I thought did not agree with the delicacy of a huſband Mr. S* in particular ſeemed my huſband's favourite; came with him the moſt frequently; was moſt aſſiduous to attract my notice; and was by far the moſt agreeable man that viſited us.

In this manner a twelvemonth paſſed away; and as I had brought Mr. G** a fine little girl, the neceſſary attention to this ſweet babe rendered my ſituation much more comfortable. But one evening Mr. G**, by hint following hint, alarmed my ſuſpicions; and at length led me to know, that his uncle had procured a conſiderable place for him, ſomewhere in *America*, whither he muſt ſpeedily ſail, though not without hopes, he added, of a happy return to me in proper time.—Judge, Sir, what I felt upon this information.—My blood grew cold; my heart was ready to burſt; my limbs trembled; I fainted away! Oh that I had died? would God, that I had died that moment! Oh that I had never more recovered from that ſwoon—recovered to miſery and guilt, to poverty and woe, to ſin and ſorrow! Oh that my eyes never

never more opened to the ſcene of anguiſh before me!——

It was to no purpoſe that I entreated or complained; that I upbraided or beſought; that I pleaded the calls of the *mother*, or the *wife*; reſpecting each, he dropped ſome things which ſhocked my inmoſt ſoul; and, after a night, a night of ſuch horror, as I wiſh no poor young woman may ever experience, he left me; and I was undone!

For not many hours after his departure, Mr. S* his friend (whom I mentioned before) brought me the following letter, which I will give you in his own words.

My dear Molly,

I AM ſorry our hard fates oblige us to part; but there is no remedy. If I had ſtay'd in England, you would have ſtill kept me conſtant; but as it is, you muſt endeavour to make the beſt on't. I make Mr. S** the bearer, and recommend him to your kindneſs; he will deſerve it: and he brings you the laſt preſent I ſhall be able to ſend you. You have been under a great miſtake in ſuppoſing yourſelf my wife. That could not be. Mr. S** will ſet you right in that affair. I would adviſe you to ſend the child you have had to the Foundling Hoſpital: and if you don't approve Mr. S**, your beſt way will be to reconcile yourſelf to your parents. You may make up a good ſtory enough, and lay all the blame on the *faithleſs* man. Though I hope you will at all times do me the juſtice to own, that if you had not run away with me from your father's, the reſt could not have followed. You are young, and may

may yet make your fortune, which will be a pleaſure to me to hear, in the moſt diſtant parts of the world.

I am your former lover,

T. G**.

Every word of this letter was keener than a dagger; and all this from the man I *loved* above all things!—who could ſupport it? However, there is a curioſity even in ſorrow, we are anxious to know the *worſt*. Mr. S* informed me that the licence was forged; and the *prieſt*, a vile pander, who, at Mr. G**'s ſolicitation, had hired the *wig* and *habit* of an old clergyman for a pot of porter; and that the whole was a device to conquer my virtue. Worthy conqueſt truly! Inhuman ſavage, boaſt thy ſubtlety and ſucceſs!

You cannot wonder that abhorrence took the place of affection; and that no monſter in nature appeared equally ſhocking, equally meriting deteſtation, in my judgment, with this cruel, cruel *man!* Mr. S* found little ſatisfaction in my company, for I was diſtracted:——I wept, I raved; reaſon was loſt, hope ſeemed to have forſaken me; I gave myſelf up to all the anguiſh of deſpair.

But as nothing violent can laſt long, my ſad reflections began to calm; and indeed I was ſummoned by neceſſity to ſerious deliberation. For as Mr. G**'s income never ſupplied me with much affluence, ſo my want of money ſoon ſhewed itſelf to my maid and my landlady. The former gave me warning and left me; and to increaſe my troubles, took off with her ſeveral of my beſt things. The latter grew clamorous for her

her rent, and gave me to know, that ſhe muſt be obliged to part with me. I refuſed, in my raving, the laſt money from G**, which Mr. S* offered: and he kept from me for ſome time, the better, I ſuppoſe, to prey upon my neceſſities. In this diſtreſs I wrote to my father: and not willing to deſcribe my real caſe, ſued for a reconciliation: he ſent me an anſwer (the firſt I had received, after ſeveral letters to him) full of the moſt ſevere upbraidings: and ſoon after I received one, not much leſs ſevere, from my mother; in which ſhe gave me but very poor hopes of my father's forgiveneſs, adding how unable, as I knew, ſhe was to do any thing on my behalf: and giving me much advice, which, alas, was weak and impracticable.

In this ſituation my landlady found me one day, weeping over my ſweet unhappy babe, and feeding it, while, God knows, I had ſcarce any food for myſelf; when, untouched by compaſſion, ſhe told me, that I muſt leave her houſe the next morning, as ſhe had let the lodgings to ſome people of credit. My ſpirits were gone, and while tears filled my eyes, I told her, "It was very well: I would prepare." She left me to my ſorrow. I bedewed my dear child (who ſmiled, unconſcious of diſtreſs, upon me) bedewed her with my tears: and reſolved, as a wretched outcaſt, to take my babe, and throw myſelf with it at my father's door. This was the reſolution of deſpair.

It was at this time of diſtreſs, that Mr. S* returned; whom I had not ſeen for near three weeks: you may eaſily imagine, that the preſent he brought, was welcome, and not refuſed *now*: he made many apologies for his abſence; told me, he had been on a journey, which kept him ſo long

long from me; began to talk much of love, and to make me ſuch offers, as I fear, many women, in my ſad ſtate, could not have refuſed. The ſevere, I know, will condemn me: they cannot condemn me ſo much as I condemn myſelf. But any alternative was preferable to a return to my parents, as I had no hopes of any ſucceſs, or admiſſion. And I could not bear to ſee my pretty innocent either taken from me, or ill-treated: much leſs could I bear to ſee it under the miſeries of want. However I held out, as long as my money remained, and then the proſpect of bitter neceſſity, and being again turned from my lodgings, (for I had quitted the former at the time appointed, nor could I have ſtayed with the ſavage landlady on any account) this ſad and terrifying proſpect got the better of my reſolution; and I made the firſt ſtep in *known* and *voluntary* guilt.

When this is the caſe, the conſcience begins [illegible]ow hardened, or however we are leſs diſguſted at vice, and are not afraid to grow familiar with it. Mr. S* was very looſe in his principles: and I grew looſe, as himſelf. The company of women in my own circumſtances, once deteſtable, was now coveted by me, and became agreeable. I dreſſed, I talked, I appeared like them. I began to have no objection to more wine than uſual; and, in ſhort, made haſty and large ſteps in the broad road to deſtruction. Mr. S*, when he came to our lodgings, frequently found me from home, and frequently in company, which he did not ſeem to approve. Imagining I could better my fortune, I grew regardleſs of him. He caſt me off: and I ſet up for myſelf! Miſerable and thoughtleſs!—As I was agreeable, I wanted not what we call company! But I ſoon found, that this way of life was beyond imagination hor-

rible! Riot, intemperance, ſurfeit and diſeaſe, ſoon became my familiars! and amidſt all, I was a priſoner; for, having contracted ſome debts, I was ſeized and conveyed to a ſpunging-houſe; the maſter of which made up matters for me, as he pretended, and I gave him my note. A note, I never could pay, and therefore I took up my abode with him, and became a common wretch, a public nuiſance.

My little girl had ſhared her mother's fortune, and was with me in this horrid houſe; but whenever I beheld her, it was with unutterable ſorrow, through dread that her fate ſhould be like mine! At length, Sir, to conſummate my miſery, after a life of the moſt execrable ſufferings for four months, during which time I was obliged frequently, in rain, or ſnow, froſt or cold, to appear in the ſtreets; at length, diſeaſed and diſtreſt, my maſter turned me out with my child! and pinched with hunger and diſtemper, I commenced beggar! Reflection then began powerfully to do its work, and heaven and earth ſeemed ſhut up; every avenue of relief or compaſſion ſeemed cloſed againſt a wretched ſinner, ſinking beneath a load of horror and guilt upon her head; againſt a moſt wretched mother, with an helpleſs innocent babe, about to periſh with hunger!

As near four years had paſſed ſince I left my father's houſe, and my attempts had proved fruitleſs to reconcile myſelf, in better days; I dared not, I could not even admit the thought of going thither; in this my ſtate of beggary, nakedneſs and diſeaſe, I doubted whether I ſhould be known; I did not doubt that I ſhould be rejected, if known, with indignation. My diſtreſs was at its height; though indeed the fierce demands of hunger, eſpecially of my child's hunger, almoſt

ſuſpended

ſuſpended every other ſenſation.—It was in this ſad ſituation, it was in theſe doleful circumſtances that the gentleman ſaw me, to whom I owe, under God, life, ſalvation, all things.—If I might be allowed, with what joy would I mention; if I were able, with what gratitude would I write his *name* in letters of gold! How compaſſionately did he beſpeak me, as I ſat a ſpectacle of pity on ſome ſteps in the ſtreet! and with what benevolent pleaſure did he adviſe me to haſten to the *Magdalen-Houſe*, after I had told my ſad tale! indeed there was little need of adviſing me; for as that was the firſt time I had ever heard of ſo bleſſed a place, ſo the hearing of it was like opening the gates of Paradiſe to me. This good man gave me all proper directions; told me where to find him; promiſed to take care of my poor deſerted babe; and in ſhort, under his favour, I petitioned, and was admitted into the *Magdalen-Houſe*, to which I owe the preſervation of my life on earth, and the ſalvation of my ſoul to eternity.

For as I entered that houſe with a broken heart and an humbled mind, truly conſcious of all my paſt offences, the good inſtructions I received entered the more forcibly, and made a deeper impreſſion. And I there found to my comfort, that through penitence, my ſins may be done away, as my Redeemer is no leſs willing than able to ſave the ſincere and contrite; and to pardon our paſt offences, however great, on true repentance.—But, Sir, I muſt add, that I had not been long in the houſe, not long reſtored (I may ſay to to myſelf) before, as duty obliged, I wrote in the humbleſt terms to inform my parents, and to implore their forgiveneſs. A letter was immediately returned from my mother, but ſuch a letter

as almoſt broke my heart. In it ſhe acquaints me, that my father had been dead near a twelvemonth; and that ſhe herſelf then lay upon a ſick-bed, from whence ſhe had ſcarce any hopes of being raiſed. That my behaviour had brought her near to the grave, and that the daily reflection on my ſhame and miſery had well nigh broke her heart. But the information of my repentance had partly revived her; and that as ſhe before ſuſpected I was amongſt the moſt abandoned, ſo now the continuance of my good behaviour could alone prolong her life.—I need not tell you, Sir, that I replied with all affection to this. Some other letters paſſed; and in about two months time, my dear, dear mother, came to the *Magdalen-Houſe* to viſit me!

But how can I deſcribe that meeting! Shame and ſorrow rendered me a ſtatue: maternal affection, mingled grief and joy, ſtopped all her power of utterance! She clang round my neck, I tenderly embraced her, and fell upon my knees imploring forgiveneſs! ſhe burſt into tears, and all ſhe could ſay was, "Oh my child, my child! my unhappy child!—oh my dear Maria—my child, my child!"—

Thus, Sir, was I reconciled to the tendereſt of mothers: and the account ſhe heard of my behaviour had ſuch an influence upon her health, that ſhe grew every day better and better. But, unable to live without me, as my return (after having given me over for loſt) I ſuppoſe, rendered me dearer to her;—ſhe requeſted the gentlemen, to permit me to come to her; and they, ever generous, and ever humane, kindly permitted me to do ſo, after I had been near eleven months in the houſe; which I left with regret, as the place of my reſtoration and recovery to all things deſirable;

ſirable: and I now live with my mother, ſtudious only to make her happy, and to wipe off all paſt ſtains, as much as I may, by the moſt exact diſcharge of every duty. While my conſtant endeavour is and ſhall be to inſtil into my poor unhappy child's mind, ſuch principles of religion and virtue, as I am well ſatisfied, would have preſerved me from the diſtreſs into which I fell, had I been ſo happy as to have known them before that fall.

I am, Sir,

Your very reſpectful ſervant,

MARIA.

NUMBER LXXV.

Quid purè tranquillet HOR.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH many and various are the purſuits of Mankind after happineſs, yet the greateſt felicity is a conſtant ſenſe of the Divine Favour. The pleaſures which ariſe to the mind from a preheminence of birth, ſtation, and fortune, are of a foreign and extrinſic nature. Hence we daily ſee multitudes poſſeſſed of theſe benefits, who are utter ſtrangers to ſolid and permanent ſatisfactions. But the good man, however deſtitute of thoſe incidental advantages, hath nevertheleſs an inexhauſtible ſource of comfort within himſelf. When he quits the croud, and deſcends

into his breaſt, he is ſure of meeting with the beſt of company there, God, and his own heart. While the conſciouſneſs of his integrity, and the approbation of his maker, furniſh him with a perpetual feaſt.

Here, methinks, we cannot but pauſe a while to reflect with gratitude upon the beneficence of our Creator, who hath thus, as it were, annihilated all invidious diſtinctions among mankind; and either hath placed the deſcendants of Adam upon a level in point of happineſs, or lodged the means thereof within the reach of every man. It is not in the power of every individual to be rich and great in the world; but it is much in the power of every individual to attain an happineſs infinitely ſuperior to the joys, which wealth and grandeur can beſtow. Wherefore let not the poor cottager complain, that all his labour is expended upon procuring to himſelf nothing more than the mere neceſſaries of life. Such ſlender acquiſitions are truly valuable and weighty, upon condition that he improves his exiſtence to thoſe purpoſes, for which it was graciouſly given to him. If the indigent part of the ſpecies did but carefully conſider, that to be good is to be happy, and that virtue and religion are accommodated to every ſituation and capacity, they would ſee abundant cauſe for thankfulneſs, even amid thoſe ſcenes of ſervitude and toil, which now perhaps occaſion envy, diſcontent, and murmur.

That frequent intercourſes with the Supreme Being conſtitute the utmoſt happineſs of man, is a propoſition, which ſtands in no need of proof from philoſophical enquiries, refined argumentations, and laboured inferences. A very reſtricted underſtanding can comprehend this important truth. An arrant peaſant, without previous in-

formation

formation, is fully aware of the vaſt emoluments, which accrue from an intimacy with an earthly monarch. What then muſt be thoſe exalted privileges, which redound from the favour and friendſhip of the Almighty Sovereign of the univerſe!

But I ſhall cloſe this ſubject with the opinion of the Royal Pſalmiſt upon it; who diſcovers the high ſenſe he entertained of the Divine Preſence, by that bitterneſs, with which he bewails the interruption of it.

PSALM XIII.

Offended Majeſty! how long
  Wilt Thou conceal thy face!
How long refuſe my fainting ſoul
  The ſuccours of thy grace.

While ſorrow wrings my bleeding heart,
  And black deſpondence reigns,
Satan exults at my complaints,
  And triumphs o'er my pains.

Let thy returning ſpirit, Lord,
  Diſpel the ſhades of night;
Smile on my poor deſerted ſoul,
  My God, thy ſmiles are light.

While ſcoffers at thy ſacred word
  Deride the pangs I feel,
Deem my religion inſincere,
  Or call it uſeleſs zeal;

Yet will I ne'er repent my choice,
  I'll ne'er withdraw my truſt;
I know Thee, Lord, a pow'rful friend,
  And kind, and wiſe, and juſt.

To doubt Thy goodneſs wou'd be baſe
Ingratitude in me;
Paſt favours ſhall renew my hopes,
And fix my faith in Thee.

Indulgent God! my willing tongue
Thy praiſes ſhall prolong;
For oh! Thy bounty fires my breaſt,
And rapture ſwells my ſong.

N

NUMBER LXXVI.

———Purſue ſome nobler aim.
Diſmiſs your paraſites, who praiſe for hire;
And earn the fair eſteem of honeſt men,
Whoſe praiſe is fame. Form'd of ſuch clay as yours,
The ſick, the needy ſhiver at your gates,
Even modeſt want may bleſs your hand unſeen:
Is there no virgin, grac'd with every charm
But that, which binds the mercenary vow? &c.

ARMSTRONG.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

Bath, Dec. 28, 1760.

IT is very pleaſing to remark that benevolence and charity, which abound amongſt us. Theſe are the beſt and moſt certain fruits of true religion. And I am willing to believe, that no age hath ſeen them abound more in our country than the preſent, tho' the numberleſs royal and other charitable inſtitutions in the nation ſufficiently prove,

prove, that theſe virtues have heretofore flouriſhed in great beauty and power. When I conſider the many excellent inſtitutions in the metropolis, calculated for the relief of almoſt every ſufferer; when I read over the pleaſing liſt of the ſeveral benefactors to each, and obſerve ſo many of my worthy Countrymen generouſly contributing to the relief of their ſuffering fellow-creatures: my heart, I confeſs, feels a grateful emotion, and I congratulate myſelf on the felicity of living in an age of ſuch beneficence, and amongſt beings of ſuch humanity.

But when from the peruſal of liſts, and the ſequeſtration of the cloſet, I betake myſelf to the more buſy haunts of men, and eſpecially to the places conſecrated to HEALTH and AMUSEMENT; too frequently my golden ideas are unpleaſingly diſſipated, and my Philanthropy retains not that amiable perfection I could wiſh it to preſerve. When I ſee ſuch ſums dedicated to pleaſure, ſquandered away in trifles, toſs'd about at the gaming table, laviſhed in delicacies, and diſſipated in folly; I no longer think the contributions to charity great, but ſtand amazed at the abſurdity of mankind, who rather chooſe to employ their wealth in ſuch airy and unſatisfactory gratifications, than in virtuous and noble actions, which would be delightful in preſent reflection, and great in their future reward. Whereas wealth employed in the ſervice of merely temporal indulgencies, gives no pleaſure in the retroſpect, and can procure no favour from the juſt judge of actions.

I do not mean to decry amuſements, or to ſpeak with the ſeverity of an enthuſiaſt on the ſinfulneſs of diverſions: far from it: they are neceſſary in a degree; and to urge the contrary, is to combat

bat the univerſal opinion of mankind, in all ages. But methinks a frugal management of our pleaſures might enable us to diſcharge the debt of mutual benevolence more perfectly, and to make *ourſelves happy*, by contributing more abundantly to the happineſs of others. You ſee I put benevolence upon a very ſelfiſh principle: but I freely confeſs to you, that I ſpeak in this reſpect the undiſſembled dictates of my heart; which never feels a more divine and elevated pleaſure, than in the opportunity and ability to communicate felicity and good. Nor ſhall I eaſily be perſuaded, that there is any impropriety in indulging that ſenſation; ſince *he*, whoſe dictates I hope always to receive implicitly, uſed to ſay, *it is more bleſſed to give than to receive.*

Now, as the one purſuit of us all is happineſs, by whatever different tracts we follow the chace; ſurely it might be well worth our labour to conſult a little for the improvement of that heart-felt ſatisfaction, which ariſes from the exerciſe of humanity and benevolence.—See that poor creature juſt expiring in the ſtreets for hunger:—As a man you would wiſh to relieve him; what is a *ſhilling* to *you*, who are juſt going to expend *fifty*, at a tavern?——Go into that cottage—the huſband is lately dead; the miſerable widow, ſtunned with the clamours of her little hungry orphans, ſits weeping on the ground, in the bitterneſs of diſtreſs! Good heavens! What an exalted joy would it be to feed thoſe hungry; to wipe the tears away from thoſe weeping eyes, to gladden the miſery of this deſolate family—will it not give you more pleaſure to do this, to ſpare them five or ten guineas, than to buy a new ſet of *garnets*; to drink champaign for the evening; or to bet high upon the cards!—But let us carry the matter ſtill farther:

farther: Public charities owe their ſtrength to private benefactions. You may be an inſtrument of more good, by fifty or an hundred pounds given to one of theſe, than by five times that ſum, employed in another way.—Now then, ſuppoſe you reſolve to ſeparate a ſum, ſaved from your common expences to this end: How eaſy will it be to accompliſh this, and what a ſatisfaction will it afford you at the cloſe of the year, to find ſuch a ſum in your hands, conſecrated to ſuch ſervice; which without this frugal charity, had been carried down the ſtream of general diſſipation—You are at a public place; omit to play at the rooms a night now and then, and put into your charity-box, the money it would have coſt you for the cards. You are uſed to a chair, omit that expence now and then, and aſſign the money to your charitable ſcheme. Inſtead of twelve diſhes on your table, now and then reduce them to ſix: inſtead of Claret and Burgundy, now and then drink humble Port; keep a horſe leſs—ſpare that elegant piece of furniture—don't purchaſe, for once, that favourite picture. In ſhort, a few ſavings from things unneceſſary, will ſhortly produce a conſiderable ſum; and I will dare to anſwer, that a practice of this ſort, will afford ſo much pleaſure at the end of the firſt year, that it will be enlarged the ſecond; and as it will ſerve to increaſe a benevolent temper, ſo will it lead to the moſt amiable practices.

You obſerve, that I ſpeak here only of what are called innocent and neceſſary expences; but how would the ſum accumulate, if men would give to works of virtue, half the profuſion they dedicate to vice and ſelf indulgences. I know a friend of mine (though I am ſorry to know him in that reſpect) who pays his miſtreſs ten guineas a week,

a week, as a fixed ſtipend, and I am apt to believe, occaſional preſents are not inconſiderable. Yet could I never perſuade this man to give ten guineas to the *Magdalen-Houſe*; a charity, which in honour HE ought, and whiche very motive of humanity calls upon us all, to aſſiſt.

It often gives me great diſſatisfaction—I have felt it here not many days ſince—to receive for reply, when ſoliciting the cauſe of affliction; "I cannot afford it—I have no money for charity—well, come, take that half-crown." The lovely *Welfrida* gave me that reply: I bowed and retired. Not many hours after, I ſaw her ſquander away five guineas in paper flowers; and three more in little gewgaws at the jewellers! How amiable had we judged *Welfrida*, if, with the ſweet glow of compaſſion, ſhe had given us thoſe eight guineas, and reſcued a family from the deepeſt diſtreſs?

I am, Sir,

Your conſtant Reader,

SYMPATHETICOS.

NUMBER

NUMBER LXXVII.

'Tis a prime part of happineſs, to know
How much unhappineſs muſt prove our lot:
A part which few poſſeſs! I'll pay life's tax,
Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,
Nor think it miſery to be a man;
Who thinks it is, ſhall never be a God.
Some ills we wiſh for, when we wiſh to live.

YOUNG.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

IN ſome former papers, I have ſhewn the *excellency* of the Chriſtian religion, as it reveals to us the nature of God more clearly;—as it gives us a more perfect rule of life,—and as it propoſes more powerful motives and ſanctions to enforce this rule, than any other religion or inſtitution, ever offered to mankind. I now proceed to ſhew, as a farther proof of its excellency, that the motives and conſiderations to patience and content, which it lays before us, are greatly ſuperior to whatever philoſophers taught; and more effectual to ſilence the complaints of grief, than all the conſolations of the wiſe men, that ever undertook this friendly office.

As the inconveniencies of human life are ſo many, and its diſtreſſes ſo various and complicated, we find a great part of the heathen philoſophy employed in finding out arguments of conſolation, and in propoſing to mankind reaſons for ſubmiſſion and patience. And ſurely, how feeble ſoever

their efforts, and how ineffectual and weak ſoever their cordials, yet they are to be commended, in this reſpect, for their humanity and generous concern to alleviate the unavoidable evils of this mortal life. But their efforts were feeble, and their cordials weak. How ridiculous, to ſay no worſe of it, was the fundamental poſition of the Stoicks! who placed patience in apathy, and contradicted all the common ſenſe, and common feelings of mankind. And for the general topics of conſolation, which were offered, ſo far were they from alleviating, that they aggravated afflictions. If I remember right, the Emperor *Auguſtus* made ſome ſuch reply to his *miſerable* comforters, when they laid before him all the common place ſayings of the philoſophers, to comfort him under a very ſevere affliction; "What you ſay, obſerved he, are the very things which occaſion my uneaſineſs." For they ſaid, that evils were unavoidable, —that they are fatal and neceſſary,—that it is vain to be troubled at what we cannot help,—that if evils are long they are but light,—if ſharp but ſhort: and ſo on. "I am apt to imagine, ſays a fine writer, that it is but a very ſmall comfort which a plain and ordinary man lying under a ſharp fit of the ſtone, for a week together, would receive from ſuch a ſentence, as the laſt. For what pleaſure ſoever men, who are at eaſe and leiſure, may take in being the authors of witty ſayings, I doubt it is but poor conſolation that a man under great and ſtinging afflictions finds from them." We may apply to them all, *Shakeſpear*'s expreſſive words:

I pray thee peace.—I *will* be *fleſh* and *blood*.
For there was never yet philoſopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;

However

However they have writ the ſtyle of Gods,
And made a piſh at chance and ſufferance.

I will be fleſh and blood, is excellent; ſimilar to which is an expreſſion in another place,—

Diſpute it like a man, ſays one;
I ſhall do ſo—ſays the other;
But I muſt alſo feel it as a man.

'Tis abſurd to ſuppoſe, that any arguments or conſiderations ſhould diveſt us of feeling. The philoſophers miſtook the point in this reſpect, while they were entirely unacquainted with thoſe arguments, which teach us to bear afflictions and evils with chearfulneſs and ſubmiſſion, at the ſame time that they allow us to feel all the burden; allow us to feel as *men*, teach us to bear as *Chriſtians*. Indeed there is no wonder, that the heathen caſuiſts were deficient in their attempts to give conſolation; ſince they were ignorant of the two grand pillars, on which reſts the fabric of human hope. They were ignorant of God's moral government of the world; they were ignorant of a future ſtate; and much more were they ignorant of that chief ſource of comfort to a *Chriſtian*, the love, the dying love of the Prince of ſufferers, *Jeſus Chriſt*; of Him, who leads the way thro' ſufferings to happineſs, and who hath aſſured his followers, that if *they ſuffer with Him*; with his temper, and humility, *they ſhall ſhare of His glory.*

The ſuperlative excellence of the Chriſtian religion is ſeen in theſe conſolatory and important truths; and ſurely cannot fail in this view to recommend itſelf to the attention and reception of all mankind. For who but wiſhes to ſecure a ſafe and happy harbour from the ſtorms and tem-

peſts of this troubleſome world? on the waves of which, whatever veſſel ſails, muſt expect to find many inconveniencies in the voyage. And if with much hazard it eſcapes rocks and ſands, and ſhipwreck, yet can it not eſcape a variety of perils, and many dangerous blaſts! Who then can fail to deſire the beſt ſecurity? Who can fail to ſeek after the beſt alleviations of the difficulties of life; the beſt *hopes* of hereafter, under the ruin of every *hope* here?—And certainly the Chriſtian religion alone affords theſe chearing hopes. It aſſures us, that a gracious father, infinite in power, and unerring in wiſdom, as good as he is great, and as merciful as he is mighty, rules the whole world of his creatures, and with the moſt particular and exact providence guides and directs the vaſt ſyſtem of things. It aſſures us, that willing to ſave, and deſirous to bleſs, he frequently chaſtens in love, and afflicts in mercy. As a father correcteth his ſon, ſo this univerſal Father corrects with all the affection of parental regard. And, as he willeth only the felicity of his creatures; ſo we may always infallibly conclude that every affliction is deſigned for our advantage, and if we properly uſe it, will tend to the increaſe of our future glory.—Muſt not this ſingle reflection chear our ſouls, and encourage us, when we droop beneath the heavy hand of temporal chaſtiſement? It comes from a father, ſuperlative in wiſdom, goodneſs, and power: from a God of Love!

But when we view the Son of this eternal God, becoming man for our ſakes:—a man of ſorrows, and acquainted with grief!—when we view the great example, afflicted in life, and more than afflicted in death: when we behold the marvellous and unparallelled patience wherewith he endured the moſt trying of all human miſeries.—

And

And when we reflect, that, perfect innocence, he thus ſuffered without one ſingle fault or ſpot, wholly for us, and for our ſalvation; certainly we can never look to this *Author* and *Finiſher* of our *Faith*, but it muſt animate us, under every ſuffering here below; nay, and enable us to bear, not only with ſubmiſſion, but with chearfulneſs, any temporal evils, as thus we have fellowſhip with the Son of God; and follow him by the way of the Croſs, up to the right hand of God, and and the fulneſs of bliſs!

This is a conſideration, which muſt make all afflictions light and eaſy to be borne. *They are but for a moment*—(for what is time, *fourſcore* years, to eternity?) but they work *out for us a weight of glory, eternal* and *exceeding* our utmoſt *conceptions!* Who would murmur at any ſufferings here, for ſuch an unutterable reward! What heart can deſpond, what heart can fail to rejoice, when it hears the animated declaration, "*Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life!*" I will give thee perfect felicity, which ſhall never be interrupted, I will give thee an eternity of ſubſtantial delights, adequate to thy nature, and ſufficient to fill up all the deſires of thy ſoul!"

Under theſe conſolations, we can never wonder to ſee the ſincere Chriſtian rejoicing in tribulation: a dejected Chriſtian, deſponding and complaining, is a much more ſurpriſing ſight, than a Chriſtian ſinging praiſes on a rack, or full of joy and thankfulneſs, while every limb is conſuming in the flames!

The ſtory of *Lipſius* is a good concluſion. He was an admirer of the *Stoical* philoſophy. On his death-bed, his friends told him, "they need not offer any arguments to *him*, whoſe *philoſophy* was

ſufficient to ſupport him, and teach him patience." "Ah, ſaid the dying man, lifting up his eyes, *Dear Lord Jeſus Chriſt, give me the Chriſtian patience.*" *Domine Jeſu, da mihi patientiam Chriſtianam.*

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

M.

NUMBER LXXVIII.

Thy watchful Providence *o'er all extends,*
Thy works obey their great Creator's ends:
And all the ills we feel, or bliſs we ſhare,
Are tokens of a heav'nly Father's care.

DEITY.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

SUMMON'D again by the voice of *Royal* authority, we are about to humble ourſelves before the throne of ſuperlative power and goodneſs. How awful the thought! A whole nation, from the mighty Monarch, who fills the throne, to the loweſt ſubject, proſtrate together, and with one voice, addreſſing the everlaſting ruler of the world. "Turn thou us, O good Lord, and ſo ſhall we be turned. Spare thy people, O Lord, ſpare them! After the multitude of thy mercies, look upon us!" We may be confident, that the God, who vouchſafes to caſt his eyes upon the concerns of mortals, cannot fail to behold with complacency ſuch a ſight; and to hear with favour, the fervent ſupplications of ſuch an unanimous multitude. Every idea, which reaſon leads

us to form of the Deity, aſſures us, that he is not inattentive, or unconcern'd in ſuch a caſe: and numberleſs examples in ſcripture abundantly convince us, that no acts of real humiliation, no petitions of faith and penitence are indifferent in his ſight, or ever eſcape his gracious notice. Pleas'd with this reflection, which every man's own reading will immediately exemplify, we ſhall rejoice in our mutual and national act of homage to the Majeſty of heaven; and be lead, as one man, to deprecate his wrath, to implore his protection.

For my own part, I will freely confeſs, that I never review thoſe many and ſignal ſucceſſes, wherewith the *Britiſh* arms have been crowned, during the preſent neceſſary and important war; but my mind immediately preſents to me, the days of public *humiliation*, which have been obſerved through our land with ſuch remarkable ſtrictneſs, and dedicated ſo truly to their appointed ſervice! How crowded have we beheld our places of public worſhip! How ſerious the deportment of our congregations! How pathetic and animating the diſcourſes of our preachers! How conſcientious and exact the ſolemn celebration of all appointed duties!—"Theſe ſignal ſucceſſes, Father of bounty, omnipotent, and all-gracious! theſe are the fruits of thy favourable acceptance of our public and united petitions—(I am ready to ſay upon the review)—We ſee and adore thy bleſſed interpoſition! Thou has heard our prayers; thou haſt ſeen our humiliation: Thou haſt crowned us with inеſtimable benefits!"

If we admit a *Providence*,—(and what man in his ſenſes denies a *Providence*——For what man denies the Being of a God? And if there is a *God*, there muſt be a *Providence*: An *Epicurean* god being to all intents and purpoſes

the

the ſame as no god at all——If we admit a *Providence*, we muſt allow, that he is able to direct, according to his good pleaſure, the affairs of mortals; and that conſequently it is neceſſary for mortals to invocate his aid, and to ſubmit the diſpoſal of their affairs to his ſovereign wiſdom and goodneſs. Nor can we doubt, but that he will graciouſly interfere in the behalf of thoſe, who make ſuch proper application to him. All his Attributes ſtand pledged to ſecure us; and his divine revelation in every page ſpeaks confidence and certainty to us in ſuch circumſtances.—We have applied; we do apply; let us be well ſatisfied, that while we continue to do ſo, the event will be proſperous.

This conſideration may ſufficiently anſwer their cavil, which favours at once of weakneſs and irreligion, who pretend, that they can ſee no propriety in any more public faſts; we have humbled ourſelves often enough, they think: the end is anſwered: and there is need of no more acts of humiliation.—But do ſuch people conſider, how eaſily the favour of heaven, averted from us, might blaſt all our hopes, and ruin all our fair proſpects! we are not yet independant; we cannot yet command winds and waves, life and death. Theſe are in the hand of Omnipotence. It well becomes us humbly to acknowledge our dependance, and to deplore our *manifold and yet uncorrected offences*. Indeed this alone were a ſufficient reaſon, why we ſhould annually, at leaſt, unite in common humiliation before God. For what need there is to implore his forgiveneſs, to entreat his mercy, to deprecate his indignation; no man can be ignorant, who knows the world at all; and who beholds the iniquity, which abounds amongſt us; tho', bleſſed be God, I

hope

hope we may ſay, with humility, we do not ſeem to be more atrocious and guilty than many preceding ages. Yet, God knows, we are guilty enough: vice abounds too, too much: the bleſſed and moſt excellent faith of our holy Redeemer is but too much profaned and deſpiſed; and every thinking man ſees but too much cauſe to complain, and to cry, "Spare us, O Lord, for our offences are great, are many! in mercy remember, and pardon a ſinful people!"

"If this be the caſe, an objector might ſay, to what end is all your faſting? Do you imagine that the ſearcher of hearts will be pleaſed with merely external humiliation? Is not this deep hypocriſy? Hath he not declared, that the prayer, and conſequently all the religious duties of the wicked, are his abomination?"—This objection might have ſome force, if it was true, that every perſon in our nation was thus worthleſs and hypocritical. Though even then, perhaps it might be confronted with ſome ſtriking inſtances of the efficacy of external humiliation. But bleſſed be God, we are well aſſured, amongſt the vaſt numbers, that in this populous nation ſhall fall before the throne of heaven, and unite in earneſt ſupplication for its welfare, thouſands and ten thouſands will be found, upright in heart, ſincere in faith, humbled, truly humbled in ſoul; and ſuch obſervers of a *Faſt*, as God, by his prophet hath declared, he will approve. See Iſaiah v. 8. Their prayers will ariſe, like incenſe before him: and many, we ſincerely hope and truſt, brought to a ſerious ſenſe of things, will from theſe *days*, learn wiſdom, rend their hearts and not their garments, and turn with repentance to their Lord and their Saviour. — This alone can make a *Faſt* profitable to themſelves as individuals: it is hoped,

ped, that ſo far as concerns the nation, the fervent and humble prayers of the truly righteous, will prevail with the God of glory, to love, to ſave, and to defend.—*I will not deſtroy it* (let us remember he once ſaid) *for the ſake of* TEN *righteous.*

It ſhould be the ambition of every *Briton* to be one of thoſe *righteous*, true patriots, and real friends to their country: A country, happy beyond all others, which the light of heaven viſits with its gladneſs. Senſible of the peculiar felicity we enjoy, let us endeavour to ſecure it, by ſecuring the protection of God, by thankful, humble, holy lives; and now eſpecially, when we are called upon by our *beloved Monarch*, called upon this FIRST year of his auſpicious reign.—Let us rejoice in the thought, that with *him* we ſhall kneel, with *him* we ſhall pray, and with *him*, we do not doubt, be heard, for every deſirable bleſſing, upon him, our country, and ourſelves!

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

M.

NUMBER LXXIX.

To man the bleeding Croſs has promis'd all:
The bleeding Croſs has ſworn eternal grace:
Who gave his life what grace ſhall he deny?

YOUNG.

IN my papers of laſt year, upon the preſent ſolemn occaſion,* it was ſhewn at large, that the commemoration of Chriſt's death and paſſion

* Good Friday.

paſſion, is itſelf a ſtrong proof of Chriſtianity, as well as the moſt exalted teſtimony of divine love. —It is very obſervable, that every particular, in this ſtupendous act of mercy, was foretold long before the event; a ſufficient evidence to the unprejudiced mind, that the whole was under the immediate direction of that God, who alone can foreſee future events, and bring them to the determined iſſue. "Chriſt was apprehended," to uſe the words of an excellent *prelate*, *The anointed of the Lord*, ſays Jeremiah long before, *was taken in their nets*. But how; he muſt be ſold; for what? For thirty pieces of ſilver; and what muſt be done with theſe? Buy a field.—See it all foretold! *And they took the thirty pieces, the price of him that was valued, and gave them for the potters field*, ſaith *Zachariah* (miſwritten *Jeremiah*, by one letter miſtaken in the abbreviation.) By whom? *That child of perdition, that the ſcripture might be fulfilled.* Which was he? It is foretold: *He that eateth bread with me*, ſays the Pſalmiſt. And what will his diſciples do? Fly away and forſake him: ſo ſaith the prophecy, *I will ſmite the ſhepherd, and the ſheep ſhall be ſcattered.* What ſhall be done to him? He muſt be ſcourged and ſpit upon; *Behold I hid not my face from ſhame and ſpitting*, it is ſaid of him by *Iſaiah*, long before. What ſhall be the iſſue? he ſhall be led to death: *The Meſſiah ſhall be cut off*, ſaith Daniel. In what manner? He muſt be lift up upon a croſs; *Like as Moſes lift up the ſerpent in the wilderneſs, ſo ſhall the ſon of man be lift up. They pierced my hands and my feet*, ſays the prophet David. With what company? He was *numbered with the wicked*, ſays the prophecy, crucified with two thieves, ſays the hiſtory: Where? *Without the gates*, ſays the prophecy: What becomes

of

of his garments? they cannot ſo much as caſt lots for them, but it is propheſied: *They divided my* garments; and for my veſture did they caſt lots. What ſhall we ſay, no one action reſpecting him but is foretold: his very words, his complaint, his reſignation, his requeſt:—*Father, forgive them*, ſaid he; *he prayed for the tranſgreſſors*, ſaith the prophet. And now when he ſaw all theſe prophecies fulfilled, knowing that one remained, he ſaid, *I thirſt*; *Domine, quid ſitis*, ſaith one: O Lord, what thirſteſt thou for? A wonderful hearing, that a man, yea that God and man dying, ſhould complain of thirſt.——Could he endure the wrath of his father, the curſe of our ſins, thoſe tortures of body, and horrors of ſoul; and doth he ſhrink at his thirſt? No, it was to fulfil the ſcripture. It was not the neceſſity of nature but the neceſſity of his father's decree, that drew forth this word, *I thirſt*. They offered him the draught before; he refuſed it; whether it were an ordinary *potion* for the condemned to haſten death (as in the ſtory of *M. Antony*, which is the moſt received conſtruction) or whether it were the Jewiſh potion, whereof the *Rabbis* ſpeak; whoſe tradition was, that the malefactor to be executed ſhould after ſome good counſel from two of their teachers be taught to ſay, *let my death be for the remiſſion of all my ſins:* Upon which a bowl of mixt wine was given him, with a grain of frankincenſe, to bereave him both of reaſon and pain. —After this he declared, *all is finiſhed*, "the whole work is complete, the ſcriptures are fulfilled,"—bowed the head, and gave up the ghoſt.

Nothing affords a ſtronger atteſtation to any truth, than plain and clear *prophecies*; of which ſo many were evidently and undeniably fulfilled in Chriſt, that one would conceive no man, who

ſuffers

ſuffers himſelf to think at all, could either doubt the truth, or be indifferent to the duties of the Chriſtian religion. Indeed there is one ſingle chapter, the 53d of *Iſaiah*, which is alone ſufficient to convince every impartial enquirer. Its influence upon the celebrated Earl of *Rocheſter* is well known; and we cannot but believe, that it muſt have a ſimilar influence upon every man, who will ſit down ſeriouſly and read it, and without prejudice, enquire, of whom ſpeaketh the prophet this? Of *himſelf, or of ſome other man?*

For my own part, I muſt confeſs, that there is one particular which conſtantly occurs to my obſervation, when reviewing the ancient world, whether of *Jews*, or *Heathens*, and which ſeems inexplicable, without reference to the grand expiation made by Jeſus Chriſt: I mean the univerſal practice of *ſacrificing*, which undeniably is as old, if not as the *fall*, yet as the times of *Cain* and *Abel*; which may be traced from their days, down through every period, and into every country and nation under the ſun. If this was not typical and ſignificative of Chriſt's future ſacrifice; what could be the intent, what the uſe? What relation hath the death of an innocent animal to the placating the Deity for the ſins of a man? The whole is inexplicable, myſterious, and abſurd, upon any other view, than that to which we are led, by the knowledge of his all-ſufficient ſacrifice, who died to redeem and ſave, as an holy and all-perfect victim, the fallen human race!

And certainly this wonderful *victim*, ſo glorious in himſelf, and ſo conſummately excellent, is well calculated to anſwer all our wants, and to diſperſe all our anxieties. "He is infinitely ſuperior to the demerits of ſin; and abſolves from all guilt, ex-

empts from all condemnation. His merits afford us a moſt valid and never-failing plea againſt the accuſations of *Satan*, and the challenges of conſcience. They eſtabliſh an undoubted title to every bleſſing, whether in time or in eternity, whether in grace or in glory. They are a ſure ſupport for the Chriſtian in an hour of deſertion, and in the agonies of death. Caſting anchor on this bottom, he may diſmiſs every fear, and ride out every ſtorm. Leaning upon this ſtaff, he may go down to the repoſe of the grave, and neither be appalled at the ſolemn harbingers of diſſolution, nor terrified at its far more awful conſequences. The merit of Chriſt's ſacrifice; and the power of the divine Victim himſelf will unſeal the tomb; will bring forth the ſleeping duſt from the chambers of putrefaction, and build up the whole man into immortality and glory! By this he will be preſented *without ſpot*; preſented *faultleſs*; yea, be preſented *perfect*, and with exceeding joy, before the throne!"

What a gift, then, is this all-ſufficient ſacrifice of Chriſt, which we this day commemorate! —Bleſſed be God, for all the indulgent diſpenſations of Providence! Bleſſed be God, for all the beneficial productions of nature! But above all, bleſſed be God, for the tranſcendent, the unſpeakable gift of Jeſus Chriſt, and him crucified!

M.

NUMBER

NUMBER LXXX.

Might I from fortune's bounteous hand receive
Each boon, each bleſſing, in her pow'r to give:
Genius and ſcience, morals, and good ſenſe,
Unenvy'd honours, wit, and eloquence;
A numerous offspring to the world well-known,
Both for paternal virtues and their own:
Even at this mighty price I'd not be bound
To tread the ſame dull circle round and round;
The ſoul requires enjoyments more ſublime,
By ſpace unbounded, undeſtroy'd by time.

JENNYN's tranſlation of H. Browne on Immortality.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

I DO not remember, ever to have ſeen it obſerved, amongſt the various proofs which ariſe, in teſtimony to the ſoul's immortality, that "a great city is a ſtriking evidence to this capital and important truth." The thought ſtruck me, as I was travelling yeſterday through our noble metropolis; and I was ſo much convinced by it myſelf, that I determined, by the channel of your truly-valuable paper, to offer the hint to the reflection of the public.

Many excellent writers have deduced uſeful moral reflections from a ſurvey of the wonderful œconomy of ants, of bees, of beavers, and the like; their nefts, their hives, their houſes, have afforded matter for inſtructive and agreeable ſpeculation. They beſpeak much deſign, they ſhew

the amazingly ſtrong power of what we call *inſtinct*; that wonderful *ſomething*, given by the Deity to the animal creation, in the place of our reaſon—But while we admire and contemplate theſe, we omit what is nearer to us, the places of our own abode; for however curious and elegant the works of theſe creatures may be, whatever powers they demonſtrate, yet how mean and inconſiderable are they, in compariſon with an elegant and commodious dwelling, much more with a whole city, compoſed of thouſands of ſuch *dwellings*; placed in the moſt regular order, and finiſhed with all the advantages that art and labour can ſupply? Look down on one of the ſpacious ſtreets; ſee it thronged with inhabitants, occupied in their ſeveral employs, and crowding along with all the haſte of ſolicitous anxiety, and induſtrious zeal. Again, ſurvey the noble river which rolls its wealthy current thro' the midſt of the city: and ſee, what the labour of man hath atchieved! Acroſs the rapid ſtream proud bridges ſtretch their ſtrong arches; and all the burden of trade is conveyed on dry land. But why particulariſe? You have the object before you; conſider it well; and ſay, can you imagine, that the *minds*, which form and direct ſuch habitations, ſhall periſh, like the habitations themſelves? A city, you grant, is a fine and ſtriking object; but the inhabitants of it, how much are they ſuperior to the city itſelf! It requires infinitely more art and labour to form ſuch a receptacle for the human race, than an ant-hill, or a beaver's lodge: but theſe, you ſay, witneſs wonderful inſtinct: how much more then does a large city bear witneſs to a power in man; which I could as well ſuppoſe formed only to exiſt in time, as I could ſuppoſe a city built to exiſt eternally.

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If this argument ſhall appear as concluſive and ſtriking, as it is new, I ſhall think myſelf happy in having pointed out one evidence more of that great truth, which, to mortals, is of all others moſt important and intereſting: a truth, which diminiſhes the value of ſublunary things, as much as it ſupports the upright ſoul amidſt all the inconveniencies of mortality. Indeed this ſingle truth is ſufficient to awaken us into a zealous concern for religion and virtue: for if man is immortal, and muſt partake of a ſtate unalterable and ever-during, either in happineſs or miſery, what egregious madneſs is it to neglect a regard for that ſtate, while enſlaved to tranſitory purſuits! On the other ſide, if man is not immortal, why any ſolicitude, why any attention to virtue? A great author ſays well, "if there is no futurity, I had rather be an oyſter than a man:" And who, that thinks at all, is not of the ſame mind? —But man is immortal; and wretched will his ſtate be, who believing this truth, lives nevertheleſs in contrariety to it.

I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

Z.

NUMBER LXXXI.

Intire and ſure the monarch's rule muſt prove,
Who founds his greatneſs on his ſubjects love:
Who does our homage for our good require,
And orders that, which we ſhould firſt deſire;
Our vanquiſh'd wills, the pleaſing force obey;
His Goodneſs *takes our liberty away,*
And haughty Britain yields to arbitrary ſway.

PRIOR.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

IF the following paragraphs taken from the Dean of *Briſtol's* * ſermon, preached the laſt general faſt-day before the houſe of Commons, have the ſame effect upon you, as they had upon a conſiderable part of his audience, you will contribute your uſeful endeavours to make them as public as poſſible.

Sermon, p. 16. "May this be the happy fate of *Britain*, of her King and her people! *May the Lord repent of the evil, which he thought to do unto us!* The fate of *Britain* cannot but be happy, if her ſons will learn righteouſneſs, and live agreeably to the precepts of their holy religion. The fate of *Britain* cannot but be happy under the auſpicious government of GEORGE THE GOOD,* if the well regulated piety of the Sovereign, his uniform

* Dr. Squire, now Biſhop of St. David's.

* Let it be remembered, that in France, and in many other kingdoms, it has generally been a cuſtom to give their Kings expreſſive appellations,

uniform and exemplary devotion, his ſound and upright underſtanding, his humane, feeling and benevolent heart, his purity and integrity of manners, untouched amidſt the flames of youth, can ſecure the permanent proſperity and happineſs of a nation.

Oh! may the imperial robe, ſo lately put on, continue to ſit light, eaſy and graceful upon his ſhoulders! may he ever find his ſubjects dutiful, faithful and obedient! may he ſee all his vows fulfilled! he will ſee his moſt ardent vows fulfilled, if he may behold his people flouriſhing in domeſtic union and tranquility; flouriſhing in credit and reputation among foreign nations, and flouriſhing in the practice of virtue and religion, the never-failing ſource of national felicity! may he ſoon put a good end to the juſt and neceſſary, tho' extremely expenſive war, in which he finds himſelf ſo intricately engaged, and be able to give to his own ſubjects, to his allies, and to *Europe*, the bleſſing ſo devoutly to be wiſhed, the bleſſing of an honourable, ſafe and durable peace.—May our lateſt poſterity make the long, happy and glorious reign of GEORGE THE GOOD, the common meaſure of felicitation to all his deſcendants, ſitting upon the throne of theſe kingdoms, till time ſhall be no more.

"To theſe petitions for the happineſs of our King, and the peace of our *Jeruſalem*, is there a Briton, whoſe heart, as well as tongue, does not chearfully ſay, Amen."

Was ever prince more happily furnamed? And did ever prince better deſerve the appellation *of Good?* Oh! may all his ſubjects catch the echo of this amiable title, till it find a place in our future

future annals, at well as in our daily converſation.

Why was our King the beſt, the moſt loyal and obedient of ſubjects under his royal grandfather's empire? *Becauſe he was good.*

Why was he formerly, and why is he ſtill, in the midſt of royalty, the moſt dutiful of ſons to his affectionate parent? *Becauſe he is good.*

Why has he been even almoſt adored by thoſe, whoſe offices have given them the honour to approach his perſon? *Becauſe he is good.*

What moved him to make that generous, noble and conſtitutional declaration upon his immediate acceſſion to the throne, which gave ſuch heart-felt pleaſure to all his ſubjects? *His goodneſs.*

In the tumultuous moment of tranſition from ſubject to king, what rendered him ſo remarkably eaſy, calm, and in full poſſeſſion of himſelf? *His goodneſs.*

What moved him, even in the firſt hour of greatneſs, either perſonally to aſſure, or by meſſages to declare to all his ſervants, that he would ſtill continue his favour to them, and that his advancement ſhould be no leſs to them? *His goodneſs.*

Why has he continued ſo many of his grandfather's old ſervants in their employments, or given them penſions equivalent to the poſts which the conjuncture would not permit them to hold longer? *Becauſe he is good.*

Why did he ſurrender the hereditary revenue of his crown to the diſpoſition of parliament for a limited annual income? For an income, probably 200, 000 *l.* leſs than would have been given to him, had he demanded it?—Becauſe he loves his ſubjects; *Becauſe he is good.*

It was the *ſame goodneſs of heart*, which prompted him, the very moment the regal power came into his hands, to renew the proclamation againſt vice, and to declare his reſolution to do every thing in his power to diſcountenance prophaneneſs in all ſhapes.

It was the *ſame goodneſs of heart*, which in the *Dean*'s words, "animates his well-regulated piety to his God; which directs his uniform and exemplary devotion, and preſerves his morals pure and untouched, amidſt the flames of youth."

Why has he thrown down the partition walls of faction, and encouraged the freeſt acceſs of all ſubjects to his preſence, and his favours? *Becauſe he is good.*

Why has he declared his averſion to all ſorts of parliamentary corruption, both within the houſe and out of it? *Becauſe he is good.*

Why hath he made the judges abſolutely independent on the crown, both of the ſucceſſor, as well as of the reigning prince? *Becauſe he is good.*

Let other nations boaſt of *the greatneſs* of their princes, of the extent of their encreaſing dominions, of their compleat victories and ſplendid triumphs.—But can there be true greatneſs, where there is not goodneſs? Or can there be greatneſs, which is purchaſed with the lives and fortunes of myriads of unhappy people? *

GEORGE THE GOOD is our Prince, nor would we exchange him for all the *Alexanders*, the *Julius Cæſars*, and the *Lewis the Greats*, that ever exiſted.—As our King is *good*, let us know him hereafter

* See a Letter to Lord Hallifax, &c. printed for Newbery.

hereafter by that amiable name, and tranſmit the title of *George the Good* to all poſterity.

I am, Sir, &c.

PHILOBASILEUS.

NUMBER LXXXII.

Quo te cæleſtis ſapientia duceret, ires.

HOR.

IN a former paper I obſerved, that the higheſt happineſs of intellectual creatures conſiſted in a perpetual intercourſe with almighty God. But to prevent miſtakes, it may be incumbent upon us to enquire, what is the genuine teſt and proof of this divine communion. Our bleſſed Lord hath reſolved this important queſtion. "Ye are my Diſciples, if ye do whatſoever I command you:" and again, "If a man love me, he will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." Whence it follows, that if our actions be not ſuitable to the laws of God, all our pretences, warmth, and tranſports are no better than the artifices of hypocriſy, the impoſitions of fanaticiſm, or the deluſions of the grand enemy of mankind.

On the other hand, we are not to be diſcouraged at incidental abſences, and dejections of ſpirits, when we are engaged in ſacred duties. Man is a compoſition of ſoul and body; and during their union here, the former will be often interrupted in her religious performances, by the diſeaſes and imperfections of her aſſociate. Inattention

tention, languors, and dejections many times proceed from a temporary indiſpoſition of the animal œconomy. A relaxation of the nervous ſyſtem, an inequality in the circulation of the blood, and more eſpecially a depravity of the juices (as the Phyſicians term it) will have a powerful and ſurprizing influence upon the mental faculties. I ſpeak this in pity to multitudes; becauſe I daily ſee pious and worthy perſons afflicting themſelves beyond meaſure, thro' their ignorance of this weighty truth.

Beſides, they would do well to recollect thoſe gracious allowances, which our compaſſionate Saviour hath made upon record for the omiſſions, frailties, and defaults of human nature. Even his Diſciples, who accompanied him into the garden the night preceding his crucifixion, could not repreſs unſeaſonable ſlumbers. It is alſo very obſervable, that the mild reprehenſion of our Lord upon this occaſion, ſuggeſted at the ſame time a tender apology for their miſbehaviour.

Prayer and meditation have a direct tendency to keep open the communication between the Supreme Being and the ſoul of man. But the public worſhip of God hath the poſitive promiſe of his more immediate preſence. What then ſhall we ſay to thoſe, who uſe a thouſand little pitiful ſubterfuges to juſtify their abſence from the houſe of prayer. I had lately an opportunity of introducing the ſentiments and example of the royal Pſalmiſt. With my reader's permiſſion, I will recommend to him another of David's compoſitions, where he will find this ſubject remarkably illuſtrated. I mean the forty-ſecond Pſalm; in the beginning whereof the author appears mightily ſolicitous to expreſs the vehemence of his

his deſire to approach again the ordinances of the ſanctuary. The alluſion there mentioned, is of ſtronger import than what perhaps is generally imagined. It may be neceſſary to notice, that when a deer is cloſely purſued by the hunters, he *takes ſoil*, as it is called; that is, he ſpeeds into the water. This is commonly his dernier reſort; wherefore he makes the moſt powerful efforts to accompliſh his purpoſe. During ſuch reſolution, the natural timidity of his temper yields to a ſudden ferocity, which would very much endanger man or horſe, who accidentally obſtructed his courſe.

In the next place, the Pſalmiſt pathetically denotes the ſeverity of his ſorrows, while the Pagans upbraid him with the inutility of his faith and confidence in the true God. But conſcious of the ſuperiority of his religion, he inſtances to himſelf that happineſs, which reſulted from his attendance upon the public worſhip; and takes occaſion from thoſe prior comforts, to hold up his ſoul under preſent ſufferings: more particularly under his ſore diſtreſs of baniſhment from the temple of God. He not only expoſtulates with his own heart for its diffidence and fears, but he even reproaches his breaſt for its inquietude and deſpondence; becauſe at that very period, he experienced the ſenſe of God's favour. He likewiſe calls to mind paſt mercies, and the ſignal deliverances which God had wrought for him at a time, when he had as little encouragement to expect the interpoſition of the Deity, as amidſt thoſe troubles which induced him to pen this Pſalm. Then he concludes with a ſtriking repetition of a former ſoliloquy, and of his purpoſed reliance upon God in all future difficulties that might

might befal him. Thus the ſtruggle terminates, and the religious Monarch goes off triumphant.

The paſſages which relate to the contumelious invectives of the heathen, are omitted in the ſubſequent verſion, that the Pſalm may be more extenſively applicable to every afflicted individual.

PSALM XLII.

WITH fierce deſire the hunted Hart
Explores the cooling ſtream;
Mine is a paſſion ſtronger far,
And mine a nobler theme.

Yes, with ſuperior fervors, Lord,
I thirſt to ſee thy face;
My languid ſoul would fain approach
The fountains of thy grace.

Oh! the great plenty of thy houſe!
The rich refreſhments there!
To live an exile from thy courts
O'erwhelms me with deſpair.

In worſhip when I join'd thy ſaints,
How ſweetly paſs'd my days!
Prayer my divine employment then,
And all my pleaſure praiſe.

But now I'm loſt to every joy,
Becauſe detain'd from thee;
Thoſe golden periods ne'er return,
Or ne'er return to me.

Yet, O my ſoul, why thus depreſt,
And whence this anxious fear?

Let former favours, fix thy truſt,
And check the riſing tear.

When darkneſs, and when ſorrows roſe,
And preſs'd on every ſide,
Did not the Lord ſuſtain thy ſteps,
And was not God thy guide?

Affliction is a ſtormy deep,
Where wave reſounds to wave;
Tho' o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can ſave.

Perhaps before the morning dawns,
He'll reinſtate my peace;
For he, who bad the tempeſt roar,
Can bid the tempeſt ceaſe.

In the dark watches of the night
I'll count his mercies o'er;
I'll praiſe him for ten thouſand paſt,
And humbly ſue for more.

Then, O my ſoul, why thus depreſt,
And whence this anxious fear?
Let former favours fix thy truſt,
And check the riſing tear.

Here will I reſt, and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod;
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God!

N.

NUMBER

NUMBER LXXXIII.

Here paint, fair Muſe, the worſhip God requires:
The Soul inflam'd with chaſte and holy fires;
Where love celeſtial warms the happy breaſt,
Where from ſincerity the thought's expreſs'd:
Where genuine piety and truth refin'd,
Re-conſecrate the temple of the mind:
With grateful flames the living altars glow,
And God deſcends to viſit man below.

DEITY.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

AT the foot of *Haion Horos*, the Holy Mountain, * (thro' which the proud Perſian Monarch, impotent in power, vainly deſired to cut an impoſſible way) lived *Albanius* the *hermit*. His little hut was almoſt inacceſſible to the tread of mortals; forty years had rolled away during his reſidence there; and he had paſſed an hundred years of weary pilgrimage upon the earth. The ſnowy locks which covered his venerable head, were not more pure and white than his conſcience; and his wiſdom was celebrated throughout all the neighbouring country; for he leaned on the ſtaff of experience, and the eye of his mind was clear, unpolluted, and piercing as the eagle's;

* Mount Athos, ſo called both by Greeks and Turks. There is no appearance, travellers aſſure us, of the paſſage, which ſome hiſtorians ſay, Xerxes cut through it.

his devotions were born to heaven, on the wings of faith and purity: His hope was firmly fixed as the roots of *Haion Horos* itſelf; and his intentions ſtrait, and ever pointing to the ſkies, like the cedars which grew from the mountain's top.

Not far from his hermitage, ſtood the convent of *Pancratori*; thither *Albanius* was wont frequently to reſort, to unite in public prayer, and to liſten to the enquiries of the ſincere and ſolicitous. His counſel was like dew to the thirſty ſoil, like balm to the wounded and afflicted mind. Grief heard him, and forgot to weep: Doubt liſtened, and behold, it was light: Error approached, and his hand preſented the clue to guide her through the mazy labyrinth.

"Son of *Arcadius*," ſaid the *Hermit*,—when one day he beheld *Soſimenes* waiting in the oratory —"Son of *Arcadius*, to what purpoſe is this frequent maceration of thy body by *Faſting?* To what end the multitude of thy prayers, and this vain repetition of empty words? Thinkeſt thou that the EYE of the univerſe can view with complacence a decorated outſide, when the inward parts are defiled and abominable? Lo, he pierceth with brightneſs tenfold beyond the brightneſs of the ſun, into the very ſecrets of the ſoul; the dawning thought, the riſing intention are open to his view: Not a word formeth itſelf on our tongue, not a deſire ſuggeſteth itſelf to our heart, but he knoweth it——the omniſcient Jehovah!——For he created the heart,——he made the eye!

"Venerable father, replied the ſon of *Arcadius*, may the eternal wiſdom ſtill be thy glory. Thou art as an angel of God! But ſay, ſhall we not awfully reverence his commands, who is the meſſenger of peace and life, the counſellor and everlaſting

laſting God? He hath ſaid, and I obey; he ſpoke, and with trembling I adore!"

"*Soſimenes*, replied the hermit, hear and underſtand. A certain maſter had a ſervant, in whom he repoſed great confidence. And being about to take a long journey, he committed to his truſt, all that he had, ſaying, "Take heed to thyſelf and my houſehold, oh my ſon; let watchfulneſs ſtay by thy ſide, let diligence lead thee on the way, let ſobriety ſit down continually at thy table; ſee that thou bar the gates of my dwelling, when the ſhadows of night approach, and in the morning be thou firſt, at the crowing of the cock, to awaken thy fellow ſervants to induſtry and labour."—So ſaying, he took his journey. The ſervant heard and rejoiced in the truſt: But ſoon forgetting his dependance, as his Lord prolonged his ſtay, he aſſumed to himſelf the whole right and fancied his Lord would no more return. He ſaw the gates of the houſhold barred at night, he aroſe in the morning, and awakened the ſervants to induſtry and labour. But he drove far from himſelf, ſobriety, diligence, and watchfulneſs.—What thinkeſt thou, that the Lord of this ſervant will do to him, when he returns to claim his own? And when he ſhall only have to urge in his defence, that he ſecured the external avenues, while he conſumed, within, all his maſter's ſubſtance; will he not deliver him to the Judge, and ſhall not his life be demanded with torture and ignominy?

Son of *Arcadius*, thou art this ſervant! Thy heart is full of corruption and deceit: Thou art a ſlave to this world, though its dependance is weaker than the bruiſed reed Thou art thirſty for wealth, and greedy of power, though if thou couldſt drink more than the ſea before thee, or riſe higher than the inac-

ceſſible top of this Holy Mountain, thou wouldſt not be ſatisfied!—Yet fraught with theſe paſſions, thou wouldſt place the demon of deceit even before God and thyſelf! Vain and erring! And knowing that the Omnipotent requires a duteous obſervance, thou wouldſt pay him with baſe coin, while thou retaineſt the real gold! But, what ſhall thy *Faſting* profit thee, if thou doſt not humble thy ſoul, and produce fruits acceptable to the King of Eternity? Is the Faſt, that he hath choſen, deſigned only to cauſe the head to bow down as a bulruſh; to afflict the body with ſackcloth and aſhes? Is not this the acceptable Faſt,——to looſe the bands of wickedneſs; to undo the heavy burdens; to let the afflicted go free? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry? To bring the poor to thy houſe? And when thou ſeeſt the naked, to cover him? This is the Faſt, which the Lord will approve: this will make thy light riſe in obſcurity, and thy darkneſs ſhine as the noon day!

Remember, O ſon of *Arcadius*, that *purification* of ſoul, and *ſpirituality* of affections, are the great ends of the Holy Redeemer's faith: External ſervices profit much, as means to this end; but are empty, as the foam that daſheth on the rocks, and is no more, when they are deſtitute of theſe graces; when they are the only reliance of the ſoul. He that offereth on the altar of an humble heart, faith, penitence, purity, reſignation and love, offereth an acceptable ſervice: but what availeth all external ſacrifice and pomp devoid of theſe? Lo, the barren tree, which beareth leaves only on the ſide of the mountain! It ſhall ſpeedily be cut down; we have ſought for fruit in vain.—Yet remember, that without *leaves* and *bloſſoms* there can be no *fruit*. Such are the external

external ſacraments, and outward means of religion; they are nothing, deſtitute of inward fruits; yet inward fruits without them are not to be expected. What God hath united, let not man diſjoin.

Go thy ways, ſon of man, repent, and turn to God: think not that thy prayer and faſting ſhall be remembered, to any other end than thy condemnation, if thou ſhalt tread again in the paths of folly. "A man that faſteth for his ſins, and goeth again and doeth the ſame, who will hear his prayer? and what doth his humbling profit him?"

The Almighty hand, which holdeth the golden ſceptre of the world, holdeth, oh *Soſimenes*, the keys of life and death; he abhorreth the hypocrite; he diſcerneth the deepeſt ſecrets of the ſoul:—Miſerable is that deluded mortal, who compelleth the indignant hand of this unbiaſſed juſtice, to unlock the gates of death—to aſſign the ſelf-deceiver a portion of unalterable puniſhment, and to ſhut upon him that door, which no man can open!—Son of *Arcadius*, conſider theſe things, and be wiſe."

S.

NUMBER

NUMBER LXXXIV.

Levius fit patientia
Quicquid corrigere eſt nefas.

HOR.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

THE miſeries and misfortunes of life are the ſubject of continual complaint: We are ever hearing from almoſt every tongue querulous lamentations, and ſorrowful tales of diſtreſs. It is certain, that humanity is neceſſarily connected with trouble; there are many evils and inconveniences, which no philoſophy, forecaſt, or power, can prevent or remove. And it is as certain, that many advantages ſpring from theſe evils, whether we conſider them with a view to preſent or temporal concerns.

But it ſeems ſtrange and unaccountable, that, well ſatisfied as we all are of the neceſſary debt of trouble and anxiety, which every man muſt pay to life, in ſome way or other, we ſhould yet unwiſely aggravate our diſtreſſes, and add to our own uneaſineſs, rather than apply to every wiſe and rational method of alleviating them. That every human evil will admit of much alleviation; that the method in which we bear misfortunes may increaſe or diminiſh their weight, is too plain and palpable a truth to admit of diſputation. Why then is it, that we do not ſtudy the arts of ſupporting the neceſſary inconveniences to which fleſh is heir? Why is it that we are ſuch enemies to ourſelves? and why is it, that when, confeſſedly,

fedly, happineſs is the one purſuit of us all, we do not ſtudy the firſt principles of attaining it, or as much of it as our preſent ſtate will admit?

I was lead into theſe reflections laſt night, at my friend *Timander*'s, who gave me an invitation, with another friend, to paſs the evening with him at his own houſe. *Timander* is a man in trade, with many amiable qualities; and his wife, for whom he has a good regard, is a woman, of whom we might ſpeak with eſteem. But like other people, engaged in the thorny difficulties of trade (where, ſo far as I have found, perplexities many and various are unavoidable) this couple have met with their perplexities; and ſurely when they came together they could not expect the contrary. People, with a few grains of prudence, would endeavour, one ſhould imagine, to make the beſt of evils they could not ſhun, and to render loads as light to each other's ſhoulders as poſſible, which their ſituation made it neceſſary to bear. But in direct contradiction to ſuch philoſophy, our worthy friends ſeem mutually agreed to add weight to every load, and thorns to every difficulty. We were ſcarce ſat down to ſupper, before ſome unwelcome altercation began: ſome croſs events that day had happened; concerning which, when *Timander* interrogated his wife, ſhe replied with ſome tartneſs, and his rejoinder was made with no leſs acrimony. They went on to teize and whet each other, 'till at length my naughty pride would not permit me to be ſilent. "Sir, ſaid I, to my friend, I am ſorry that I am ſo unſeaſonably admitted to your table, when you and your wife have matters of moment to diſcuſs: I muſt be free to ſay, I expected different entertainment: I will not be ſo rude as to interfere with

with your family differences—ſo you will excuſe me, and I wiſh you a good night."

You cannot wonder, that ſuch a remonſtrance had its effect: they were both confounded, and made many apologies, entreating my pardon, pleading the ſituation of things, and inſiſting upon my ſtay. I ſate down again; for I had taken my hat, and with ſome gravity told them, "My good friends, you know I love and eſteem you both, and wiſh nothing more ſincerely than your felicity. It grieves me to ſee you both ſuch enemies to yourſelves, ſo weak and abſurd. You are under difficulties, great, very great difficulties: I grant it: So am I: So are thouſands; what then? Shall we encreaſe thoſe difficulties by our manner of bearing them: This wou'd be ſtrangely ridiculous. Your peeviſhneſs, paſſion, altercation, and impetuoſity, deprive you of all that comfort, which alone makes difficulties light and eaſy to be borne. You know, that I have lived long and happily with an excellent wife; and you know that we have fought our way through many uneaſy circumſtances. Now I muſt freely tell you, that ſo far have we been from adding to each others evils, which is your caſe, that we have mutually lightened each others burden. However chagrining our affairs have been, I never concealed the real truth from my faithful and beſt friend my wife; ſhe never aggravated or conſidered matters in the worſt view, but with ſmiles and good nature alleviated all my fears, and fixed the eye of my hope on ſome favourable circumſtance. In return, I have always endeavoured to keep up her ſpirits, with the utmoſt chearfulneſs; and in ſhort, we have learnt to take life as it is, and to make the beſt of it; always determined to ſooth each others cares, and to pour balm into

each

each others hearts, not to add fuel to the flame; —So are we, ſo have we been long and exquiſitely bleſſed,—and let come what will, we are ever ſure of finding conſolation, peace, and reſt in each others boſom."

My remarks had their uſe, at leaſt for that evening; which we paſſed in great good nature; and I hope it may lead my friends to ſome advantageous reflections. However, as theirs, I believe, is an epidemical diſtemper, theſe hints may be generally uſeful. As ſo much ſocial happineſs depends upon each other, let huſband and wife ſtudy to ſoften alternate cares, and learning to take the world as it paſſes, let them bear with chearfulneſs unavoidable evils, and not double thoſe evils by their own impetuoſity, imprudence, and abſurdity.

I am,

SIR,

Your's, &c.

W.

NUMBER LXXXV.

Sævit et in lucem Stygiis emiſſa tenebris
Pallida Tiſiphone; morbos agit ante metumque,
Inque dies avidum ſurgens caput altius effert.

VIRGIL.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

I HAVE often obſerved with ſecret concern, that when the *Small-pox* prevails in a community, the families who by a kind interpoſition of Providence,

Providence, were formerly carried with ſafety through the diſtemper, ſeldom pay a religious regard to this formidable viſitation. Although the funeral bell is daily appriſing them of the dreadful havock, which the diſeaſe is making in the houſes of their neighbours—although *death is come up into our windows, and is entered into our palaces, to cut off the children from without, and the young men from the ſtreets*; yet ſuch, as by prior ſickneſs are ſecured againſt the preſent evil, ſeldom think themſelves intereſted in this general devaſtation; but purſue their ſeveral pleaſures with eagerneſs and alacrity

Doth not this conduct betray in them the fouleſt ingratitude for their own deliverance, and a cruel inſenſibility of the ſorrows of others? Methinks the tender laws of humanity, and the common bonds of friendſhip were alone ſufficient to arreſt the mind in its giddy career after trifles and vanity; and more than ſufficient to repreſs all licentious ſallies of intemperate mirth and jollity But when this levity and diſſipation are beheld with an eye of religion, how exceedingly culpable muſt they appear to the ſober and ſerious thinker!

Undoubtedly it is one part of the deſign of Providence, in ſuch melancholy diſpenſations, to put the whole community upon thought and conſideration. We ſtand impeached of the moſt flagitious folly in the ſight of heaven, when we will not permit the death of our friends to raiſe in us proper reflections upon that diſſolution which awaits ourſelves. *Oh! that they were wiſe; that they would conſider their latter end*, was the compaſſionate exclamation of infinite Wiſdom.

That

That the contagious nature of the ſmall-pox often precludes the ſick from the attendance of their deareſt relations, and thereby aggravates the ſufferings of the diſeaſed, is too obvious a truth. But, what is many times of far ſuperior conſequence, this ſore calamity often debars the miniſter from the dying bed; who, through a juſt ſenſe of the danger, ariſing either perhaps to his own perſon, or to his family connexions, is compelled to abſent himſelf from the infected chamber. Hence the ſoul, in the laſt moments of her ſeparation, is left deſtitute of ſpiritual aſſiſtance, when her wants and emergencies are the moſt importunate. Naked and diſcomforted ſhe now ſtands upon the beach, eyes the vaſt ocean of eternity which lies before her, and ſhudders at the multitude of its terrors. Then with all the tremblings of anxiety, ſhe turns over the regiſter of her former life, marks the numerous ſins, errors, and miſcarriages of it, and is overwhelmed with confuſion at the painful retroſpect. In all this tumultuous perplexity of thought, ſhe caſts her deſpairing countenance around, *looking, but there is none to ſave*; *wondering, but there is none to uphold.* Surely amidſt ſuch diſtracting ſcenes, thoſe venerable perſonages who officiate at the altar of the LIVING GOD, might greatly avail the agonizing heart, by the prudent and pious exerciſe of their functions. The ſacred oracles are an inexhauſtible ſource of the beſt conſolations in the worſt extremities: *therefore every Scribe which is inſtructed unto the kingdom of heaven* knows where to fetch rich ſupplies for every exigence.

Is any ſick among you? ſays the apoſtle St. *James let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him.* Not perhaps that miniſters

are always to wait for ſuch invitations. But doubtleſs they muſt counteract the ſoft emotions of nature, and ſtifle the ſuggeſtions of duty, who upon *frivolous pretences* refuſe the dying ſolicitations of the penſive, dejected chriſtian, or of the awakened, enquiring ſinner.

It is in ſome degree incumbent upon every man to attend the couches of thoſe who are languiſhing under infirmities and pains. The enquiry which will be made at the laſt day after this ſort of charity, demonſtrates how important a place it holds in all our practical religion; and thoſe words, *ſick and ye viſited me*, or *viſited me not*, abundantly ſhew what a mighty influence it will have upon our ſentence, either of abſolution or condemnation. But much more does this doctrine concern thoſe whoſe appropriated office it is to prepare the ſoul for her entrance upon a new ſtate of exiſtence; who are ſet as watchmen to the houſe of *Iſrael*; and whoſe *indifference*, *careleſſneſs* and *neglect* will aſſuredly render them obnoxious to the ſeverity of the divine diſpleaſure.

N.

INDEX.

INDEX.

The reader will be pleaſed to obſerve, that the letters denote the volume, the figures the pages.

Albanius, the hermit, his reflections on faſting, ii. 231.
Allegory, ii.. 233.
Altercations between huſband and wife, ii. 237.
Amuſements, ii. 201.
Anticipation of miſeries, wrong, i. 88.
Antinomians, their abſurd and licentious tenets cenſured, ii. 1.
Apoſtles, their evidence, i. 71.
Arabs, their peculiar game, ii. 9.
Aſſembly Seeking, its eſtabliſhment, i. 154.
Auguſtus (the emperor) his reply to his comforters, ii. 206.
Bath, letter from, ii. 200.
Beau and viper, a fable, i. 245.
Bee, Ant and Sparrow, a fable, ii. 156.
Bedell, Bp. recommended as an example, i. 32.
Beggars, *common*, a great nuiſance, ii. 87.
Behaviour of a lunatic in the walks of Lincoln's-inn, i. 173.
Benevolence and compaſſion, excellence of, ii. 71.
Benvolio, amiable in retirement, i. 26.
Birth, its little worth without virtue, i. 35.

INDEX.

Candid, Philanthropy, Esq; visited by his printer and bookseller, &c. undertakes the *Visitor*, i. 1.
——account of his family, i. 6.
Charities, public, their excellence, i. 94.—203
Charity, essay on, i. 203.
Christian System, papers on the excellence of, i. 161—182—208. ii. 57—63—205.
Christian, the sincere, must be happy, i. 164.
City-Assembly, i. 81. See *Selima Seeker*.
Clergy vindicated, i, 67.
——animadverted on. ii. 101.
Clemency in commanders applauded, ii. 54.
Comfort, Christian religion full of, ii. 206
Death of Christ considered, i. 60.
Death of his late majesty, reflections on, ii. 94.
Debtor, a poor one, his distress, i. 134.
Dependance on God, i. 239.
Devotion, languors in, unavoidable, ii. 227.
Dispositions different in life, ii. 46.
Divine favour a sense of, the greatest happiness, ii. 197.
Douglas (Dr.) his criterion quoted, i. 196.
Dyer, (Mr.) fine passage from his Fleece, ii. 114.
Education, wrong, its pernicious consequences, i. 49. ii. 184.
Egotism censured, ii. 125.
Epitaph on an infant, i. 133.
Equation (Mr.) a philomath, his character, ii. 36.
Eugenio, his custom on New-year's-day, ii. 174.
Euripides, a line of his quoted, i. 28.
Fable of the stag, i. 90.
—— of the beau and viper, i. 245.
—— of the bee, sparrow, and ant, ii. 156.
Fair sex defended, ii. 138.
Faith, its excellence, i. 59.
Fasting, public, on, ii. 2[illegible]

15 64 NO

Feast

Feaſt of the ſons of the clergy, an account of, i. 93.
Fenelon (M.) one of his dialogues of the dead, i. 169.
Ferrers (lord) reflections on his ſad fate, i. 33.
Feſtivals, Chriſtian, prove the truth of our religion, i. 45.
Folly of paſſing a haſty judgment on noxious animals, i. 244.
Free-will, on, ii. 161.
Fuggers, famous merchants, a ſtory concerning them, ii. 110.
Gaming, remarks on, ii. 7.
Glazier, a letter from, on the general mourning, ii. 121.
Good-Friday, meditations written for that day, i. 44. ii. 214.
Good, a proper appellation of George the 3d, ii. 222.
Gratitude, remarks on, ii. 137.
Guittar, (Harry) his paſſion for muſic, ii. 24.
Happineſs, where to be found, i. 140. 153.
Harveſt, reflections on, i. 230. 215.
Haſty (Mr.) his character, ii. 133.
Holy Spirit, a paper on the deſcent of, i. 107.
Hooker (Mr.) author of eccleſiaſtical polity, fond of privacy and contemplation, i. 17.
Januarius (St.) liquefaction of his blood at Naples, i. 191.
Immortality of the ſoul, argument in proof of, ii. 219.
Ingratitude, often wrongly charged, ii. 169.
Indian Tale i. 140—144—149.
Infidelity, no excuſe can be made for, i. 161.
Innholder, one in Normandy murders a young officer, who proves to be his ſon, i. 226.

Intercourſe with God, man's higheſt happineſs, ii. 197.

——— genuine teſt of, ii. 227.

Jortin (Dr.) a quotation from his diſcourſes on Chriſtianity, ii. 89.

Ireland, method of, improving religion in, i. 30.

Knowledge mutual, in the future world, remarks on, ii. 17.

Law, evil of, i. 167

Leaves of trees, moral inſtructions from, ii. 142.

Letter from Bath on diſſipation and extravagance, ii. 200.

Letters after names, ridiculed, i. 188

Lipſius, ſtory of, ii. 210.

Liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood at Naples, i. 191.

Love-the-fleſh, *Jerry*, an example of a citizens retirement, i. 16.

Loveſtorm (Mr.) a ſeaman, his odd ſpeech, ii. 38.

Magdalen, a letter from a grateful one, i. 39—49.

Magdalen, a real hiſtory of one, i. 49.

Magdalen-houſe, the excellence of that inſtitution, i. 39. ii. 54.

Magiſcatzin, his ſearch after happineſs, i. 140.

Maria, an unhappy young woman, her letter to the author, ii. 180.

Men employed by the ladies in women's buſineſs, i. 84.

Merchants, reſpectable, ii. 108.

Miniſters recommended to viſit perſons ill of the ſmall-pox, ii. 240.

Miracles prove the truth of chriſtianity, i. 73.

Monitor,—his reflections on the clergy anſwered, i. 65.

Morality of the chriſtian ſyſtem, its excellence, ii, 88,

Mother's diſtreſs for the loſs of her infant, i. 128.
Mourning, public, in little tradeſmens wives ridicul'd.———comforted, i. 131,
Mountains, their uſe and beauty, ii, 115.
Murray (Mr.) extract from his letter to Mr. Pitt, ii. 76.
Nativity of our Lord, remarks on, ii. 167—176.
Nature of God, beſt made known by the Chriſtian religion, i. 184—208.
Newton (Bp.) a quotation from his Book on the prophecies, ii. 111.
New-Year's day, reflections on, ii. 171.
———— a hymn for, 175.
Nobility (young) advice to, i. 34.
Obedience, univerſal, beſt teſt of communion with God, ii. 226.
Ocean, reflections on, ii. 26—42—49—55—77.
Optimiſt, not of the family of the Candids, i. 13.
Patience, ſtrongeſt motives to, offered by chriſtianity, ii. 205.
Peter (the great) his behaviour in his laſt moments, i. 215.
Pindar, his eulogium on water, ii. 57.
Predeſtinarians, their opinions cenſured, ii. 152.
Priſoners for debt, propoſal for their redemption recommended, i. 139.
Prophecies fulfilled in Chriſt, ii. 134.
Prophecies, ii. 167—214.
Proſtitutes, a nuiſance to our ſtreets, and a ſcandal to our police, ii. 84.
Providence, ii. 211.
Pſalm XIII. a poetical verſion of, ii. 199.
Pſalm XLII. a poetical verſion of, ii. 229.
Pſalm CVII. its beauties compar'd with Homer and Virgil, ii. 55.
Puniſhment, eternal, remarks on, ii. 129.

Quaker, a letter from one to the Viſitor, i. 77.
——— a ſecond letter from the ſame, i. 98.
Reaſon, its province, i. 116.
Redemption, on, i. 59.
Reſurrection, on, i. 71.
Retirement, on, i. 13—24.
Routs, city, rebuked by a quaker, i. 105.
Rules, four, to prove the veracity of any fact, i. 46.
Sale (Mr.) quotations from his Koran, ii. 7.
Sampſon Gideon, i. 97.
Sea, a poem, ii. 31.
Seeker (Miſs Selima) her letters to the Viſitor, i. 81—154. ii. 32—147.
Self-tormenting, common but abſurd, i. 88.
Simonides, tranſlation from him, ii. 146.
Simonides, the poet, his wiſdom commended by Cicero, i. 117.
Slander, its baſeneſs, i. 121.
Small-pox, a formidable viſitation, ii. 239.
Societies for promoting chriſtian knowledge recommended, i. 30.
Spirit, Holy, on its deſcent, i. 107.
Squire (Bp.) extract from his ſermon, ii. 222.
Story, an affecting one of an inn-keeper, i. 224.
Storm, deſcription of, ii. 60.
Sweepſtakes (Thomas) his character, ii. 22.
Sympathetics, his letter to the Viſitor, on the folly of falſe pleaſure, and the excellence of benevolence, ii. 200.
Thomſon (Mr.) his ſeaſons quoted, ii. 53.
Timander, his character, ii. 237.
Timander and his wife their unpleaſing contentions, ii. 238.
Time of Chriſt's birth, ii. 167.
Tomewell (Mr.) his paſſion for the ruſt of antiquity, ii. 24.

Tradeſman, character of one half-crazed with politics, i. 120.
Tradeſmen, advice to, concerning retirement from buſineſs, i. 18.
Trade, its advantages, ii. 108.
Triſtram Shandy, a quarter's rebuke of, i. 79—98.
Trinity, an eſſay on, i. 115.
Trouble-all (Mrs.) her character, i. 199.
Valiere de la (Madam) miſtreſs to Lewis XIV. her behaviour, ii. 141.
Vanity of human life and human pleaſures, ii. 142.
Verſes on ſeeing lady H— in tears at the Magdalen chapel, ii. 131.
Virgil's deſcription of a ſtorm, ii. 60.
Viſitation, an account of one by a foreigner, i. 177.
Viſion, on our national charities, i. 203.
War, its miſchiefs, ii. 71.
Wheat, its prodigious increaſe, i. 241.
Winters-day in London, its beauties, i. 85.
Young (Dr.) fine paſſage of his conſidered, i. 62.

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15
64
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